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MDCCLXV.

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AMPHITRYON:

OR, THE

TWO SOCIAS.

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*Egregiam verò laudem, & spolia ampla refertis,
Una dolo Divûm si Fœmina victa duorum est.* Virg.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCCLXII,





To the Honourable

Sir *William Levison Gower*, Bart.

THere is one kind of Virtue which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in most of the antient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to insult on the Misfortunes of their Countrymen. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiseration, and rais'd it to a nobler Virtue: as you have been

The Epistle Dedicatory.

pleas'd to honour me, for a long Time, with some part of your Esteem and your good Will; so in particular, since the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your Kindness to me; and not suffer'd the Difference of Opinions, which produce such Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of Human Kind, to remove you from the settled Basis of your good Nature and good Sense. This Nobleness of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a point of Honour, and as such I might have justly recommended it to the World: But that of Constancy to your former Choice, and the Pursuance of your first Favours, are Virtues not over-common amongst *Englishmen*. All things of Honour have, at best, somewhat of Ostentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to proceed in the same Track of Goodness, Favour and Protection, is to shew that a Man is acted by a thorough Principle: It carries somewhat of Tenderness in it, which is Humanity in a heroic Degree; 'tis a kind of unmoveable good Nature; a Word which is commonly despis'd, because it is so seldom practis'd. But after all, 'tis the most generous Virtue, oppos'd to the most degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggedness and Harshness to our Fellow-Creatures.

'Tis upon this Knowledge of you, Sir, that I have chosen you, with your Permission, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as since this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the best Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leicester*, I shall continue to follow the same Method, in all to whom I shall address; and endeavour to pitch on

The Epistle Dedicatory.

such only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my small Fortune; who, tho' they are of a contrary Opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost Cause; and judging for myself, what I cannot chuse but judge, so long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no Disturber of the Government. Which, if it be a severe Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at least enjoin'd me by myself: And *Sancho Pança*, as much Fool as I, was observ'd to discipline his Body no farther than he found he could endure the Smart.

You see, Sir, I am not entertaining you like *Ovid*, with a lamentable Epistle from *Pontus*; I suffer no more than I can easily undergo; and so long as I enjoy my Liberty, which is the Birth-Right of an *English* Man, the rest shall never go near my Heart. The merry Philosopher is more to my Humour

The Epistle Dedicatory.

mour than the melancholick; and I find no Disposition in myself to cry, while the mad World is daily supplying me with such Occasions of Laughter. The more reasonable sort of my Countrymen have shewn so much Favour to this Piece, that they give me no Doubt of their Protection for the future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the Example of their Goodness, in favouring me; so give me leave to say that I follow yours, in this Dedication to a Person of a different Persuasion. Tho' I must confess withal, that I have had a former Encouragement from you for this Address; and the warm Remembrance of your noble Hospitality to me at *Trentbam*, when some Years ago I visited my Friends and Relations in your Country, has ever since given me a violent Temptation to this Boldness.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I should call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your Patronage; but when the Names of *Plautus* and *Moliere* are join'd in it, that is, the two greatest Names of ancient and modern Comedy, I must not presume so far on their Reputation, to think their best and most unquestion'd Productions can be term'd little. I will not give you the Trouble of acquainting you what I have added, or alter'd in either of them, so much, it may be, for the worse; but only that the Difference of our Stage from the *Roman* and the *French* did so require it. But I am afraid, for my own Interest, the World will too easily discover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a just Translation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by you, that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that I neither deserve, nor desire any Applause from it: If I have performed any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inspir'd me; and if it has pleas'd in Representation, let the Actors share the Praise amongst themselves. As for *Plautus* and *Moliere*, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gamester to put myself into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly supplied by the excellent Composition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whose Person we have at length found an *Englishman*, equal with the best abroad. At least my Opinion of him has been such, since his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the setting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon*: To all which, and particularly to the Composition of the *Pastoral Dialogue*, the numerous

The Epistle Dedicatory.

merous Choir of fair Ladies gave so just an Applause on the third Day. I am only sorry, for my own sake, that there was one Star wanting, as beautiful as any in our Hemisphere; that young *Berenice*, who is misemploying all her Charms on stupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and losing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am so much a Loser by her Absence; for I have Reason to apprehend the Sharpness of her Judgment, if it were not allay'd with the Sweetness of her Nature; and after all, I fear she may come time enough to discover a thousand Imperfections in my Play, which might have pass'd on vulgar Understandings. Be pleas'd to use the Authority of a Father over her, on my Behalf: enjoin her to keep her own Thoughts

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to herself; or
at least not to compare him too strictly
with *Moliere's*. 'Tis true, I have an
Interest in this Partiality of hers: but
withal, I plead some sort of Merit for
it, in being so particularly, as I am,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Osob. 24.
1690.

Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE lab'ring Bee, when his sharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone :
Such is a Satire, when you take away
That Rage, in which his noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not suffering him to teize ye ?
He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.
The Honey-Bag, and Venom, lay so near,
That both, together, you resolv'd to tear ;
And lost your Pleasure to secure your Fear.
How can he show his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him ?
This is plain levelling of Wit ; in which
The Poor has all th' Advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead stands excus'd, for wanting Sense ;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own Defence.
Yet, tho' the Stage's Traffick is undone,
Still Julian's interloping Trade goes on :
Tho' Satire on the Theatre you smother,
Yet in Lampoons you libel one another.
The first produces, still, a second Fig ;
You whip 'em out, like School-Boys, till they gig :
And, with the same Success, we Readers guess ;
For ev'ry one still dwindles to a less.
And much good Malice is so meanly drest,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jest.

PROLOGUE.

*If no Advice your Rhyming Rage can stay,
Let not the Ladies suffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex is privileg'd from War;
'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.
What Fame expect you from so mean a Prize?
We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.
Our Sex, you know, was after yours design'd;
The last Perfection of the Maker's Mind:
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your
Dross behind.*

*Beauty, for Valour's best Reward, he chose;
Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repose.
Hence ye Profane, excluded from our Sights;
And charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain Delights,
Go, make your best of solitary Nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis Prudence to submit;
Our Sex is still your Over-match in Wit:
We never fail, with new, successful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you, and all your Parts.*





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

JUPITER,
MERCURY,
PHOEBUS,
AMPHITRYON,
SOSIA,
GRIPUS,
POLIDAS,
TRANIO,

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Bowman.
Mr. Williams.
Mr. Nokes.
Mr. Sandford.
Mr. Bright.
Mr. Bowen.

W O M E N.

ALCMENA,
PHÆDRA,
BROMIA,
NIGHT,

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Mountford.
Mrs. Corey.
Mrs. Butler.

S C E N E, T H E B E S.

AMPHI-



AMPHITRYON;

OR, THE

TWO S O S I A'S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mercury and Phœbus descend in several Machines.

PHŒBUS.

K NOW you the Reason of this present Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heaven;
What Business has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the Herd of Gods
Are chosen out to meet him in Consult?
They call me God of Wisdom;
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whose Wit lies in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Merc.

Merc. And *Venus* may know more than both of us, For 'tis some Petticoat Affair, I guess.

I have discharg'd my Duty ; which was to summon you, *Phæbus* ; we shall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father ; for, to confess the Truth, we two are little better than Sons of Harlots : and if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little Pains with our Mothers, instead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of Link-Boys.

Phæb. But know you nothing farther, *Hermes* ? what News in Court ?

Merc. There has been a devilish Quarrel, I can tell you, between *Jupiter* and *Juno* : she threaten'd to sue him in the Spiritual Court, for some Matrimonial Omissions ; and he stood upon his Prerogative. Then she hit him in the Teeth of all his Bastards ; and your Name and mine were us'd with less Reverence than became our Godships. They were both in their Cups ; and at last the Matter grew so high, that they were ready to have thrown Stars at one another's Heads.

Phæb. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World ; but I had rather stand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-Mother's Railing.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championess had harness'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her —

Phæb. By the way, her Worshipers had a bad Time on't ; she was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions —

Merc. *Jupiter* immediately beckons me aside ; and charges me, that as soon as ever you had set up your Horses, you and I shou'd meet him here at *Thebes* : now putting the Premises together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to see Day-light.

Phæb. As plain as one of my own Beams ; she has made him uneasy at home, and he is going to seek his Diversion abroad : I see Heav'n itself is no privileg'd Place for Happiness, if a Man must carry his Wife along with him.

Merc.

Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worse, upon my Conscience: he is weary of hunting in the spacious Forest of a Wife, and is following his Game *incognito*, in some little Purlieu here at *Thebes*; that's many an honest Man's case on Earth too, *Jove* help 'em, as indeed he does to make 'em Cuckolds.

Phæb. But if so, *Mercury*, then I, who am a Poet, must indite his Love-Letter; and you, who are by Trade a Porter, must convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down sowe upon us, and hears as far as he can see too; he's plaguy hot upon the Business, I know it by his hard Driving. [*Jup. descends.*]

Jup. What, you are descanting upon my Actions? Much good may do you with your Politicks:

All Subjects will be censuring their Kings.

Well, I confess I am in Love; what then?

Phæb. Some Mortal, we presume, of *Cadmus'* Blood: Some *Theban* Beauty; some new *Semele*, Or some *Europa*.

Merc. I'll say that for my Father, he's constant to a handsome Family: he knows when they have a good Smack with 'em: and snuffs up Incense so favourily, when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jup. Well, my familiar Sons, this saucy Carriage I have deserv'd; for he who trusts a Secret, Makes his own Man his Master.

I read your Thoughts;

Therefore you may as safely speak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought; I was considering into what Form your Almightyship would be pleas'd to transform yourself To-night; whether you wou'd fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an Eagle, or a Swan: what Bird or Beast you wou'd please to honour, by transgressing your own Laws, in his Likeness; or in short, whether you wou'd recreate yourself in Feathers, or in Leather.

Phæb. Any Disguise to hide the King of Gods.

Jup. I know your Malice, *Phæbus*, you wou'd say That when a Monarch sins, it should be secret; To keep exterior Show of Sanctity;

Maintain

Maintain Respect, and cover bad Example :
For Kings and Priests are in a manner bound
For Reverence sake to be close Hypocrites.

Phæb. But what necessitates you to this Love,
Which you confess a Crime, and yet commit ?
For to be secret makes not Sin the less :

*Tis only hidden from the vulgar View :
Maintains, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,
But not absolves the Conscience from the Crime.

Jup. I love, because 'twas in the Fates I shou'd.

Phæb. With Reverence be it spoke, a bad Excuse :
Thus every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,
May make the same Defence. But what is Fate ?
Is it a blind Contingence of Events ?
Or sure Necessity of Causes link'd,
That must produce Effects ? Or is't a Pow'r
That orders all things by superior Will,
Foresees his Work, and works in that Foresight ?

Jup. Fate is, what I
By virtue of Omnipotence have made it :
And Power Omnipotent can do no wrong :
Not to myself, because I will'd it so ;
Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.
This Night I will enjoy *Amphitryon's* Wife :
For, when I made her, I decreed her such
As I shou'd please to love. I wrong not him
Whose Wife she is ; for I reserv'd my Right,
To have her while she pleas'd me ; that once past,
She shall be his again.

Merc. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make
a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him Wrong. Then
I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you
had the Wit to contrive a Holy-day for yourself now and
then. For you Kings never enact a Law, but you have
a kind of an Eye to your own Prerogative.

Phæb. If there be no such thing as Right and Wrong
Of an Eternal Being, I have done ———
But if there be ———

Jup. Peace, thou disputing Fool :
Learn this ; if thou couldst comprehend my Ways,

Then

Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,
That, for the good of human Kind, this Night
I shall beget a future *Hercules*;
Who shall redress the Wrongs of injur'd Mortals,
Shall conquer Monsters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phæbus*; and our Father made all
those Monsters for *Hercules* to conquer, and contriv'd all
those Vices on purpose for him to reform too, there's
the Jest on't.

Phæb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reason, 'tis
Wisdom to be silent. —

Merc. Why that's the Point; this same Arbitrary
Power is a knock-down Argument; 'tis but a Word and
a Blow: now methinks our Father speaks out like an
honest bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the Stress in the
right Place, upon absolute Dominion: I confess if he
had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his
Subjects durst have call'd him to Account. But you, Bro-
ther *Phæbus*, are but a mere Country Gentleman, that
never comes to Court; that are abroad all Day on Horse-
back, making Visits about the World; are drinking all
Night, and in your Cups are still railing at the Go-
vernment. O these Patriots, these bumpkin Patriots,
are a very silly Sort of Animals!

Jup. My present Purpose and Design you heard;
T' enjoy *Amphitryon's* Wife, the fair *Alcmena*:
You two must be subservient to my Love.

Merc. [to *Phæbus*.] No more of your Grumbletonian
Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be ad-
vis'd, and pimp dutifully.

Jup. *Amphitryon* the brave *Theban* General,
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a single Duel slain their King:
His conquering Troops are eager on their March
Returning home; while their young General,
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Posts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by To-morrow Dawn, will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but short Warning, Father *Jupiter*: hav-
ing made no former Advances of Courtship to her, you
have

have need of your Omnipotence, and all your Godship, if you mean to be beforehand with him.

Phæb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening ? Time's precious, and these Summer Nights are short ; I must be early up to light the World.

Jup. You shall not rise ; there shall be no To-morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an End, I find.

Phæb. Or else a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A Day will well be lost to busy Man : Night shall continue Sleep, and Care shall cease. So, many Men shall live, and live in Peace, Whom Sunshine had betray'd to envious Sight, And fight to sudden Rage, and Rage to Death. Now, I will have a Night for Love and me ; A long luxurious Night, fit for a God To quench and empty his immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Woman's side for all that ; that she shall love longest To-night, in spite of your Omnipotence.

Phæb. I shall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades, That early rise : but you must be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating Part of Man ; They have a Day's Sin less to answer for.

Phæb. When wou'd you have me wake ? [finish'd,

Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to sleep ; when I have Your Brother *Mercury* shall bring you Word.

[Exit *Phæbus* on his Chariot.

[To *Merc.*] Now, *Hermes*, I must take *Amphitryon's* T' enjoy his Wife : [Form,

Thou must be *Sofia*, this *Amphitryon's* Slave ; Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*, To tell *Alcmena* of her Lords Approach ; And bring her joyful News of Victory.

Merc. But why must I be *Sofia* ?

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thyself ! Thou must be *Sofia*, to keep out *Sofia* : Who, by his Entrance, might discover *Jove*, Disturb my Pleasures, raise unruly Noise, And so distract *Alcmena's* tender Soul, She wou'd not meet my Warmth, when I dissolve Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.

Merc.

Merc. Let me alone ; I'll cudgel him away :
But I abhor so villainous a Shape.

Jup. Take it ; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it :
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a Moment's Loss of Joy.

Night *appears above in a Chariot.*
Look up, the *Night* is in her silent Chariot ;
And rolling just o'er *Thebes* : bid her drive slowly :
Or make a double Turn about the World ;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon's* Dress,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [Ex. *Jup.*

Merc. [to *Night*.] Madam *Night*, a good Even to you :
fair and softly, I beseech you, Madam : I have a Word
or two to you, from no less a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O my nimble-finger'd God of Theft, what
makes you here on Earth, at this unseasonable Hour ?
what Banker's Shop is to be broke open To-night ? or
what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conspirators, have been
invoking your Deity for their Assistance ?

Merc. Faith none of those Enormities ; and yet I am
still in my Vocation : for you know I am a Jack of
all Trades : at a Word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius
To night, with a certain noble Sort of Recreation, call'd
Wenching : The Truth on't is, Adultery is its proper
Name.

Night. *Jupiter* wou'd do well to stick to his Wife *Juno*.

Merc. He has been marry'd to her above these Hundred
Years : and that's long enough in Conscience to stick to
one Woman.

Night. She's his Sister too, as well as his Wife ; that's
a double Tye of Affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Flesh and
Blood, 'tis likely he will not spare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raise a Rebellion
against him, for the Violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art mistaken, *Old Night* : his Wife cou'd
raise no Faction : all the Deities in Heav'n wou'd take the
Part of the Cuckold-making God ; for they are all given
to the Flesh most damnably. Nay, the very Goddesses
wou'd stickle in the Cause of Love, 'tis the way to be
popular

popular to whore and love. For what dost thou think old *Saturn* was depos'd, but that he was cold and impotent; and made no Court to the fair Ladies? *Pallas* and *Juno* themselves, as chaste as they are, cry'd Shame on him. I say unto thee, *Old Night*, Woe be to the Monarch that has not the Women on his Side.

Night. Then by your Rule, *Mercury*, a King who wou'd live happily, must debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himself can't please all of 'em. But this is beside my present Commission; he has sent me to will and require you to make a swinging long Night for him: for he hates to be stinted in his Pleasures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commission: what, wou'd he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! why he meant thee for a Bawd when he first made thee. What are thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Daylight better for Mankind, I mean as to any other Use, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou hast been a Bawd too, a reverend, primitive, original Bawd, from the first Hour of thy Creation! and all the laudable Actions of Love have been committed under thy Mantle. Pr'ythee for what dost thou think that thou art worshipp'd?

Night. Why, for my Stars and Moonshine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to Iniquity: but if they were put out, thou wou'd'st be doubly worship'd, by the willing bashful Virgins.

Night. Then for my Quiet, and the Sweetness of my Sleep.

Merc. No, for thy sweet Waking all the Night: for Sleep comes not upon Lovers till thou art vanish'd.

Night. But it will be against Nature, to make a long Winter's Night at Midsummer.

Merc. Trouble not yourself for that: *Phœbus* is order'd to make a short Summer's Day To-morrow: so in four and twenty Hours all will be at Rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your Discourse; and my Comfort is, that whatever Work is made, I see nothing,

Merc.

Merc. About your Business then : put a Spoke into your Chariot-wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put myself into the Habit of a Serving-man ; and dress up a false *Sofia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*. Good night, *Night*.

Night. My Service to *Jupiter*. Farewel *Mercury*.

[*Night goes backward.* [*Exit Merc.*

SCENE II. *Amphitryon's Palace.*

Enter Alcmena alone.

Alc. Why was I marry'd to the Man I love !
For, had he been indifferent to my Choice,
Or had been hated, Absence had been Pleasure :
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon's* Life :
At home, in private, and secure from War,
I am amidst an Host of armed Foes ;
Sustaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am in *Amphitryon* slain ; wou'd I were there,
And he were here ; so might we change our Fates ;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him !

Enter Phædra, running.

Phæd. Good News, good News, Madam, O such admirable News, that if I kept it in a Moment, I shou'd burst with it !

Alc. Is it from the Army ?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon* ?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good News be any thing relating to my Lord : if it be, assure thyself of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you say something to the Matter : you know the Business of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, is to be scraping up something against a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage ; every one in their own Vocation : but what matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemy, if I get nothing of their Spoils ?

Alc. Say, Is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why, he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the same Token, that you shou'd give me ten Pieces of Gold, if I brought you News of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phæb. Nay, that's a new Bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you shall give me ten Pieces more: but I do undertake for my Lord's Safety; if you will please to discharge his Godship *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in Safety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am sure I articted with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you News, that my Lord was upon Return, you should grant me one small Favour more, that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make haste, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon Return?

Phæd. Promise me that I shall be your Bed-fellow To-night, as I have been ever since my Lord's Absence, — unless I shall be pleas'd to release you of your Word.

Alc. That's a small Request, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But swear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. But why by *Jupiter*?

Phæd. Because he's the greatest: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing, but by Permission: but *Jupiter* can swinge you off, if you swear by him, and are forsworn.

Alc. I swear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is victorious, and I know he is safe: for I look'd through the Key-hole, and saw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conscience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'dst thou not open to him? Oh thou Traitors?

Phæd. No, I was a little wiser: I left *Sofia's* Wife to let him in: for I was resolv'd to bring the News, and make my Pennyworths out of him, as Time shall show.

Enter

Enter Jupiter, in the Shape of Amphitryon, with Sofia's Wife, Bromia. He kisses and embraces Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on those Lips!——
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.

I swear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then not to swear beneath *Amphitryon's* Oath,
(Forgive me, *Juno*, if I am profane)
I swear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor
Bed-fellow, your Man *Sofia*? you keep such a Billing
and Colling here, to set one's Mouth a wating: what,
I say, tho' I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as
well as my Lady; and shou'd be as glad as she, of a
little honest Recreation.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend,
and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripos*? has he brought
me home a cramm'd Purse that swells with Bribes? if
he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable
Magistrate: But if he has not had the Wit to sell Justice,
he judges no Causes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battle?
Is *Thebes* victorious, are our Foes destroy'd?
For now I find you safe, I shou'd be glad
To hear you were in Danger.

Jup. [*Aside.*] A Man had need be a God, to stand
the Fury of three talking Women! I think in my Con-
science I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Brom. [*Pulling him on one side.*] I ask'd the first Que-
stion; answer me, my Lord.

Phæd. [*Pulling him on t'other side.*] Peace, mine's
a Lover, and your's but a Husband: and my Judge is
my Lord too; the Title shall take Place, and I will be
answer'd.

Jup. *Sofia* is safe: *Gripos* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lover's Haste—— [*Aside.*]
Was e'er poor God so worry'd? but for my Love,
I wish I were in Heav'n again with *Juno*.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

Jup. Not so, my Love ; but these obstreperous Tongues
Have snatch'd their Answers first : they will be heard ;
And surely *Jove* wou'd never answer Pray'r
That Woman made, but only to be freed
From their eternal Noise : make haste to Bed :
There let me tell my Story, in thy Arms ;
There, in the gentle Pauses of our Love.
Betwixt our Dyings, ere we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battle, and Success ;
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off ;
For love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things,
That are not of a Piece ; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech ;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent, in Love.

Brom. [to *Phædra*.] My Lord is very hot upon't :
this Absence is a great Friend to us poor neglected
Wives ; it makes us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love ; and find within me
The Fondness of a Bride, without the Fear.
My whole Desires and Wishes are in you.

Phæd. [Aside.] My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bed-
ward too ; now is she to look very sleepy, counterfeiting
Yawning, but she shall ask me Leave first.

Alc. Great *Juno*, thou whose holy Care presides
Over the Nuptial Bed, pour all thy Blessings
On this auspicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge ; for she may fear a Rival
In those bright Eyes : but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bless this Night.

Phæd. [Aside.] But *Jupiter* shou'd ask my Leave first,
were he here in Person.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Bed :
The tedious Journey has dispos'd my Lord
To seek his needful Rest. [Exit *Bromia*.

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam ; the poor Gentleman
must needs be weary : and therefore, 'twas not ill con-
triv'd that he must lie alone To-night, to recruit himself
with Sleep, and lay in enough for To-morrow Night,
when you may keep him waking. *Alc.*

Alc. [*To Jupiter.*] I must confess I made a kind of Promise.—

Phæd. [*Almost crying.*] A Kind of Promise, do you call it? I see you wou'd fain be coming off: I am sure you swore to me, by *Jupiter*, that I shou'd be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuse you to him too, the first Prayers I make: and I'll pray on purpose too, that I will, tho' I have not pray'd to him these seven Years.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did swear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forswear thyself; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more Shame for him if he does: there wou'd be a fine God indeed for us Women to worship, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maidenheads; no, no, *Jupiter* is an honest Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on Fire; and wou'd not lose this Night,
To be the Master of the Universe.

Phæd. Ay, my Lord, I see you are on Fire: but the Devil a Bucket shall be brought to quench it, without my Leave: you may go to Bed, Madam; but you shall see how Heaven will bless your Night's Work, if you forswear yourself: — Some Fool, some mere Elder-Brother, or some blockheadly Heroe, *Jove*, I beseech thee, send her.

Jup. [*Aside.*] Now I cou'd call my Thunder to revenge
But that were to confess myself a God, [me,
And then I lost my Love! ——— *Alcmena*, come, ||
By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's Fervour for thee, ||
As I had ne'er enjoy'd.

Alc. [*Sighing.*] She has my Oath;
And sure she may release it if she pleases——

Phæd. Why truly, Madam, I am not cruel in my Nature to poor distressed Lovers; for it may be my own Case another Day: And therefore, if my Lord pleases to consider me——

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy Wish, and have it.——

Phæd. Ay, now you say, any thing, any thing; but
H 3 you

you won'd tell me another Story To-morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive ; you know the Meaning of it ; I am for nothing but the Ready—

Jup. Thou shalt have all the Treasury of Heav'n.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter*, to dispose of it.

Jup. [*Aside.*] I had forgot, and shew'd myself a God : This Love can make a Fool of *Jupiter*.

Phæd. You have got some Part of the Enemies Spoil I warrant you ; I see a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger ; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jup. [*Taking a Ring off his Finger, and giving it.*]
Here take it ;

This is a very Woman ;

Her Sex is Avarice, and she, in one,

Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no Matter what you say of us. What wou'd you have your Money out of the Treasury, without paying the Officers their Fees ? Go, get you together, you naughty Couple, till you are both weary of worrying one another, and then To-morrow Morning I shall have another Fee for parting you.

[*Phædra goes out before Alcmena with a Light.*]

Jup. Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all ; [*Solus.*]
For what's to be a God, but to enjoy ?

Let Human Kind their Sovereign's Leisure wait ;

Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State :

Let this one Night of Providence be void :

All *Jove*, for once, is on himself employ'd.

Let unregarded Altars smoke in vain ;

And let my Subjects praise me, or complain.

Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of Bliss,

Some am'rous Youth his Oraisons address,

His Pray'r is in a happy Hour preferr'd :

And when *Jove* loves, a Lover shall be heard.





ACT II. SCENE I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace.

Sofia with a Dark-Lantern : Mercury in Sofia's Shape, with a Dark-Lantern also.

Sof. WAS not the Devil in my Master, to send me out in this dreadful dark Night, to bring the News of his Victory to my Lady ? and was not I possess'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the Safeguard of my Person ? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with Fear ! I am diminish'd of my natural Weight, above two Stone : I shall not bring half myself home again, to my poor Wife and Family : I have been in a Ague-Fit, ever since shut of Evening ; what with the Fright of Trees by the Highway, which look'd maliciously like Thieves, by Moonshine ; and what with Bulrushes by the River side, that shak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well ! the greatest Plague of a Serving-Man, is to be hir'd to some great Lord ! They care not what Drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their Ease in bed, and stretch their lazy Limbs, in Expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Merc. [Aside.] He is but a poor Mortal, that suffers this ! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a Foot-Pimp : a Waiter without Doors ; a very civil Employment, for a Deity !

Sof. The better Sort of 'em will say, Upon my Honour, at every Word : yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us : nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. These are a very hopeful Sort of Patriots, to stand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject : There's Conscience for you !

Merc. [*Aside.*] This Fellow has something of the Republican Spirit in him.

Sos. [*Looking about him.*] Stay ; this methinks should be our House : And I shou'd thank the Gods now for bringing me safe home : But I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the Reward for my good News, and then thank 'em once for all : For, if I praise 'em before I am safe within Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worry me ; and then my 'Thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before-hand : Therefore thou get'st not into the House this Night ; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sos. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory ; 'tis good to exercise my Parts beforehand, and file my Tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyship's Imagination.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Good ! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sos. [*Setting down his Lanthorn.*] This Lanthorn for once, shall be my Lady ; because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. [*Aside.*] No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lanthorn by this Time, or *Jupiter* is turn'd Fumbler.

Sos. Then thus I make my Addresses to her : [*Bows.*] Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, tho' the most unworthy of his Followers, to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she, ——— O my poor *Sofia*, [*In a shrill Tone*] how am I overjoy'd to see thee ! She can say no less : ——— Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this Glory : ——— Well answer'd on my Side. ——— And how does my Lord *Amphitryon* ? ——— Madam, he always does like a man of Courage when he is call'd by Honour. ——— There I think I nick'd it. ——— But when will he return ? ——— As soon as possibly he can : But not so soon as his impatient Heart cou'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc.

Merc. [*Aside.*] When *Thebes* is an University, thou deservest to be their Orator.

Sof. But what does he do, and what does he say? Pr'ythee tell me something more of him — He always says less than he does, Madam: And his Enemies have found it to their cost — Where the Devil did I learn these Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the natural Endowments of a Fop; and only wants the Education!

Sof. [*Staring up to the Sky.*] What, is the Devil in the Night! She's as long as two Nights: The seven Stars are just where they were seven Hours ago! high Day — high Night, I mean, by my Favour. What, has *Phæbus* been playing the Goodfellow, and over-slept himself, that he forgets his Duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Rascal treats us Gods! but I shall make him alter his Tone immediately.

[*Mercury comes nearer, and stands just before him.*]

Sof. [*Seeing him, and starting back, aside.*] How now? what do my Eyes dazzle, or is my dark Lanthorn false to me! is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghost of some Body slain in the late Battle? If he be, 'tis unconscionably done, to fright an honest Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life — Whatever Wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's certain; but, 'tis Discretion to keep my own Counsel: I'll sing, that I may seem valiant.

[*Sofia sings; and as Mercury speaks, by little and little drops his Voice.*]

Merc. What saucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarse Voice? what Midnight Ballad-finger have we here? I shall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Sof. I would I had Courage, for his Sake; that I might teach him to call my Singing Catterwawling; an illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muses and to Musick.

Merc. There is an ill Savour that offends my Nostrils, and it wasteth this way.

Sof. He has smelt me out : My Fear has betray'd me into this Savour — I am a dead Man : The bloody Villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there ?

Sof. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend ?

Sof. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defy Peace and all it's Works ; my Arms are out of Exercise, they have maul'd no Body these three Days : I long for an honourable Occasion to pound a Man, and lay him asleep at the first Buffet.

Sof. [*Aside.*] That would almost do me a Kindness ; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of Sleep, these three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow ?

Sof. Why, I am a Man, Fellow — Courage *Sofia* —

Merc. What kind of Man ?

Sof. Why a two-legg'd Man, what Man should I be ? — [*Aside.*] — I must bear up to him ; he may prove as errant a Milk-sop as myself.

Merc. Thou art a Coward I warrant thee, do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head ?

Sof. Ay, ay, that's only a Sign they would be snapping at thy Nose — [*Aside.*] — Bless me what an Arm and Fist he has, with great Thumbs too : And Golls and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you ; answer me directly, upon pain of Assassination.

Sof. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go : That's directly home — Tho' this is somewhat an uncivil manner of proceeding, at the first Sight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me first make you a small Present of this Box o'the Ear —

[*Strikes him.*

Sof. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you are now, here would be fine Work betwixt us two ; but I am a little better bred, than to disturb the sleeping Neighbourhood, and so good Night, Friend —

[*Is going.*

Merc.

Merc. [*Stopping him.*] Hold, Sir; you and I must not part so easily; once more, whither are you going?

Sof. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: Let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What Business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sof. This is our House; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sauciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sof. 'Tis mine, in the first Place; and next my Masters; for I lie in the Garret, and he lies under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sof. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sof. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is——

Sof. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesome—— what should my Name be but *Sofia*.

Merc. How, *Sofia*, say you? how long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sof. Here's a fine Question: Why I never took it up Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born *Sofia*? take this Remembrance for that Lye. [*Beats him.*]

Sof. Hold, Friend, you are so very flippanant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What Offence has my Name done you, that you should beat me for it? S. O. S. I. A. they are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sof. What am not I *Sofia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sof. I should think you are somewhat merrily disposed, if you had not beaten me in such sober Sadness. You would persuade me out of my Heathen Name, would you?

Merc. Say you are *Sofia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sof.

Sof. I dare say nothing, but Thought is free: but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sof. Lord, Lord, Friend, one of us two is horribly given to Lying—but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say my Name is *Sofia*, and yours is not.

Sof. I would you could make good your Words, for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Merc. I find you would be *Sofia*, if you durst—but if I catch you thinking so ———

Sof. I hope I may think I was *Sofia*; and I can find no difference between my former Self, and my present Self; but that I was plain *Sofia* before, and now I am lac'd *Sofia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so.

[Beats him.]

Sof. [Kneeling.] Truce a little, I beseech thee! I would be a Stock or a Stone now by my good Will, and would not think at all, for Self-preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove myself to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in Safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sof. In the first place, then is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sof. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denies it?

Sof. I thought you would have deny'd that too; for all hangs upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforesaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body, that for Sake-sake shall be nameless, to bring a Present to his Wife, with News of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return To-morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very title? but who is that certain Servant, there's all the Question? *Sof.*

Sof. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Sof. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine, that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon Force and Brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sofia*, *Amphitryon's* Man; what Reason have you to urge against it?

Sof. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. *Davus*; who was an honest Husbandman, whose Siller's Name was *Harpag*, that was marry'd, and dy'd in a Foreign Country.

Sof. So far you are right, I must confess; and your Wife's Name is ———

Merc. *Bromia*, a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixen of her Hands, that leads me a miserable Life; keeps me to hard duty in Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have risen from her Side, without having first ———

Sof. I understand you; by many a sorrowful Token. This must be I ———

Merc. I was once taken up on Suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt thro' *Thebes*, and branded for my Pains.

Sof. Right Me again; but if you are I, as I begin to suspect, that Whipping and Branding might have been past over in Silence, for both our Credits: — And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon some private Passages. — What was the Present that *Amphitryon* sent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones.

Sof. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Case, seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sof. This is prodigious, I confess; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have reveal'd

veal'd it to him. [*Aside.*] But I have another Question to ask you, of somewhat that pass'd only betwixt myself and me; if you are *Sofia*, what were you doing in the Heat of Battle?

Merc. What a wise Man should, that has Respect for his own Person. I ran into our Tent, and hid myself amongst the Baggage.

Sof. [*Aside.*] Such another cutting Answer, and I must provide myself of another Name. [*To him.*] And how did you pass your Time in that same Tent? You need not answer to every Circumstance so exactly now; you must lye a little, that I may think you the more Me.

Merc. That Cunning shall not serve your Turn, to circumvent me out of my Name: I am for plain naked Truth—There stood a Hogshead of old Wine, which my Lord reserv'd for his own Drinking——

Sof. [*Aside.*] O the Devil! as sure as Death, he must have hid himself in that Hogshead, or he could never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogshead, upon the Ground, there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good Drinking——

Sof. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter, nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A lusty Gammon of——

Sof. [*Sighing.*] Bacon — that Word has quite made an end of me—Let me see —this must be I, in spite of me—but let me view him nearer.

[*Walks about Mercury with his dark Lanthorn.*]

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Sof. No harm, Friend, I am only surveying a Parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for: —He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Nose, with a Pox to him——

Item, A very foolish Face with a long Chin at the end on't: *Item*, One pair of shambling Legs, with two splay Feet belonging to them. And — *summa totalis*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel — [*To Mercury.*] Well, you are *Sofia*; there's no denying it: but what am I then? for my mind gives me, I am some Body still, if I knew but who I were,

Merc.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Sofia* no more, then thou mayst be *Sofia* again.

Sof. I have but one Request more to thee, that, tho' not as *Sofia*, yet as a Stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah; not being *Sofia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor no Lady in this House.

Sof. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lie in the Street all Night, after such a Journey, and such a Beating——and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own Defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recal my Word and break off the Truce——and then expect——

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*]

Sof. No, the Devil take me if I do expect; I have felt too well what four Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*, to see if he will acknowledge me for *Sofia*: if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a fore Drubbing: if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sofia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well: but then I shall have a second Drubbing for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable.

[*Exit Sofia.*]

Mercury alone.

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* sufficient Time for his Consummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes as leisurely, and as lank, as if he had empty'd himself of the best Part of his Almightyship.

S C E N E II.

Enter Jupiter leading Alcmena, follow'd by Phædra. Pages with Torches before them.

Jup. Those Torches are offensive; Stand aloof:

[*To the Pages.*]

For, tho' they bless me with thy heav'nly Sight, [*To her.*]
They may disclose the Secret I would hide:

The

The *Thebans* must not know I have been here ;
 Detracting Crouds would blame me that I I robb'd
 These happy Moments from my publick Charge.
 To consecrate to thy desir'd Embrace :
 And I could wish no Witness but thyself ;
 For thou thyself art all I wish to please.

Alc. So long an Absence, and so short a Stay !
 What, but one Night ! One Night of Joy and Love,
 Could only pay one Night of Cares and Fears ;
 And all the rest are an uncancell'd Sum !
 Curse on this Honour and this publick Fame ;
 Would you had less of both, and more of Love.

Jup. *Alcmena*, I must go.

Alc. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I must.

Alc. Indeed you shall not go,

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hill,
 Those are the Blushes of the breaking Morn,
 That kindle Day-light to this nether World.

Alc. No matter for the Day, it was but made
 To number out the Hours of busy Men.
 Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched ;
 And take their fill of anxious drudging Day :
 But you and I will draw our Curtains close,
 Extinguish Day-Light, and put out the Sun :
 Come back, my Lord, in faith you shall retire.
 You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,
 To warm your widow'd Side.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] I find my Lord is an excellent School-
 master, my Lady is so willing to repeat her Lesson.

Merc. [*Aside.*] That's a plaguy little Devil ; what a
 roguish Eye she has ! I begin to like her strangely : she's
 the Perquisite of my Place too ; for my Lady's Waiting-
 woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's chief Gentle-
 man. I have the privilege of a God too ; I can view her
 naked thro' all her Clothes—Let me see—Let me see :
 I have discover'd something that pleases me already.

Jup. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment !
 So charming and so sweet,
 That not a Night, but whole Eternity
 Were well employ'd

To

To love thy each Perfection as it ought. [awhile.

Alcm. [Kissing him.] I'll bribe you with this Kifs to stay

Jup. [Kissing her.] A Bribe indeed that soon will bring
But, to be just, I must restore your Bribe. [me back.

How I could dwell for ever on those Lips!

O I could Kifs them pale with Eagerness!

So soft, by Heav'n, and such a juicy Sweet,

That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour.

Alcm. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:

You fill them with Diseases, Wants and Wces,

And only dash them with a little Love;

Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand:

Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,

They would but make a Day of ev'ry Year:

Take back your sev'nty Years, (the Stint of Life)

Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence

Of sev'nty Years, into sweet sev'nty Days:

For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.

Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my Parting;

I love so nicely, that I cannot bear

To owe the Sweets of Love which I have tasted,

To the submissive Duty of a Wife:

Tell me: and sooth my Passion ere I go,

That in the kindest Moments of the Night,

When you gave up yourself to Love and me,

You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.

Alcm. But tell me first, why you would raise a Blush
Upon my Cheeks, by asking such a Question?

Jup. I would owe nothing to a Name so dull
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.

Alcm. You should have ask'd me then, when Love
And Privacy, had favour'd your Demand. [and Night,

Jup. I ask it now, because my Tenderness

Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives.

O that you lov'd like me! then you would find

A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love;

The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:

But Love refin'd will fancy to itself

Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets;

The being happy is not half the Joy;

The

The Manner of the Happiness is all !
 In me (my charming Mistress) you behold
 A Lover that disdains a lawful Title ;
 Such as of Monarchs to successive Thrones ;
 The generous Lover holds by force of Arms ;
 And claims his Crown by Conquest.

Alcm. Methinks you shou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
 A virtuous and a modest Wife can give.

Jup. No, no, that very Name of Wife and Marriage
 Is Poison to the dearest Sweets of Love ;
 To please my Niceness you must separate
 The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband.
 Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtue ;
 But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
 Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's Part.

Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord ;
 But only love me still, and love me thus,
 And think me such as best may please your Thought.

Jup. There's Mystery of Love in all I say :
 Farewel ; and when you see your Husband next,
 Think of your Lover then.

[Exeunt Jup. and Alcm. severally Phæd. follows her.]

Merc. [Alone.] Now I should follow him ; but Love
 has laid a Lime-twigg for me, and made a lame God of
 me. Yet why should I love this *Phædra* ? She's Interest-
 ed, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thousand Years
 hence, there will be a whole Nation of such Women,
 in a certain Country that will be call'd *France* ; and
 there's a Neighbour Island too, where a Man of that
 Country will be all Interest. Oh what a precious Gene-
 ration will that be, which the Men of the Island shall
 propagate out of the Women of the Continent !

Phædra Re-enters.

And so much for Prophecy ; for she's here again, and I
 must love her in spite of me. And since I must, I have
 this Comfort, that the greatest Wits are commonly the
 greatest Cullies ; because neither of the Sexes can be wiser
 than some certain Parts about 'em will give 'em leave.

Phæd. Well *Sofia*, and how go Matters ?

Merc. Our Army is victorious.

Phæd.

Phæd. And my Servant Judge *Gripos*?

Merc. A voluptuous Gormand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptuous, is he wealthy?

Merc. He sells Justice as he uses, fleeces the rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phæd. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he sent me no Token?

Merc. Yes, a Kiss; and by the same Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man presume to kiss me?

Merc. Suppose I were a God, and shou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I wou'd first be satisfy'd, whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppose I were *Mercury*, the God of Merchandise?

Phæd. What the God of small Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. [*Aside.*] How the Gipsy despises me!

Phæd. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love: Dost thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Mistresses by their good Faces? no 'tis the Gold and the Presents they can make; there's the Prerogative they have over their Fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithstanding, I must tell you, pretty *Phædra*, I am desperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I must tell thee, ugly *Sofia*, thou hast not wherewithal to be in Love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in Love, I hope.

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in Love, but he can never make Love: Alas *Sofia*, thou hast neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to please me, nor Gold to bribe me: And besides all this thou hast a Wife, poor miserable *Sofia*! what ho, *Bromia*!

Merc. O thou merciless Creature, why dost thou conjure up that Spright of a Wife?

Phæd.

Phæd. To rid myself of that Devil of a poor Lover : Since you are so lovingly dispos'd, I'll put you together, to exercise your Fury upon your own Wedlock : What *Bromia*, I say, make haste ; here's a Vessel of yours, full freighted, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me steal Custom, she shall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars ; but thou might'st have lent me a little Creek to smuggle in.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Soldier, besides a Legion of—— [knaps her Fingers.

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the Plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to say, a House of Canvas, with Moveables of Straw : make haste, *Bromia*——

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durst not fight I'm certain ; and therefore came last in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand.—— Will you come, *Bromia* ?

Merc. Pr'ythee do not call so loud : —— A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was the Goblet made ? answer quickly, for I am just calling very loud——*Bro*——

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud, if thou dost not like the Metal.

Phæd. *Bromia.* [Very softly.

Merc. That struts in this Fashion, with his Arms a kimbo, like a City Magistrate ; and a great bouncing Belly, like a Hostess with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what say you to that Present, *Phædra* ?

Phæd. Why I am considering——

Merc. What, I pr'ythee ?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Business equally ; to take the Gift, and refuse the Giver, thou art so damnablely ugly and so old.

Merc. [Aside.] Now the Devil take *Jupiter*, for confining me to this ungodly Shape To day ! But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too.

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a Person of Quality, and my Lady's Uncle ; and if he marries me, I shall take Place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife ! she has sent her Tongue before
fore

fore her. I hear the Thunderclap already; there's a Storm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I shou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a Word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for —— you know what, *Sofia*.

Merc. You give me Hope then ——

Phæd. Not absolutely Hope neither; but Gold is a great Cordial in Love Matters; and the more you apply of it, the better. —— [*Aside.*] I am honest, that's certain; but when I weigh my Honesty against the Goblet, I am not quite resolv'd on which Side the Scale will turn. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Merc. [*Aloud.*] Farewel, *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her ——

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her what? Traytor! that you are going away without seeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Master.

Brom. Umph. — so brisk too! your Master did his Duty to my Lady before he parted: He cou'd leave his Army in the Lurch, and come galloping home at Midnight, to have a lick at the Honey-Pot; and steal to Bed as quietly as any Mouse, I warrant you: My Master knew what belong'd to a marry'd Life; but you, Sirrah — You Trencher-carrying Rascal, you worse than Dunghill-Cock; that stood clapping your Wings and crowing without Doors, when you should have been at Roost, you Villain. —

Merc. Hold your Peace, Dame *Parilet*, and leave your Cackling: My Master charg'd me to stand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Master! I dare fware thou bely'st him; my Master's more a Gentleman than to lay such an unreasonable Command upon a poor distressed marry'd Couple, and after such an Absence too. No, there's no Comparifon between my Master and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia*. You and I have had our time in a civil way,

way, Spouse, and much good Love has been betwixt us ; but we have been marry'd fifteen Years, I take it ; and that hoighty toighty Business ought, in Conscience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my saucy Companion ! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that said to me.

Merc. But will you hear Reason, *Bromia* ? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom ; they are in Honey Moon still : do but think in Decency what a Jest it wou'd be to the Family, to see too venerable old married People, lying snug in a Bed together, and sighing out fine tender Things to one another !

Brom. How now, Traitor, dar'st thou maintain that I am past the Age of having fine Things said to me ?

Merc. Not so, my Dear ; but certainly I am past the Age of saying them.

Brom. Thou deserv'st not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my Sorrow ; many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for less Honour in his Wife, and more Quiet. Pr'ythee be but honest and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worst with every Thing else about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dst have a Woman of the Town, wou'dst thou ! to be always speaking my Husband fair, to make him digest his Cuckoldom more easily : Wou'dst thou be a Wittal, with a Vengeance to thee ? I am resolv'd I'll scour thy Hide for that Word.

[*Holds up her Ladle at him.*]

Merc. Thou wilt not strike thy Lord and Husband, wilt thou ?

Brom. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but Justice to give thee the Bastings of the Ladle.

[*She courses him about.*]

Mercury running about. [*Aside.*] Was ever poor Deity so Henpeck'd as I am ! nay, then 'tis time to charm her asleep with my enchanted Rod—before I am disgrac'd or ravish'd ———

[*Plucks out his Caduceus, and strikes her upon the Shoulder with it.*]

Brom.

Brom. What, art thou rebelling against thy anointed Wife? I'll make thee——how now——What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and stupid on the sudden——I can neither stir Hand nor Foot——I am just like him; I have lost the Use of all my—Members——[*Yawning.*]——I can't so much as wag my Tongue——neither, and that's the last live——ing Part about a——Woman——[*Falls down.*]

Mercury alone.

Lord, what have I suffer'd, for being but a counterfeit marry'd Man one Day! If ever I come to this House, as a Husband again——then——and yet that then was a Lye too——For while I am in Love with this young Gipsy, *Phædra*, I must return——But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'st nothing of her Tongue, but the Immortality. If *Jupiter* ever lets thee set Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a rattling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two such Tongues will break the Poles asunder;
And, hourly scolding, make perpetual Thunder.

[*Exit Mercury.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *before Amphitryon's Palace.*

Amphitryon and Sofia.

Amph. **N**OW Sirrah, follow me into the House thou shalt be convinc'd at thy own Cost, Villain! What horrible Lyes hast thou told me! such Improbabilities, such Stuff, such Nonsense!——that the Monster with two long Horns, that frightened the great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutter's, are Truths to these.

Sof. I am but a Slave, and you are Master; and a poor Man is always to lye, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict

tradict him: but as sure as this is our House ———

Amph. So sure 'tis thy Place of Execution. Thou art not made for Lying neither.

Sof. That's certain; for all my Neighbours say I have an honest Face; or else they would never call me Cuckold, as they do.

Amph. I mean thou hast not Wit enough to make a Lye that will hang together: thou hast set up a Trade, that thou hast not Stock enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy sake!

Sof. How a Cudgel, said you! the Devil take *Jupiter* for inventing that hard-hearted, merciless, knobby Wood.

Amph. The Bitterness is yet to come: thou hast had but a half Dose of it.

Sof. I was never good at swallowing Physick; and my Stomach wambles at the very Thought of it: But, if I must have a second Beating, in Conscience let me strip first, that I may show you the black and blue Streaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am sure I suffer'd them in your Service.

Amph. To what Purpose wou'dst thou show them?

Sof. Why to the Purpose that you may not strike me upon the sore Places; and that as he beat me the last Night cross-ways, so you wou'd please to beat me long-ways, to make clean Work on't, that at least my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amph. This Request is too reasonable to be refus'd; but, that all Things may be done in Order, tell me over again the same Story, with all the Circumstances of thy Commission: that a Blow may follow in due Form for every Lye. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. No, it shall be all a Lye if you please, and I'll eat my Words to save my Shoulders.

Amph. Ah, Sirrah, now you find you are to be disprov'd; but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. With all my Heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but wou'd you be pleas'd to answer me one civil Question? Am I to use Complaisance to you, as to a great Person, that will have all Things said your own Way;

Way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther Beating?

Amph. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth; so help thee Cudgel——

Sof. That's a damn'd Conclusion of a Sentence: but since it must be so —— Back and Sides, at your own Peril——I set out from the Port in an unlucky Hour; the dusky Canopy of Night enveloping the Hemisphere.—

Amph. [*Strikes him.*] *Imprimis*, For Fustain: —— now proceed.

Sof. I stand corrected: In plain Prose then, I went darkling, and whistling, to keep myself from being afraid; mumbling Curses betwixt my Teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural Time of Night.

Amph. How, Sirrah, cursing and swearing against your Lord and Master! take—— [*Going to strike.*]

Sof. Hold, Sir——pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old Dog-trot of Lying again, if this must come of plain Dealing.

Amph. To avoid Impertinences, make an End of your Journey; and come to the House: what found you there a God's Name?

Sof. I came thither in no God's Name at all, but in the Devil's Name; I found before the Door a swinging Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features, and accoutred also in my Habit.

Amph. Who was that fellow?

Sof. Who shou'd it be, but another *Sofia*! a certain Kind of other Me: who knew all my unfortunate Commission, precisely, to a Word, as well as I *Sofia*; as being sent by yourself from the Port, upon the same Errand to *Alcmena*.

Amph. What gross Absurdities are these?

Sof. O Lord, O Lord, what Absurdities! as plain as any pikestaff. That other Me, had posted himself there before me, me. You won't give a Man leave to speak poetically now; or else I wou'd say, that I was arriv'd at the Door, before I came thither.

Amph. This must either be a Dream, or Drunkenness,
VOL. VI. I or

or Madness in thee. Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in Humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Sof. I wou'd you shou'd know I scorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but just Fighting. I tell you once again in plain Sincerity, and Simplicity of Heart, that before last Night I never took myself but for one single individual *Sofia*; but, coming to our Door, I found myself I know not how divided, and as it were split into two *Sofias*.

Amph. Leave Buffooning: I see you wou'd make me Laugh, but you play the Fool scurvily.

Sof. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this Company.

Amph. How now, Impudence! I shall——

Sof. Be not in Wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot possibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I must certainly be two Fools; because, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That one shou'd be two, is very probable!

Sof. Have you not seen a Six-pence split into two Halves, by some ingenious School-boy; which bore on either Side the Impression of the Monarch's Face? Now, as those Moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in Effect but one Six-pence.—

Amph. No more of your villainous Tropes and Figures.

Sof. Nay, if an Orator must be disarm'd of his Similitudes——

Amph. A Man had need of Patience, to endure this Gibberish; be brief, and come to a Conclusion.

Sof. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me; for that there was two *I's*, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This *I*, that am here, was weary: the t'other *I* was fresh: this *I* was peaceable, and t'other *I* was a hectoring Bully *I*.

Amph. And thou expect'st I shou'd believe thee?

Sof. No, I am not so unreasonable: for I cou'd never have believ'd it myself, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel, you know, is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fist: What shall I say, but that I

was

was compell'd at last to acknowledge myself! I found that he was very I, without Fraud, Cozen, or Deceit. Besides, I view'd myself, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was handsome, of a noble Presence, a charming Air, loose and free in all his Motions. And saw he was so much I, that I shou'd have Reason to be better satisfied with my own Person, if his Hands had not been a little of the heaviest.

Amph. Once again to a Conclusion: Say you pass'd by him, and entered into the House.

Sof. I am a Friend to Truth, and say no such Thing: He defended the Door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter?

Sof. Why, how shou'd I enter? unless I were a Spright to glide by him, and shoot myself through Locks, and Bolts, and two Inch Boards?

Amph. O Coward! Didst thou not attempt to pass?

Sof. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my Pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sof. I beat Me.

Amph. Didst thou beat thyself?

Sof. I dont mean *I*, here: but the absent *Me* beat me here present.

Amph. There's no End of this intricate Piece of Nonsense.

Sof. 'Tis only Nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Sense, and substantial Sense, if a Great Man said it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Amph. No more: but let us enter: Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! how strangely will she be surpriz'd to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena and Phædra.

Alcm. [*To Phæd.*] Make haste after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Success; which *Amphitryon* has had against the Rebels.

O Heaven!

[*Seeing him.*

Amph. Those Heav'ns, and all the blest Inhabitants.

[*Saluting her.*

Grant, that the sweet Rewarder of my Pains

May still be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alcm. So soon return'd !

Amph. So soon return'd ! Is this my Welcome home ?
[Stepping back.

So soon return'd, says I am come unwish'd.

This is no Language of desiring Love :

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years :

And every little Absence is an Age.

Alcm. What says my Lord ?

Amph. No, my *Alcmena*, no :

True Love by its Impatience measures Time,

And the dear Object never comes too soon.

Alcm. Nor ever came you so, nor ever shall :

But you yourself are chang'd from what you were,

Pall'd in Desires, and surfeited of Bliss ;

Not so I met you at your last Return ;

When yesternight I flew into your Arms,

And melted in your warm Embrace.

Amph. How's this ?

Alcm. Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,

And shoot itself into your much lov'd Bosom ?

Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy ?

Nay agonize with Pleasure at your sight,

With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,

As no false Love could feign !

Amph. What's this you tell me ?

Alcm. Far short of Truth, by Heav'n !

And you return'd those Proofs with Usury ;

And left me with a Sigh, at Break of Day.

Have you forgot ?

Amph. Or have you dreamt, *Alcmena* ?

Perhaps some kind, revealing Deity,

Has whisper'd, in your Sleep, the pleasing News

Of my Return ; and you believ'd it real !

Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly ;

And my preventing Image reap'd the Joys

You meant awake to me.

Alcm. Some melancholy Vapour, sure, has seiz'd

Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and disturb'd your Sense :

Or yesternight is not so long a time,

But

But you might yet remember ; and not force
An honest Blush into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Amph. I thank you for my melancholy Vapour.

Alcm. 'Tis but a just Requital for my Dream.

Phæd. I find my Master took too much of the Creature last Night, [*Aside.*] and now is angling for a Quarrel, that no more may be expected from him To-night, when he has no Affets. [*In the mean time Amph. and Alc.*

walk by themselves, and frown at each other as they meet.

Amph. You dare not justify it to my Face.

Alcm. Not what ?

Amph. That I return'd before this Hour.

Alcm. You dare not, sure, deny you came last Night, And stay'd till Break of day.

Amph. O Impudence ! — Why *Sofia* !

Sof. Nay, I say nothing ; for all things here may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alcm. Speak, *Phædra*, Was he here ?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid ; and by my Place, I am to forget all that was done over Night in Love-Matters, — unless my Master please to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the Name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*, A little recollect your scatter'd Thoughts, And weigh what you have said.

Alcm. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, ere I spoke : And she, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves and Servants, Can witness they beheld you, when you came. If other Proof were wanting, tell me how I came to know your Fight, your Victory, The Death of *Pterelas* in single Combat ? And farther, from whose Hands I had a Jewel, The Spoils of him you slew ?

Amph. This is amazing ! Have I already given you those Diamonds, The Present I reserv'd ?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Question : You see I wear 'em ; look.

Amph. Now answer, *Sofia*.

Sof. Yes, now I can answer with a safe Conscience, as to that Point; all the rest may be Art Magick, but, as for the Diamonds, here they are, under safe Custody.

Alcm. Then what are these upon my Arm? [*To Sofia.*

Sof. Flints, or Pebbles, or some such Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phæd. They say, the Proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the Dark: I think my Master had best take my Lady into some By-corner, and try whose Diamond will sparkle best.

Sof. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine present 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Sof. Why another *Sofia*, one that made himself *Sofia* in my despight, and also Unsofiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauseous Nonsense; break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Sof. More Words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of Prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look first upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conscience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Sof. Than take the Signature into your own Custody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper Peril.

[*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing but an empty Space, the Nest where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Sof. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring Work; or else the Jewel, knowing to whom it should be given, took Occasion to steal out, by a natural Instinct, and ty'd itself upon that pretty Arm.

Amph. Can this be possible!

Sof. Yes, very possible. You my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brough forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as I *Sofia* have brought forth another Me *Sofia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated these Diamonds, and so we are all three double.

Phæd. If this be true, I hope my Goblet has gagg'd
another

another golden Goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aside.*]

Alcm. My Lord, I have stood silent, out of Wonder What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealousy, [*Aside.* Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs. I fear, and yet I must be satisfy'd: And to be satisfy'd, I must dissemble.

Alcm. Why muse you so, and murmur to yourself? If you repent your Bounty, take it back.

Amph. Not so; but, if you please, relate what past At our last Interview.

Alcm. That Question wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I say not so;
I only wou'd refresh my Memory,
And have my Reasons to desire the Story.

Phæd. So, this is as good Sport for me, as an Examination of a great Belly before a Magistrate.

Alcm. The Story is not long: you know I met you, Kifs'd you, and press'd you close within my Arms, With all the tenderness of Wifely Love.

Amph. I cou'd have spar'd that Kindness. [*Aside.*]
And what did I? [*To her.*]

Alcm. You strain'd me with a Masculine Embrace;
As you wou'd squeeze my Soul out.

Amph. Did I so?

Alcm. You did.

Amph. Confound those Arms that were so kind-- [*Aside.*]
Proceed, proceed ——— [*To her.*]

Alcm. You wou'd not stay to sup; but much complaining of Drowsiness, and want of natural Rest—

Amph. Made haste to Bed: Ha, was't not so? Go on—
[*Aside.*] And stab me with each Syllable thou speak'st.

Phæd. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.

Alcm. I have no more to say.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alcm. Why not?

Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alcm. Ungrateful Man!

Amph. She justifies it too!

Alcm. I need not justify: Of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of all that Prodigality of Kindness
Giv'n to another, and usurp'd from me.
So bless me Heav'n, if since my first Departure,
I ever set my Foot upon this Threshold.
So am I innocent of all those Joys,
And dry of those Embraces.

Alcm. Then I, it seems, am false!

Amph. As surely false, as what thou say'st is true.

Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adultress?

Amph. What thou art,
Thou stand'st condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.

Alcm. Go, thou unworthy Man; for ever go:
No more my Husband: go thou base Impostor;
Who tak'st a vile Pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, wouldst ruin me.
Enjoy thy wish'd Divorce; I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; spit thy Venom; do thy worst:
But know, the more thou wou'dst expose my Virtue,
Like purest Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation:
But, since thou hast, with Impudence, affirm'd
My false Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth shall, in the Face of *Thebes*, be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Sea-men shall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land,
Nor parted, till I reach'd this cursed Door:
So shall this Vision of my late Return
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to those
Who thus betray'd my Honour.

Sos. Sir, shall I wait on you?

Amph.

Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here.

[*Exit Amphitryon.*

Phæd. Please you — that I — [To *Alcmena.*

Alcm. Oh! Nothing now can please me:
Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inseparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever —

[*Exit Alcmena.*

Sof. What if I shou'd lye now, and say we have been
here before? I never saw any Good that came of telling
Truth.

[*Aside.*

Phæd. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin
a little to suspect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but
Copper.

[*Aside.*

Sof. Yes, 'tis resolv'd, I will lye abominably, against
the Light of my own Conscience. For suppose the
other *Sofia* has been here: perhaps that strong Dog has
not only beaten me, but also has been predominant upon
my Wife, and most carnally misus'd her! Now, by ask-
ing certain Questions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may
come to understand how Squares go; and whether my
Nuptial Bed be violated.

[*Aside.*

Phæd. Most certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his
Master, and will deny his being here; but that shall not
serve his Turn, to cheat me of my Present! — [*Aside.*
Why *Sofia*! What in a brown Study?

Sof. A little *cogitabund*, or so; concerning this dismal
Revolution in our Family.

Phæd. But that shou'd not make you neglect your
Duty to me, your Mistress.

Sof. Pretty Soul: I wou'd thou wert; upon Condition
that old *Bromia* were six Foot under Ground.

Phæd. What! is all your hot Courtship to me dwindled
into a poor unprofitable Wish? You may remember, I
did not bid you absolutely despair.

Sof. No, for all Things yet may be accommodated, in
an amicable Manner, betwixt my Master and my Lady.

Phæd. I mean, to the Business, betwixt you and me—

Sof. Why, I hope we two never quarrell'd?

Phæd. Must I remember you of a certain Promise that
you made me at our last Parting?

Sof. Oh, when I went to the Army: that I shou'd still be praising thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Business betwixt you and me this Morning — that you promis'd me —

Sof. That I promis'd thee — I find it now: That strong Dog, my Brother *Sofia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [*Aside.*]

Phæd. You are considering, whether or no you should keep your Promise —

Sof. That I shou'd keep my Promise. — The Truth on't is, she's another ghefs Morfel than old *Bromia*. [*Aside.*]

Phæd. And I had rather you shou'd break it, in a Manner, and as it were, and in some Sense —

Sof. In a Manner, and as it were, and in some Sense, thou say'st? — I find, the strong Dog has only tickled up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: so that with my own Limbs, I may perform the Sweetness of his Function with her. [*Aside.*]

No, sweet Creature, the Promise shall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour. [*To her.*]

Phæd. Then you remember the Preliminaries of the Present —

Sof. Yes, yes, in gross I do remember something; but this Disturbance of the Family has somewhat stupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque chose*, I warrant thee; some acceptable Toy, of small Value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But I put a greater Value upon your Presents.

Sof. A Gold Goblet, say'st thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after Consummation.

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make sure of one Bribe before-hand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Sof. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some Sense, a Gold Goblet, by way of Earnest; and it contain'd —

Phæd. One large —

Sof. How, one large —

Phæd. Gallon.

Sof. No; that was somewhat too large, in Conscience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reasonably speaking, one large — Thimble-full: But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are so like, that in speaking, I might easily mistake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out Traitor!

Sof. I had been a Traitor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the swallowing of a Gallon: but a Thimble-full of Cordial-water is easily sipt off: and then, this same Goblet is so very light too, that it will be no Burden, to carry it about with thee in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apostate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain!

Enter Bromia.

What are you here, *Bromia*! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You see I can be a Friend, upon Occasion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindness: but, for this Fugitive — this Rebel — this Miscreant —

Sof. A kind Welcome, to an absent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me so barbarously this Morning.

Sof. The t'other *Sofia* has been with her too; and has us'd her barbarously: barbarously, that is to say, uncivilly: and uncivilly, I am afraid that means too civilly.

[*Aside.*

Phæd. You had best deny you were here this Morning! And by the same Token —

Sof. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's Sake, dear *Phædra*.

Now must I ponder with myself a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here this Morning.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Phædra*, my Lord's without; and will not enter till he has first spoken with you. [Exit Servant.

Phæd. [To him in private.] Oh, that I cou'd stay to help worry thee for this Abuse; but the best on't is, I leave thee in good Hands —

—Fare—

———— Farewel Thimble, ————— To him, *Bromia*.
 [Exit *Phædra*.

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swoon, and deprive me of the natural Use of my Tongue for a long half Hour: you did not beat me down with your little Wand: But I shall teach you to use your Rod another Time————I shall.

Sof. Put her into a Swoon, with my little Wand, and so forth: That's more than ever I could do. These are terrible Circumstances, that some *Sofia* or other has been here: Now, if he has literally beaten her, Grammercy, Brother *Sofia*; he has but done, what I wou'd have done, if I had durst: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that laid her asleep, might signify the Peace-maker. [Aside.

Brom. Now you are snuffling upon a cold Scent, for some pitiful Excuse: I know you: Twenty to one, but you will plead Drunkenness: You are us'd to be Pot-valiant.

Sof. I was pumping, and I thank her, she has invented for me—Yes, *Bromia*, I must confess I was exalted; and, possibly, I might scour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Person, by the way of Kindness, than if I had been sober: but, pr'ythee, inform me what I did; that I may consider what Satisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there at your Dog-tricks! You wou'd be forgetting wou'd you? like a drunken Bully that affronts over Night, and, when he is call'd to Account the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and asks Pardon, to avoid Fighting.

Sof. By *Bacchus*, I was overtaken; but I shou'd be loth that I committed any Folly with thee.

Brom. I am sure, I kept myself awake all Night, that I did, in Expectation of your coming. [Crying.

Sof. But what amends did I make thee, when I came?

Brom. You know well enough, to my Sorrow; but that you play the Hypocrite.

Sof. I warrant, I was monstrous kind to thee.——

Brom.

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed: You never said a truer Word: for, when I came to kiss you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: He justifies! ———

Sof. Yes, I do justify, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Person, that my Breath might not offend thee: for, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, just as it makes for you, or against you: but, to mend the Matter, you never spoke one civil Word to me; but stood like a Stock, without Sense or Motion.

Sof. Yet better.

[*Aside.*

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your Place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: and you inhumanly refus'd me.

Sof. Ay, there's the main Point of the Business! Art thou morally certain, that I refus'd thee? Look me now in the Face, and say I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canst look me in the Face, after that Refusal!

Sof. Say it once again, that I did not feloniously come to Bed to thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traitor, thou know'st thou didst not.

Sof. Best of all; 'twas discreetly done of me to abstain.

Brom. What, do you insult me too?

Sof. No, I do not insult upon you; ———but——

Brom. But what? How was it discreetly done then? Ha!

Sof. Because it is the receiv'd Opinion of Physicians, that nothing but puling Chitts, and Booby-Fools are procreated in Drunkenness.

Brom. A receiv'd Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Physicians, for meddling in our Matters: If a Husband will be rul'd by them,

them, there are five Weeks of Abstinence in Dog-days too; for fear a Child that was got in *August*, shou'd be born just nine Months after, and be blear-ey'd, like a *May Kitten*.

Sof. Let the Physicians alone; they are honest Men, whatever the World says of 'em. But, for a certain Reason, that I best know, I am glad that Matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes, 'twas very fair and peaceably; to strike a Woman down, and beat her most outrageously.

Sof. Is it possible that I drubb'd thee?

Brom. I find your Drift: You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: But, i'faith, you shall bring me to no more Handy-blows: I shall make bold to trust to my Tongue hereafter: You never durst have offer'd to hold up a Finger against me, till you went a Trooping.

Sof. Then I am a Conqueror: And I laud my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Soldiership and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouse, henceforward, to your supream Commander. [Strutting.

Enter Jupiter and Phædra, attended by Musicians and Dancers.

Phæd. Indeed I wondred at your quick Return.

Jup. Ev'n so Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*; And the stern Goddess of sweet-bitter Cares, Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke. I wou'd have mann'd my Heart, and held it out; But, when I thought of what I had possess'd; Those Joys, that never end, but to begin, O, I am all on fire to make my Peace: And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die, Till I am reconcil'd.

Phæd. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult: But nothing is impossible to Love; To Love like mine: for I have prov'd his Force, And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart. If I submit, there's Hope.

Phæd. 'Tis possible I may solicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best?

Phæd.

Phæd. Nay, I promise nothing — unless you begin
To promise first — [Curt'ying.

Jup. I wo'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window:
You shall have a fair Shoot at her: If you can bring her
down, you are a good Mark's-Man.

Jup. That's all I ask:
And I will so reward thee, gentle *Phædra* —

Phæd. What, with Cats-guts and Rosin! This *Sal-la*
is but a lamentable, empty Sound.

Jup. Then there's a Sound will please thee better.
[Throwing her a Purse.

Phæd. Ay, there's something of Melody in this Sound.
I could dance all Day, to the Musick of *Chink, Chink*.
[Exit *Phæd.*

Jup. Go, *Sofia*, round our *Thebes*
To *Polidas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripos*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all
To join their Pray'rs to smoothe *Alcmena's* Brow;
And, with a solemn Feast, to crown the Day.

Sof. [Taking Jupiter about the Knees.] Let me em-
brace you, Sir — [Jupiter pushes him away.] Nay, you
must give me leave to exprefs my Gratitude; I have
not eaten, to say eating, nor drunk, to say drinking, ne-
ver since our villainous Encamping so near the Enemy:
'Tis true, I scap'd the Bloody-Flux, because I had so
little in my Bowels to come out; and I durst let no-
thing go, in Conscience, because I had nothing to
swallow in the Room on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, see that all Things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if some God
Were Guest, or Master here.

Sof. Or rather, as much as if twenty Gods were to be
Guests, or Masters here.

Brom. That you may eat for To-day, and To-morrow.

Sof. Or, rather again, for To-day and Yesterday; and
as many Months backward, as I am indebted to my
own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you.

[Exeunt *Sofia* and *Bromia* severally.
Jup.

Jup. Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Sofia*,
(Who tho' thou art not present, hear'st my Voice)
Be ready to attend me at my Call,
And to supply his Place.

*Enter Mercury to Jupiter, Alcmena and Phædra
appear above.*

Jup. See, she appears: [Seeing Alcmena.
This is my Bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

*Jupiter signs to the Musicians. Song and Dance: After
which, Alcmena withdraws, frowning.*

S O N G.

CELIA, that I once was blest
Is now the Torment of my Breast;
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possess:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the Want:
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting;
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III.

Celia now is mine no more;
But I am hers, and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No Unkindness can dissolve;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

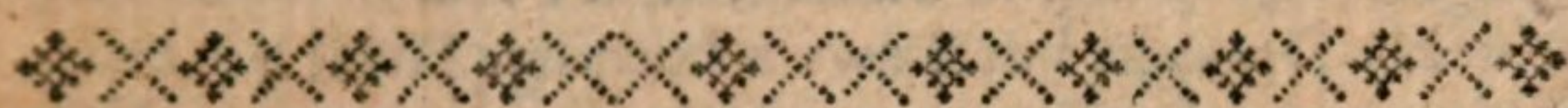
Jup. O stay.

Merc She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appear'd:

For

For I, who made her, know her inward State :
No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate :
I gave 'em beauty, to subdue the Strong ;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long.)
I gave 'em Pride, to make Mankind their Slave ;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer ; and but kneels, to rise. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Jupiter following Alcmena ; Mercury, and Phædra.

Jup. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me speak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee, to the Ridge
 And leap the Precipice, to scape thy Sight. [of Earth,

Sup. For Pity—

Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man,

Jup. I cannot leave you : No, but like a Ghost,
Whom your Unkindness murder'd, will I haunt you.

Alcm. Once more, be gone, I'm odious to myself,
For having lov'd thee once.

Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your Kind :
Nor can you hate your Lover, tho' you wou'd :
Your Tears, that fall so gently, are but Grief :
There may be Anger ; but there must be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyness, to be courted.

Alcm. Courtship from thee, and after such Affronts!

Sup. Is this that everlasting Love you vow'd,
Last Night, when I was circled in your Arms?
Remember what you swore— [too much?]

Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd swear
Think what thou art, and that unswears it all.

Jup. Can you forsake me, for so small a Fault?
'Twas but a Jest, perhaps too far pursu'd;
'Twas but, at most, a Trial of your Faith,

How

How you could bear Unkindness:
 'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiss,
 A wanton Stratagem of Love.

Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare;
 A Jest, and then a Trial, and a Bait;
 All Stuff, and Daubing!

Jup. Think me Jealous, then.

Alcm. O that I could; for that's a noble Crime;
 And which a Lover can, with ease, forgive:
 'Tis the high Pulse of Passion, in a Fever;
 A sickly Draught but shews a burning Thirst;
 Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealousy:
 And in that Loathing of a full-gorg'd Love,
 Thou saw'st the nauseous Object, with Disdain.

Jup. O think not that: For you are ever new:
 Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
 In happy Climes, where some are in the Bud,
 Some green, and ripening some, while others fall.

Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
 When rous'd Desires, and fresh Recruits of Force,
 Enable languish'd Love to take the Field.
 But never hope to be receiv'd again:
 You would again deny you were receiv'd,
 And brand my spotless Fame.

Jup. I will not dare to justify my Crime,
 But only point you where to lay the Blame:
 Impute it to the Husband, not the Lover.

Alcm. How vainly wou'd the Sophister divide,
 And make the Husband, and the Lover, two.

Jup. Yes, 'tis the Husband is the guilty Wretch,
 His Insolence forgot the Sweets of Love,
 And deeming them his Due, despis'd the Feast,
 Not so the famish'd Lover cou'd forget:
 He knew he had been there, and had been blest
 With all that Hope cou'd wish, or Sense can bear.

Alcm. Husband and Lover, both alike I hate.

Jup. And I confess I have deserv'd that Hate:
 Too charming Fair, I kneel for your Forgiveness:
 I beg by those fair Eyes, [Kneeling.]

Which

Which gave me Wounds, that Time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and restore my Joys.

Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can speak no more.

Jup. O give it vent, *Alcmena*, give it vent;
I merit your Reproach, I wou'd be curs'd:
Let your Tongue curse me, while your Heart forgives.

Alcm. Can I forget such Usage?

Jup. Can you hate me?

Alcm. I'll do my best: for sure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That Word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but say, I hate you,
My Sword shall do you Justice.

Alcm. Then, I hate you —

Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?

Alcm. I hate you much, but yet I love you more.

Jup. To prove that Love, then say, that you forgive me;
For there remains but this Alternative:
Resolve to pardon, or to punish me.

Alcm. Alas, what I resolve, appears too plain:
In saying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Transport of my Joy——

[*Kisses her Hand.*

Alcm. Forbear; I am offended with myself.

[*Putting him gently away with her Hand.*

That I have shewn this Weakness——Let me go,
Where I may blush, alone——

[*Going and looking back on him.*

But come not you;

Lest I should spoil you, with excess of Fondness,

And let you love again—— [Exit *Alcmena*.

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, she invites me: [*Aside.*
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:

I gave 'em but one Tongue, to say us Nay;

And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be sure that none

[*To Merc.*

Approach, to interrupt our Privacy.

[Exit *Jupiter* after *Alcmena*.

Mercury

Mercury and Phædra remain.

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord : Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Sofia* : for my Lady had the Diamonds before hand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou wilt give me Weight for Weight.

Phæd. Yes, and Measure for Measure too, *Sofia* : that is, for a Thimble-full of Gold, a Thimble-full of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra* ? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you.

[Pulling out the Goblet in a Case from under his Cloak.]

Phæd. Now, *Jupiter* of his Mercy, let me kiss thee, O thou dear Metal ! *[Taking it in both Hands.]*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiss thee, dear, dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not so fast, *Sofia* ! there's a damn'd Proverb in your way : *Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip*, you know.

Merc. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet ?

Phæd. Yes ; as sure as you would cheat me of my Maiden-head : I am yet but just even with you, for the last Trick you play'd me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining Fee ; you must give me another before the Cause is open'd,

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-side To-night ?

Phæd. No, nor To-morrow Night neither : but this shall be my Sweet-heart in your Place : 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer in cold Weather.

[Exit Phædra.]

Mercury alone.

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand ? This very Goblet I stole from *Gripus* ; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common Fate of ill-gotten Goods, that, as they came in by Covetousness, they go out by Whoring.—

Enter

Enter Amphitryon.

Oh, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage him above in the Balcony. *[Exit Merc.]*

Amph. Not one of those I look'd for, to be found !
As some Enchantment hid 'em from my Sight !
Perhaps, as *Sofia* says, 'tis Witchcraft all :
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be stol'n ;
But how I came, in Person, yesterday,
And gave that Present to *Alcmena's* Hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reason splits.
Wou'd that were all ! I fear my Honour, too !
I'll try her once again : She may be mad :
A wretched Remedy ; but all I have,
To keep me from Despair.

Merc. *[From the Balcony, aside.]* This is no very charitable Action of a God, to use him ill, who has never offended me : but my Planet disposes me to Malice ; and when we great Persons do but a little Mischief, the World has a good Bargain of us.

Amph. How now ! what means the locking up of my Doors, at this Time of Day ? *[Knocks.]*

Merc. Softly, Friend, softly : You knock as loud, and as saucily, as a Lord's Footman, that was sent before him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Visit. Sure you think the Doors have no Feeling ! What the Devil are you, that rap with such Authority ?

Amph. Look out, and see : 'tis I.

Merc. You, what you ?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom first.

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had best command them, and try whether they will obey you.

Amph. Dost thou not know me ?

Merc. Pr'ythee, how shou'd I know thee ? dost thou take me for a Conjuror ?

Amph. What's this, Midsummer-Moon ? Is all the World gone a Madding ? why *Sofia* !

Merc.

Merc. That's my Name indeed: didst thou think I had forgot it?

Amph. Dost thou see me?

Merc. Why, dost thou pretend to go invisible? If thou hast any Business here, dispatch it quickly; I have no Leisure to throw away upon such prattling Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave? How dar'st thou use this insolent Language to thy Master?

Merc. How! Thou my Master? By what Title? I never had any other Master but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. Well: and for whom dost thou take me?

Merc. For some Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How shou'd I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thyself? Thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern hast thou been? and how many Bottles did thy Business, to metamorphose thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this Insolence!

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatening your Betters! I shou'd bring you to condign Punishment, but that I have a great Respect for the good Wine, tho' I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in? why *Phædra*!
Bromia!

Merc. Peace, Fellow; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very busy; one in making a Caudle for my Lady, and the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord, when he rises from Bed.

Amph. Amazement seizes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Master and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd, without Seconds to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddlesome Fool, thou wouldst not be thrusting thy Nose into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy Business, if thou hast any; for I'll hear no more of thee.

[Exit Mercury from above.]

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, dishonour'd by my Wife,
To what a desp'rate Plunge am I reduc'd,

If this be true the Villain says? But why
That feeble If! It must be true; she owns it.
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront?
One way, I spread my Infamy abroad;
And, t' other, hide a burning Coal within,
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Sofia, Polidas, Gripus, *and* Tranio.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his Door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning; 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sof. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his Head! and stamps, and what Strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sof. Why this is as it should be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent Humour: yes, we will have a Crash at the bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see: and they are notable Topers, especially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yes, faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. [*To Sof.*] Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus.

Sof. Here's a fine Business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my Legs could carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my Diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be Witness where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sof. Why, to my best Remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph.

Amph. What Nonsense dost thou plead for an Excuse of thy foul Language, and thy base Replies!

Sof. You fright a Man out of his Senses, first; and blame him afterwards, for talking Nonsense: — but 'tis better for me to talk Nonsense, than for some to do Nonsense: I will say that, whate'er comes on't. Pray, Sir, let all Things be done decently: what, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not truss'd upon the Gallows like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your Pardon, Gentlemen; I have no longer Patience to forbear him.

Sof. Justice, Justice: my Lord *Gripus*; as you are a true Magistrate, protect me. Here's a Process of Beating going forward, without Sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this must not be: Let me first understand the Demerits of the Criminal.

Sof. Hold you to that Point, I beseech your Honour, as you commiserate the Case of a poor, innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To shut the Door against me, in my very Face, to deny me Entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: what Proofs of Innocence call you these? but if I punish not this Insolence——

[*Is going to beat him, and is held by Polidas and Tranio.*
I beg you let me go——

Sof. I charge you in the King's Name, hold him fast; for you see he's bloodily dispos'd.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thyself, *Sofia*?

Sof. I say, in the first Place, be sure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I shall never plead worth one Farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sof. Then if I may speak boldly, under my Lord's Favour, I do not say he lyes neither; no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordship fibbs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you let me go?

Sof. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally speaking, be in the Balcony and affronting you; when at the same time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting these Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip.

Grip. Hold a little: how long since was it that he spoke to you, from the said Balcony?

Amph. Just now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Sof. Now speak my Witnesses.

Grip. I can answer for him, for this last half hour.

Pol. And I.

Tran. And I.

Sof. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred Person, to tell my Lord he fibbs only?

Amph. Who gave you that Order, to invite 'em?

Sof. He that best might; yourself: by the same token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a Brace, or a Leash; no, now I think on't, it was for ten Couple of Gods, to make sure of Plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commission?

Sof. Why you gave me this pretended Commission, when you were just ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I suppose, to your second Bedding.

Amph. Where, in what Place, did I give this Order?

Sof. Here, in this Place, in the presence of this very Door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd speak, they wou'd both justify it.

Amph. O Heaven! these Accidents are so surprizing, the more I think of 'em, the more I am lost in my Imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us some Passages, as he came along, that seem to surpass the Power of Nature.

Sof. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Sofia*? 'tis a fly Youth: pray Heav'n you have not just such another Relation, within Doors, call'd *Amphitryon*. It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your Likeness: and perhaps he may have put something upon your Lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the Forehead.

Amph. [To those who hold him.] Let me go — *Sofia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him: — Open the Door, I'll resolve my Doubts immediately.

Sof. The Door is peremptory that it will not be open'd without Keys : and my Brother, on the inside, is in Possession ; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted ; break open the Door there.

Grip. Stir not a Man of you, to his Assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my Adulteress too, because she is thy Niece ?

Grip. I take Part with nothing, but the Law ; and to break the Doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant ; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. [*Aside.*] The Devil take all Justice-brokers : — I curse him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witness ! — But I'll bring Soldiers to force open the Doors, by my own Commission.

[*Exit Amphitryon.*]

Sof. Pox o'these Forms of Law, to defeat a Man of a Dinner, when he's sharp set : 'tis against the Privilege of a Free-born Stomach ; and is no less than Subversion of Fundamentals.

[*Jupiter above in the Balcony.*]

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long : you are welcome ; and the Door shall be open'd to you, immediately.

[*Exit Jupiter.*]

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon* ?

Sof. Why, who shou'd it be else ?

Grip. In all Appearance it was he : but how got he thither ?

Pol. In such a Trice too !

Tran. And after he had just left us !

Grip. And so much alter'd, for the better, in his Humour ?

Sof. Here's such a Company of foolish Questions, when a Man's a hungry : You had best stay Dinner till he has prov'd himself to be *Amphitryon* in Form of Law : But I'll make short Work of that Business : for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I should be glad it were.

Sof.

Sof. How glad it were ? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that so it is.

Grip. [*Aside.*] That I may see my Mistress *Phædra*, and present her with my great gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without Doors, fasting and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals ; and that's a dreadful Imprecation ! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon* : I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten Lord : and if you had an Ounce of true Justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t' other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostor, and a Vagabond. [*The Door is open'd: Mercury from within.*

Merc. Enter quickly, Masters : The Passage on the Right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you——For I am call'd another way.

[*Gripus, Tranio, and Polidas go into the House.*

Sof. I should know that Voice, by a secret Instinct : 'Tis a Tongue of my Family ; and belongs to my Brother *Sofia* : It must be so ; for it carries a cudgelling Kind of Sound in it ——But put the worst : Let me weigh this matter wisely : Here's a Beating, and a Belly-full, against no Beating, and no Belly-full. The Beating is bad ; but the Dinner is good : Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good ; but, not to fill my Belly, is positively bad — Upon the whole matter, my final Resolution is, to take the Good and the Bad as they come together. [*Is entering: Mercury meets him at the Door.*

Merc. Whither now, you Kitchen-skum ? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without Permission ?

Sof. Most Illustrious Sir : My Ticket is my Hunger : Shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty Bowels of my Famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more ? I'll cut you into Quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little Credit by me : Alas, Sir, I am but mere Carrion ! Brave *Sofia*, compassionate coward *Sofia* : And beat not thyself, in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that Privilege, Sirrah, to assume
K 2 my

my Name? have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it? and receiv'd part of Punishment already?

Sof. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us; and we may use it in common, like a Strumpet: Witness Heav'n, that I would have obey'd you, and quitted the Title to the Name; but, wherever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sofia*, in spite of me: I am sensible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Sofia's*? Let those two cut one another's Throats at their own Pleasure: But you and I will be wiser, by my Consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sofia's* would but make two Fools.

Sof. Then let me be the Fool; and be you the prudent Person; And chuse for yourself some wiser Name: Or you shall be the eldest Brother; and I'll be content to be the younger; tho' I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sof. Ah! Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, thou shalt not disgrace my Father: For there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sof. Ah! Poor *Sofia*! What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper Name?

Sof. I did not mean myself: I was thinking of another *Sofia*, a poor Fellow, that was once of my Acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of Doors, when Dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. *Sofia*, you and I must — Bless me! what have we here, a Couple of you, or do I see double?

Sof. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable, and will needs incorporate with me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose: For still he's obstinate to stick to me: And I can never beat him out of my Resemblance.

Phæd.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Sofia*? for t' other must be the Devil.

Sof. You had best ask him that has play'd the Devil with my Back and Sides.

Merc. You had best ask him who gave you the Gold Goblet?

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sofia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been interloping, Sirrah.

Sof. No, indeed, Sir; I only promis'd her a Gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my Proportion of being *Sofia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sofia* for my Money: beat him away, t' other *Sofia*: he grows insufferable.

Sof. [*Aside.*] Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the Dinner, for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is ———

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sof. I am sure I meant you no Offence; for, if I am not *Sofia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know; and, if you are *Sofia*, you may be the Son of a Whore, for ought you know.

Merc. What ever I am, I will be *Sofia*, as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the Civility of the Cudgel.

Sof. If you will promise to beat me into the House, you may begin when you please with me: but to be beaten out of the House, at Dinner-time, Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

[*Mercury beats him about, and Sofia is still making towards the Door: but Mercury gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*]

Phæd. In the Name of Wonder, what are you that are *Sofia*, and are not *Sofia*?

Merc. If thou wouldst know more of me, my Person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again; for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my Use.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please : go to Bed old, and rise young. I have so many Suits of Persons by me, I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Clothes, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to : ask no more Questions ; I am for thy Turn ; for I know thy Heart, and see all thou hast about thee.

Phæd. Then you can see my Backside too ; there's a Bargain for you.——

Merc. In thy right Pocket :——let me see :——three Love Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the Bottom, on three Sides ; full of Fustian Passion, and hearty Nonsense : as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him ; consisting of nine Lines and a half : scrawl'd and false spell'd, to show thou art a Woman ; and full of Fraudulence, and Equivocations, and Shoeing-horns of Love to him ; to promise much, and mean nothing ; to show, over and above, that thou art a mere Woman,

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to see all this ? Now, for Heaven's Sake, do not look in t'other Pocket——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-Book, and——a bawdy Lampoon, and——

Phæd. [*Giving a great Frisk.*] Look no Farther, I beseech you——

Merc. And a Silver Spoon ——

Phæd. [*Shrieking.*] —— Ah !

Merc. Which you purloin'd last Night from *Bremia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counsel, or I am undone for ever.

[*Holding up her Hands to him.*]

Merc. No : I'll mortify thee, now I have an Handle to thy Iniquity, if thou wilt not love me ——

Phæd. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you : because indeed I dare do no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl ; I will be secret ; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy Filching : for thou and I were born under the same Planet.

Phæd. And we shall come to the same End too, I'm afraid.

Merc.

Merc. No, no; since thou hast Wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou needst never fear Hanging.

Phæd. And will you make yourself a younger Man; and be handsome too; and rich? for you that know Hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sofia*.

Merc. Thou shalt know more of that another Time: In the mean while, here's a Cast of my Office for thee.

[He stamps upon the Ground: some Dancers come from under-ground: and others from the sides of the Stage: A Song, and a Fantastick Dance.]

Mercury's S O N G to Phædra.

I.

Fair Iris, I love, and hourly I die,
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree:
For I am as false, and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better for Worse.
When present, we love; when absent, agree:
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phæd. This Power of yours makes me suspect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more Certainty, tell me what I am just now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me see; for thou art a Woman, and your Minds are so variable, that it's

very hard even for a God to know them. But, to satisfy thee, thou art wishing, now, for the same Power I have exercis'd ; that thou might'st stamp, like me ; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phæd. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do stamp in somebody's Name, but I know not whose ; [*stamps.*] Come up, Gentle-folks, from below ; and sing me a Pastoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man ; as we always have in Love Matters,
[*New Singers come up, and sing a Song.*]

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt *Thyrsis* and *Iris*.

I.

Thyrsis. **F***air Iris and her Swain
Were in a shady Bow'r ;
Where Thyrsis long in vain
Had sought the Shepherd's Hour :
A length his Hand advancing upon her snowy
He said, O kiss me longer, [Breast ;
And longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me blest.*

II.

Iris. *An easy yielding Maid,
By trusting is undone ;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your Sufferings to redress ;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
[Before you shall possess.*

III.

Thyrsis. *The little Care you show
Of all my Sorrows past,
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last.*

Fair

*Fair Iris kiss me kindly, in Pity of my Fate ;
And kindly still, and kindly.*

Before it be too late.

IV.

*Iris. You fondly court your Bliss,
And no Advances make ;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly, and I will not rebel ;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But kiss me not and tell.*

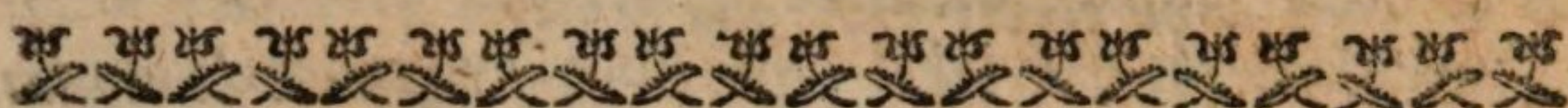
V.

A R O N D E A U.

*Chorus. Thus at the Height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor :
We give, and give, and give, and give,
'Till we can give no more.
But what To-day will take away,
To-morrow will restore :
Thus at the Height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.*

*Phæd. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Musick : Hope
well, Mr. Planet ; there's a better Heav'n in store for
you : I say no more, but you can guess.*

*Merc. [alone.] Such Bargain-Loves, as I with Phædra }
Are all the Leagues and Friendships of the Great : [treat, }
All seek their Ends, and each wou'd other cheat.
They only seem to hate, and seem to love ;
But Int'rest is the Point on which they move.
Their Friends are Foes ; and Foes are Friends again ;
And in their Turns, are Knaves, and honest Men.
Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold :
'Tis who bids most : for all Men wou'd be sold. [Exit.*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Gripus and Phædra. Gripus has the Goblet in his Hand.

Phæd. **Y**OU will not be so base to take it from me?
Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: And I'll seize my own, in whatever Hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only shew'd it you to provoke your Generosity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Present.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of stolen Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Mistress!

Phæd. Thou most mercenary Magistrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thyself!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'st to Priviledge; and when it changes for the Sovereign, veer'st to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Present?

Phæd. No: but I'll send thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will soon decide the Difference. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Enter Mercury, with two Swords.

Merc. [*Bowwing.*] Save your good Lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb; I am out of Humour, and am in haste: Leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my Duty to attend on your Lordship, and to ease you of that undecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profession.

Merc. By your Lordship's Permission, *Phædra* has sent me to take it from you.

Grip.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. [*Still Bowing.*] No; but by your Honour's Permission, I am to restore it to her, and persuade your Lordship to renounce your Pretensions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare pass my Word for your free Consent to both. — Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your Choice of one of these;

Grip. Why these are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your Choice of one of them: which your Lordship pleases; and leave the other to your most Obedient Servant.

Grip. What one of these ungodly Weapons? take Notice I'll lay you by the Heels, Sirrah: This has the Appearance of an unlawful bloody Challenge.

Merc. You Magistrates are pleased to call it so, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one anothers Throats.

Grip. Be answer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law shall decide our Controversy.

Merc. By your Permission, my Lord, it must be dispatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee any such Permission, to dispatch me into another World.

Merc. At the least, my Lord, you have no Occasion to complain of my want of Respect to you: You will neither restore the Goblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuse it; all this is done in the Forms of Honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own Arbitrement; and I suppose, you are too honourable not to approve of my Proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new sort of Process, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that signify nothing but to squeeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordship's Favour, I begin.

[*Fillips him under the Chin.*

Grip.

Grip. What's this for?

Merc. To give you an Occasion of returning me a box o'th'Ear: that so, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no Answer, but suffer a Non suit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Costs and Charges are to be paid: Will you please to restore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I must ascend to your Lordship's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, oh, oh. ——— Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordship will be pleas'd to hear Reason.

[*Pulling again.*]

Grip. Take the Cup, and the Devil give thee Joy on't.

Merc. [*still holding him.*] And your Lordship will farther be graciously pleased, to release all Claims, Titles, and Actions whatsoever to *Phædra*: You must give me leave to add one small *memento*, for that too.

[*Pulling him again.*]

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. [*to her.*] *Phædra*; my Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without pushing Matters to Extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all; But give me Livery and Seisin of the Goblet, in the first Place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion shou'd be pass'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember Quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verses with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon and Guards.

Amph. [*to Gripus.*] At the last I have got Possession without your Lordship's Warrant: *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no such lying Message: you are not here, and you cannot be here; for, to my Knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber.

Amph. All of a Piece, and all Witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. Answer me first: Did you give me a Diamond, and a Purse of Gold?

Amph.

Amph. Thou know'st I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the same Token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: if you are he, I am sure I left you in Bed with your own Wife; now you had best stretch out a Leg, and feel about for a Fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword, and kill the Sorcerer; Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. *[To the Guards.]*

Phæd. I'll save you the Labour, and call him down to confront you, if you dare attend him. *[Exit Phædra.]*

Merc. *[Aside.]* Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or else *Amphitryon* had not enter'd so easily. *[Gripus is stealing off.]* — Whither now, *Gripus*? I have Business for you: if you offer to stir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, follow'd by Tranio and Polidas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Master in my House? What noise is this that calls me from above, Invades my soft Recess, and Privacy, And, like a Tide, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I see?

Tran. What Prodigy!

Pol. How! two *Amphitryons*!

Grip. I have beheld th' Appearance of two Suns, But still the false was dimmer than the true; Here, both shine out alike.

Amph. This is a Sight, that, like the *Gorgon's* Head, Runs through my Limbs, and stiffens me to Stone. I need no more inquire into my Fate; For what I see resolves my Doubts too plain.

Tran. Two Drops of Water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very Sames.

Merc. *[Aside.]* Our *Jupiter* is a great Comedian, he counterfeits most admirably: Sure his Priests have copy'd their Hypocrisy from their Master.

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into myself; My Heart beats high, and pushes out the Blood,

[Drawing his Sword.]

To give me just Revenge on this Impostor.

If you are brave, assist me—not one stirs: *[To the Guards.]*
What,

What, are all brib'd to take th' Enchanter's Part?

'Tis true, the Work is mine; and thus——

[*Going to rush upon Jupiter; and is held by Tranio and Polidas.*]

Pol. It must not be.

Jup. Give him his Way: I dare the Madman's worst:
But still take Notice, that it looks not like

The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out at first

To brutal Force: it shews he doubts his Cause,

Who dares not trust his Reason to defend it. [and Bed:

Amph. [*Struggling.*] Thou base Usurper of my Name,
No less than thy Heart's Blood can wash away
Th' Affronts I have sustain'd.

Tran. We must not suffer

So strange a Duel, as *Amphitryon*

To fight against himself.

[*Hands:*

Pol. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
We know our Duty to our General:

We know the Tyes of Friendship to our Friend:

But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is.

Without more certain Proofs betwixt you two,

Is hard to be distinguish'd, by our Reason;

Impossible by Sight.

Amph. I know it; and have satisfy'd myself;
I am the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. See again,

He shuns the certain Proofs; and dares not stand
Impartial Judgment, and award of Right.

But since *Alcmena's* Honour is concern'd,

Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;

This I propose, as equal to us both.

Tranio and *Polidas*, be you Assistants,

The Guards be ready to secure th' Impostor,

When once so prov'd, for publick Punishment;

And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cause.

Amph. I am content; Let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. [*Aside to Merc.*] On whose Side wou'd you
please that I shou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. [*Aside to him.*] Follow thy Conscience for once;
but not to make a Custom of it neither; nor to leave an

evil

evil Precedent of Uprightness to future Judges.—[*Aside.*]
'Tis a good thing to have a Magistrate under Correction;
Your old fornicating Judge dares never give Sentence
against him that knows his Haunts.

Polid. Your Lordship knows I was Master of *Amphitryon's* Ship; and desire to know of him, what pass'd in
private betwixt us two at his Landing, when he was just
ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* answer first —

Jup. and Amph. together. My Lord, I told him —

Grip. Peace both of you:—'Tis a plain Case they are
both true; for they both speak together: but for more
certainty, let the false *Amphitryon* speak first.

Merc. Now they are both silent —

Grip. Then 'tis as plain on t'other side, that they are
both false *Amphitryons*.

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* shall speak first?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* speak: and let
the Peaceable hold his Peace.

Amph. [to *Polid.*] You may remember that I whisper'd
you, not to part from the Stern, one single Moment.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. No more Words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that whisper'd him; and he may re-
member I gave him this Reason for it, that if our Men
were beaten, I might secure my own Retreat.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Pay master: What Directions
did you give me the Night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking?

Merc. [*Aside.*] It shou'd be a double U: but they
have no such Letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular care of the great

Grip. Why this is Demonstration. [Bag.

Jup. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of
Tyger's Skin; and mark'd *Beta*.

Grip. In Sadness I think they are both Juglers:
Here's nothing, and here's nothing; And then *biccus*
doccus, and they are both here again.

Tran.

Tran. You peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag?

Jup. The Sum in gross, amounted just to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a Farthing.

Grip. Paugh: Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand Pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the rest was not all Silver; for there were just four thousand Brass Half-pence.

Grip. Being but Brass, the Proof is inconsiderable: if they had been Silver, it had gone on your side.

Amph. [*to Jup.*] Death and Hell, you will not persuade me, that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?

Amph. That last was Poison to me—— [*Aside.*

Yet there's one Proof thou canst not counterfeit:

In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound

Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:

Where still the Scar remains: Now blush, Impostor;

For this thou canst not show.

[*Bares his Arm, and shows the Scar, which they all look on.*

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. May your Lordship please——

Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not please me: Hold your Tongue, I charge you, for the Case is manifest.

Jup. By your Favour then, this shall speak for me.

[*Bares his Arm, and shows it.*

Tran. 'Tis just in the same Muscle.

Polid. Of the same Length and Breadth; and the Scar of the same blueish Colour.

Grip. [*to Jup.*] Did not I charge you not to speak? 'Twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he must have been in the Plot against himself too: For he was kill'd first by one of them; and then rose again out of

of Respect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, and Bromia.

Alcm. [turning to Phæd and Brom.]
No more of this; it sounds impossible
That two shou'd be so like, no Difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alcm. Then where's *Alcmena's* Honour and her Fame?
Farewel my needless Fear, it cannot be:
This is a Case too nice for vulgar Sight;
But let me come, my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point, and tremble to its proper Choice.

[Seeing *Amphitryon*, goes to him.]

There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his— [Goes to take him by the Hand.]

Amph. [pushing her away from him.] Away, Adultress!

Jup. My gentle Love, my Treasure and my Joy,
Follow no more that false and foolish Fire,
That wou'd mis-lead thy Fame to sure Destruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to Scorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch,
Who wou'd by base Aspersions blot thy Virtue.

Alcm. [going to him, who embraces her.]

I was indeed mistaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon*.
Th' Impostor has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my Choice,
Thy Kindness is a Guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my Presence to prefer the Villain?
O execrable Cheat! I break the Truce;
And will no more attend your vain Decisions:
To this—and to the Gods I'll trust my Cause.

[Is rushing upon Jupiter, and is held again.]

Jup. Poor Man; how I contemn those idle Threats!
Were I dispos'd, thou might'st as safely meet
The Thunder lanch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:
(Nor *Jove* need blush to be *Alcmena's* Champion)
But in the Face of *Thebes*, she shall be clear'd;
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.

Attend

Attend, and I will bring convincing Proofs.

Amph. Thou would'st elude my Justice, and escape:
But I will follow thee, thro' Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge.

Jup. I'll spare thy Pains: It shall be quickly seen,
Betwixt us two, who seeks, and who avoids.——
Come in, my Friends: and thou who seem'st *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in Doubt, may know the true.

[*Jupiter re-enters the House; with him Amphitryon,
Alcmena, Polidas, Tranio, and Guards.*

Merc. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*, stay with *Phædra*:

[*To Grip. and Brom. who are following.*

Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours:

Amphitryon's Rival shall appear a God:

But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;

Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, an't please your Lordship, is my Fellow
Phædra to be exalted into the Heavens, and made a
Star?

Phæd. When that comes to pass, if you look up a-
nights, I shall remember old Kindness, and vouchsafe to
twinkle on you.

*Enter Sofia, peeping about him; and seeing Mercury,
is starting back.*

Sof. Here he is again; and there's no passing by him
into the House, unless I were a Spright, to glide in thro'
the Key-hole — I am to be a Vagabond, I find.

Merc. *Sofia*, come back.

Sof. No I thank you; you may whistle me long enough;
a beaten Dog has always the Wit to avoid his Master.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Sofia* again.

Sof. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he
that has an Itch to be beaten, let him take it up for
Sofia; — What have I said now! I mean for me; for I
neither am nor will be *Sofia*.

Merc. But thou may'st be so in Safety: for I have
acknowledg'd myself to be God *Mercury*.

Sof. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the
Devil take me if ever I worship you; for an unmerciful
Deity, as you are.

Merc.

Merc. You ought to take it for an Honour to be drubb'd by the Hand of a Divinity.

Sof. I am your most humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the Faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have spar'd the Honour that you did me. But how shall I be sure that you never assume my Shape again?

Merc. Because I am weary of wearing so villainous an Outside.

Sof. Well, well; as villainous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am sure that I may chastise you safely; and that there's no God, lurking under your Appearance.

Sof. Ay; but you had best take heed how you attempt it: for as *Mercury* has turn'd himself into me, so I may take the Toy into my Head, to turn myself into *Mercury*, that I may swinge you off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witnessees, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the Left-hand; that is, in the Nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You shall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill Name below; and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, instead of a Priest to marry us. [twixt us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* shall draw up Articles be-

Phæd. But he's damnably us'd to false Conveyancing:— Well be it so: for my Counsel shall overlook 'em before I sign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [Here *Gripus* gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Merc. With all my Heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phæd. [to *Grip*] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, &c. betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves —

Merc. And *Phædra* Queen of Gypsies — *Imprimis*, I promise to buy and settle upon her an Estate, containing nine thousand Acres of Land, in any Part of *Bæotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no part of the said nine thousand Acres shall be upon, or adjoining to Mount *Parnassus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a poetical Estate.

Merc.

Merc. Memorandum, that she be always constant to me ; and admit of no other Lover.

Phæd. Memorandum, unless it be a Lover that offers more ; and that the Constancy shall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. Item, that she shall keep no Male Servants in her House : Item, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow : Item, that she shall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phæd. What, wou'd you have me an Athiest ?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phædra*.

Brom. Here's no Provision made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia* ; I bargain that my eldest Son shall be a Heroe, and my eldest Daughter a King's Mistress.

Merc. That is to say, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra*.

Phæd. That's true ; but who dares call 'em so ? Then for the younger Children :—but now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Mafs and Miss ; for the rest wou'd be but chargeable, and a Burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes ; the second shall be a false Prophet : he shall have Wit enough to set up a new Religion ; and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot ? there's Pin-money, and Alimony, and separate Maintenance, and a thousand Things more to be consider'd ; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Sos. I am a Fool, I must confess ; but yet I can see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of you : I have observ'd, that you Women-Wits are commonly so quick upon the Scent, that you often over-run it : Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in case Mr. Heaven there, shou'd be pleas'd to break these Articles, in what Court of Judicature she intends to sue him ?

Phæd. The Fool has hit upon't : —Gods, and Great Men, are never to be sued ; for they can always plead Privilege of Pcerage : and therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your Word : for as long as you love me you'll be sure to keep it ; and in the mean time I shall be gaining Experience how to manage some rich Cully ; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It thunders; and the company within Doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, and Tranio, all come running out, and join with the rest, who were on the Theatre before.

Amph. Sure 'tis some God: he vanish'd from our Sight,
And told us we should see him soon return.

Alcm. I know not what to Hope, nor what to Fear,
A simple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconsenting Innocence is lost.

A second Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter appears in a Machine.

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above
Th' Impostor God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own Shape see *Jupiter* appear,
And let that Sight secure thy jealous Fear.
Disgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to Boast;
No Fame, in *Jove's* Concurrence, can be lost:
What he enjoys, he sanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, stamps into a Price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate,
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to translate:
When on no other Terms I cou'd Possess,
But by thy Form, thy Features, and thy Dress:
To thee were giv'n the Blessings that I sought,
Which else, not all the Bribes of Heav'n had bought.
Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love,
And, in his own Despight, triumph o'er *Jove*.

Merc. [*Aside.*] *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena* both stand
mute, and know not how to take it.

Sos. [*Aside.*] Our Sovereign Lord *Jupiter* is a sly
Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jup. From this auspicious Night shall rise an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother, Fair:
Wrongs to redress, and Tyrants to disseize;
Born for a World that wants a *Hercules*.
Monsters, and Monster-men he shall engage,
And toil, and struggle, thro' an impious Age.
Peace to his Labours shall at length succeed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happiness by Need.

[*Jupiter is carry'd back to Heaven.*

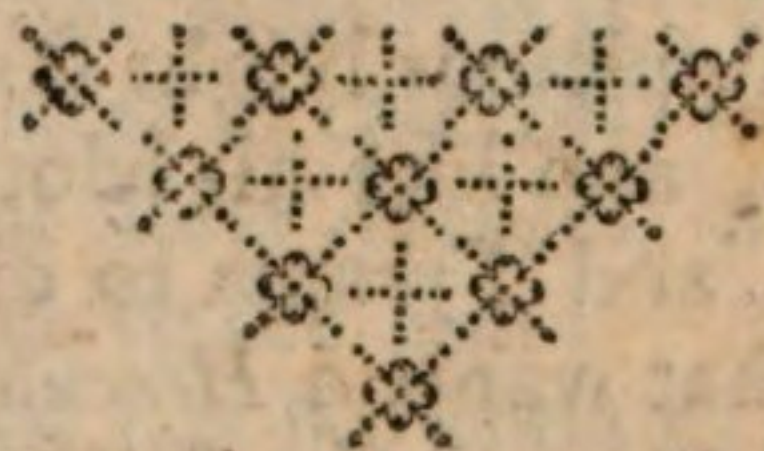
Omnes.

Omnes. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to yourselves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the less that is said of it, the better. Upon the whole Matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the Favour of *Jupiter* in Patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Sos. I must take a little extraordinary Pains To-night, that my Spouse may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he, goes out to seek Adventures; that when his Master kills a Man, he may stand ready to pick his Pockets; and piously relieve his aged Parents. Ah, *Bromia, Bromia*, if thou hadst been as handsome and as young as *Phædra*; I say no more, but some-body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Master, and never the worse Man neither.

For, let the wicked World say what they please,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at Ease:
The Lover keeps him too; and but receives,
Like *Jove*, the Remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves:
'Tis true, the Lady has enough in store
To satisfy those two, and eke two more:
In fine, the Man, who weighs, the Matter fully,
Wou'd rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.





E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by *Phædra*. *Mrs. Mountfort*.

I'M thinking, (and it almost makes me mad)
How sweet a Time those Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry was ev'n their Gods own Trade:
They worshipt the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid was chief of all the Deities;
And Love was all the Fashion, in the Skies.
When the sweet Nymph held up the Lily Hand,
Jove was her humble Servant at Command.
The Treasury of Heav'n was ne'er so bare,
But still there was a Pension for the Fair.
In all his Reign, Adult'ry was no Sin;
For Jove the good Example did begin.
Mark, too, when he usurp'd the Husband's Name,
How civilly he sav'd the Lady's Fame.
The secret Joys of Love he wisely hid;
But you, Sirs, boast of more, than e'er you did.
You tease your Cuckolds: to their Face torment 'em;
But Jove gave his new Honours to content him.
And, in the kind Remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son bestow'd a Star.
For these good Deeds, as by the Date appears,
His Godship flourish'd full two thousand Years.
At last, when he and all his Priests grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And that false Worship wou'd no longer hold.
Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can sin.)
That Doctrine, too, so hard, in Practice, lies,
That the next Age may see another rise.
Then, Pagan Gods may, once again, succeed:
And Jove, or Mars, be ready, at our Need,
To get young Godlings; and, so, mend our Breed.

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General Instructions

Book 1

Chapter 1

The first part of the book is devoted to a general description of the country and its inhabitants.

The second part is devoted to a description of the climate and the seasons.

The third part is devoted to a description of the soil and the productions of the country.

The fourth part is devoted to a description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

The fifth part is devoted to a description of the government and the laws of the country.

The sixth part is devoted to a description of the trade and commerce of the country.

The seventh part is devoted to a description of the military and naval strength of the country.

The eighth part is devoted to a description of the religion and the superstitions of the inhabitants.

The ninth part is devoted to a description of the history and the events of the country.

The tenth part is devoted to a description of the present state of the country.

The eleventh part is devoted to a description of the future prospects of the country.

The twelfth part is devoted to a description of the conclusion of the book.

The thirteenth part is devoted to a description of the end of the book.

The fourteenth part is devoted to a description of the end of the book.

The fifteenth part is devoted to a description of the end of the book.

The sixteenth part is devoted to a description of the end of the book.



J. Smeets del. J. Sculp.

THE
BUSY BODY,
A
COMEDY.

As it is now acted at the Theatres Royal in
DRURY-LANE and COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

*Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso Gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, Animum quod Landis avarum
Subruit aut reficit.*————

HORAT. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 1.



L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL,
W. BATHOE, and S. BLADON.

MDCCLXV.

BUSBY BOD

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PROLOGUE,

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

TH^{O'} modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author could not prophesy her Fate:
If with such Scenes an Audience had been fir'd,
The Poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy Days,
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays.
Yet since prophetic Lies please Fools o' Fashion,
And Women are so fond of Agitation;
To Men of Sense I'll prophesy a-new,
And tell you wondrous Things that will prove true;
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no Skirmishes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wish'd-for Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife, will cease.
The Grand Monarch may wish his Son a Throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This Season most Things bear a smiling Face;
But Play'rs in Summer have a dismal Case,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,
My Lord can't all the Year live Great in Town;
Where wanting Operas, Basset, and a Play,
They'll sigh and stitch a Gown, to pass the Time away.
Gay City Wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose Husbands long have labour'd for an Heir;
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,
But by the Waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street Sempstress—Toast of Temple Sparks,
That runs spruce Neckcloths for Attorneys Clerks,
At Cupid's Gardens will her Hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled Ale.
At all Assemblies Rakes are up and down,
And Gamesters, where they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our Author's Fate To-day,
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play:
Yet Whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis Tattling all, like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since War and Places claim the Bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat To-night;
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,
And none but Women-Haters damn this Play.

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1765.

Sir George Airy, a Gentleman of Four Thousand a Year, in Love with <i>Miranda</i> ,	} Mr. Palmer.
Sir Francis Gripe, Guardian to <i>Miranda</i> and <i>Marplot</i> , Father to <i>Charles</i> , in Love with <i>Miranda</i> ,	} Mr. Yates.
<i>Charles</i> , Friend to Sir George, in Love with <i>Isabinda</i> ,	} Mr. Packer.
Sir Jealous Traffick, a Merchant that had lived some Time in <i>Spain</i> , Father to <i>Isabinda</i> ,	} Mr. Love.
<i>Marplot</i> , a Sort of silly Fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every Body's Business,	} Mr. King.
<i>Whisper</i> , Servant to <i>Charles</i> ,	— Mr. Vaughan, [Jun.]
<i>Miranda</i> , an Heiress, worth Thirty Thou- sand Pounds, really in Love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her Guardian Sir Francis,	} Mrs. Palmer.
<i>Isabinda</i> , Daughter to Sir Jealous, in Love with <i>Charles</i> , but designed for a Spanish Merchant by her Father,	} Miss Plym.
<i>Patch</i> , her Woman,	Mrs. Cross.
<i>Scentwell</i> , Woman to <i>Miranda</i> ,	Mrs. Bradshaw.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

Sir George Airy,	Mr. Smith.
Sir Francis Gripe,	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Charles</i> ,	Mr. Clarke.
Sir Jealous Traffick,	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Marplot</i> ,	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Whisper</i> ,	Mr. Costello.
<i>Miranda</i> ,	Miss Wilford.
<i>Isabinda</i> ,	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Patch</i> ,	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Scentwell</i> ,	Mrs. Ferguson.

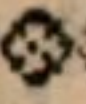
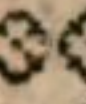
THE



THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Sir George Airy meeting Charles.

Cha.      A! *Sir George Airy!* A Birding thus early! What forbidden Game rous'd you so soon? for no lawful Occasion could invite a Person of your Figure abroad at such unfashionable Hours.

Sir Geo. There are some Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out Ways and Means to make themselves uneasy.

Cha. Is it possible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seasons of the Year compliment with as many thousand Pounds, nay, and a Father at Rest with his Ancestors?

Sir Geo. Why there it is now! A Man that wants Money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in such a whimsical Posture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me, or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, never consult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold outdoes the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole Armies fight, or fly; it buys even Souls, and bribes Wretches to betray their Country: Then what can thy Business be, that Gold won't serve thee in?

Sir Geo. Why, I'm in Love.

Cha. In Love! — Ha, ha, ha, ha; in Love, Ha, ha, ha, ha. With what, prithee? a *Cherubim*?

Sir Geo. No, With a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, Good, Ha, ha, ha; and Gold not help thee!

Sir Geo. But suppose I'm in Love with two—

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir Geo. One is a Lady whose Face I never saw, but witty as an Angel; the other beautiful as *Venus*—

Cha. And a Fool—

Sir Geo. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her; but you can inform me; I am charm'd by the Wit of the one, and die for the Beauty of the other?

Cha. And pray, which are you in Quest of now?

Sir Geo. I prefer the sensual Pleasure; I'm for her I've seen, who is thy Father's Ward, *Miranda*.

Cha. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my Father will no more part with her and thirty thousand Pounds, than he would with a Guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir Geo. Now you see Gold can't do every thing, *Charles*.

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate against you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he is this avaricious Wretch, how can'st thou by such a liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souse out of his Pocket, I assure you: I had an Uncle who defrayed that Charge; but for some little Wildnesses of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian 'till I came to Years of Discretion, which I presume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Estate into his Clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in *Prefter John's* Dominions.

Sir Geo. What, can'st thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many Essays to no purpose; tho' Want, the Mistress of Invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old Fox is too cunning for me—I am upon my last Project, which, if it fails, then for my last Refuge, a brown Musquet.

Sir Geo. What is't? Can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir Geo. I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with *Miranda*? Is she to be sold in private? Or will he put her up by way of Auction, at who bids most? If so, Egad, I'm for him; my Gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my Pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingenuously with you, Sir George, I know very little of her, or Home; for since my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance

Allowance too little ; he never sees me, but he quarrels ; and to avoid that, I shun his House as much as possible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himself.

Sir Geo. Can she consent to it ?

Cha. Yes, faith, so they say ; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the Matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party ; I can scarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does ; nor she me Civility, for that Contempt. I fancy she plays the Mother-in-Law already, and sets the old Gentleman on to do Mischief.

Sir Geo. Then I've your free Consent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping Hand, if Occasion be.

Sir Geo. Poh, yonder's a Fool coming this Way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, *Marplot* ? no, no, he's my Instrument ; there's a thousand Conveniencies in him ; he'll lend me his Money when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't ; in short, he'll pimp for me, lye for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own Aim for.

Sir Geo. Nay, then he's to be endur'd ; I never knew his Qualifications before.

Enter Marplot, with a Patch cross his Face.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, yours—Ha ! Sir *George Airy*, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy Hand, dear Boy—

Cha. A good Assurance ! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place ?

Marpl. I must confess 'tis a little *mal-a-propos* ; but no matter for that ; a Word with you, *Charles* : Prithce, introduce me to Sir *George*—he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guineas to—

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marpl. Ay, when I have 'em ; pugh, pox, you cut the Thread of my Discourse—I would give ten Guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance : Well, 'tis a vast Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be seen in the Company of leading Men ; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High Fliers, or Low Fliers, or Levellers—and so forth, for you must know, we all herd in Parties now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diversion is out of Fashion, I find.

Marpl.

Marpl. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you come by that mourning Nose, I will.

Marpl. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir George, here's a Gentleman has a passionate Desire to kiss your Hand.

Sir Geo. Oh, I honour Men of the Sword; and I presume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal*—by his Scars.

Marpl. No, really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil Fury: Happening last Night into the Groom Porter's—I had a strong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a Milk-Sop, as I thought: A Pox of the Dice, he flung out, and my Pockets being empty, as *Charles* knows they sometimes are, he prov'd a surly *North-Briton*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir Geo. Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marpl. Draw, Sir; why, I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword to make a swift Retreat, and he roar'd out, “Now the Deel a ma Sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Ise whip mine through yer Wem.”

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, safe was the Word; so you walk'd off, I suppose.

Marpl. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my Friends, you know—

Sir Geo. Your Friends are much obliged to you, Sir. I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marpl. Sir George, a Bow from the Side Box, or to be seen in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you—

Marpl. Me! why I live for no other Purpose—Sir George, I have the Honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning Toasts of the Town. I'll tell 'em you are the finest Gentleman—

Sir Geo. No, no prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies—my Parts—Can you convey a Letter upon occasion, or deliver a Message with an Air of Business, Ha!

Marpl. With the Assurance of a Page, and the Gravity of a Statesman.

Sir Geo. You know *Miranda*.

Marpl. What, my Sister Ward? Why, her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a damn'd old—

Cha. I suppose, Friend, you forget that he is my Father—

Marpl. I ask your Pardon, *Charles*; but it is for your Sake I hate him. Well, I say the World is mistaken in him; his Out-side Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his In-side Cunning makes him every Heir's Jailor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some Ward too, and never of his getting: For thou art as honest a Debauchee as ever cuckolded Men of Quality.

Sir Geo. A pleasant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his Impertinence: He is pressing to be employ'd, and willing to execute, but some ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftner spoils an Intrigue than helps it—

Marpl. If I miscarry, 'tis none of my Fault; I follow my Instructions.

Cha. Yes, witness the Merchant's Wife.

Marpl. Pish, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you must know, I had lent a certain Merchant my hunting Horses, and was to have met his Wife in his Absence: Sending him along with my Groom to make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the same Time; what does he do, but gives the Husband the Letter, and offers her the Horses.

Marpl. I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and swore I had a Design upon her, which my Bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir George, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my Man upon a little earnest Business, and I have order'd him to bring me the Answer into the Park.

Marpl. Business, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

Sir Geo. I must beg your pardon, *Charles*, I am to meet your Father.

Cha. My Father!

Sir Geo. Ay! and about the oddest Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart 'till I know the Success.

Marpl. What can his Business be with Sir *Francis*? Now would I give all the World to know it; why the Devil should not one know every Man's Concern! [*Aside.*

Cha. Prosperity to't whate'er it be, I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marpl. *Charles* knows I love a Glass as well as any Man; I'll make one; shall it be To-night? And I long to know their Secrets. [*Aside.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* says *Isabinda's* Spanish Father has quite spoil'd the Plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, she says; but I must step again to know the Hour.

Marpl. What did *Whisper* say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into this Secret. [*Aside.*

Cha. Curst Misfortune; come along with me, my Heart feels Pleasure at her Name. Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet at the old Place the usual Hour.

SirGeo. Agreed; I think I see Sir *Francis* yonder. [*Exit.*

Cha. *Marplot*, you must excuse me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is. [*Exit.*

Miran. [*Coming out of a Chair.*] Let the Chair wait: My Servant, that dodg'd Sir *George*, said he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miss *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a Way to bring *Isabinda* to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladyship can't imagine what a wretched Disappointment we have met with: Just as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Clothes for Disguise, comes my old Master into his Closet, which is right against her Chamber-door; this struck us into a terrible Fright—At length I put on a grave Face, and ask'd him if he was at Leisure for his Chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he snap'd my Nose off; no, I shall be busy here these two Hours. At which, my poor Mistress, seeing no Way of Escape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyship with the sad Relation.

Miran. Unhappy *Isabinda*! Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealous Traffick*?

Patch. Oh, Madam, it's his living so long in Spain; he vows he'll spend half his Estate, but he'll be a Parliament-Man, on purpose to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils,

Veils, and the other odious *Spanish* Customs—He swears it is the Height of Impudence to have a Woman seen bare-fac'd even at Church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, how the old Fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid Rules—Does he think we could not match them in Contrivance? No, no, let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant she finds a Way to break 'em: Is his Mind set upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Despair: But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyship—My Lady is mighty good humour'd, too: and I have found a Way to make Sir *Jealous* believe I am wholly in his Interest, when my real Design is to serve her; he makes me her Jailor, and I set her at Liberty,

Miran. I knew thy prolific Brain wou'd be of singular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is, that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a Report should be, *Patch.*

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old Strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my Mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this *Deshabillée*, in the —open Air; nay, more, in Pursuit of the young Fellow she likes; for that's my Case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a Way to bring him home, in Spight of old *Argus*.

Miran. Now, *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes—Ha! my Guardian with him: What can be the Meaning of this? I'm sure Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dress——Let's observe 'em.

[*They withdraw.*
Enter

Enter Sir Francis Gripe and Sir George Airy.

Sir Fran. Verily, *Sir George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money so ; for I tell thee sincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge, does not love a young Fellow ; they are all vicious, and seldom make good Husbands ; in sober Sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In sober Sadness you are mistaken — What can this mean ?

Sir Geo. Look ye, *Sir Francis*, whether she can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Business ; will you take the fifty Guineas ?

Sir Fran. In good Truth—I will not, for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot consent that his Son should squander away, what he sav'd, to no Purpose.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas ?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir Geo. Well, *Sir Francis*, since you are so conscientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour gratis.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The Favour ! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you said, *Patch*.

Sir Fran. No, verily, if thou dost not buy thy Experience, thou wilt never be wise ; therefore give me a Hundred, and try Fortune.

Sir Geo. The Scruples arose, I find, from the scanty Sum — Let me see—a hundred Guineas—[*Takes 'em out of a Purse, and chinks 'em.*] Ha ! they have a very pretty Sound, and a very pleasing Look—But then, *Miranda*—But if she should be true —

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As Ten to One I shall —

Sir Fran. Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he !

Sir Geo. No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't ! what, whether you will or no, Madam ?

Sir Geo. Come, to the Point ; here's the Gold, sum up the Conditions —

Sir Fran. [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's Sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack.

Sir Fran. Well, at your own Peril be it.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir Fran. *Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House, in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the Space

Space of ten Minutes, without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir Geo. But out of Ear-shot——

Sir Fran. Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; Ha, ha, ha, in Consideration I am to have that Purse and a Hundred Guineas.

Sir Geo. Take it—— [Gives him the Purse.]

Miran. [Peeping.] So, 'tis well it's no worse; I'll fit you both——

Sir Geo. And this Agreement is to be perform'd To-day.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor Fool, how *Miranda* and I shall laugh at him——Well, Sir George, Ha, ha, ha, take the last Sound of your Guineas, Ha, ha, ha. [Chinks 'em.] [Exit.]

Miran. [Peeping.] Sure he does not know I am *Miranda*.

Sir Geo. A very extraordinary Bargain I have made, truly, if she should be really in Love with this old Cuff, now——Psha, that's morally impossible——But then what Hopes have I to succeed. I never spoke to her——

Miran. [Peeping.] Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir Geo. What tho' my Tongue never spoke, my Eyes said a thousand Things, and my Hopes flattered me her's answered 'em. If I'm lucky——if not, it is but a Hundred Guineas thrown away.

[Miranda and Patch come forward.]

Miran. Upon what, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Ha! my *Incognita*——upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worst Things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very Breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your Return, Sir George, Ha, ha.

Sir Geo. Were they more brittle than China, and dropped to Pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but Mistress of thy Wit, balances ten Times the Sum——Prithee let me see thy Face.

Miran. By no Means; that may spoil your Opinion of my Sense——

Sir Geo. Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir Geo. No, Child, a Dish of Chocolate in the Morning

ing never spoils my Dinner; the other Lady, I design a Set Meal; so there's no Danger.——

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! What Crimes have you committed against the God of Love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, to stamp Husband upon your Forehead?—

Sir Geo. For my Folly, in having so often met you here, without pursuing the Laws of Nature, and exercising her Command——But I resolve, e'er we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what Kind of Flesh and Blood your Face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the Trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My Face is the same Flesh and Blood with my Hand, *Sir George*, which if you'll be so rude to provoke——

Sir Geo. You'll apply it to my Cheek——The Ladies Favours are always welcome; but I must have that Cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the *Park*, Child, and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white Hand?

Miran. And how will it sound in a Chocolate-House, that *Sir George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Mask when he had given her his Honour that he never would, directly nor indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him Leave?

Patch. I wish we were safe out.

Sir Geo. But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every Turn, like some troubled Spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a Female Shape.

Miran. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

Sir Geo. Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the Lady should be in Love with you.

Sir Geo. Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to love her, Child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die——Which Way shall I escape?——Let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Sir Geo. Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it——*Sir George*, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my Face, and turn your Back

Back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir Geo. Well, to shew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know those, and the Face won't be long a Secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir Geo. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's Back upon a Lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his Back.*] Come, Madam, begin——

Miran. First then it was my unhappy Lot to see you at Paris, [*Draws back a little way, and speaks.*] at a Ball upon a Birth-Day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaisance my Soul; and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*

And when you left the Place, Grief seiz'd me so,

No Rest my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes could know.

Last I resolv'd a hazardous Point to try,

And quit the Place in search of Liberty. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Excellent——I hope she's handsome——Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live?——I am a Gentleman, and this Confession will not be lost upon me.—Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on——for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf—speak quickly, or I shall turn about—Not yet—Poor Lady, she expects I should comfort her; and to do her Justice, she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! The Devil, jilted? Why, what a Tale has she invented—of Paris, Balls, and Birth-days.—Egad I'd give ten Guineas to know who the Gipsy is—A Curse of my Folly—I deserve to lose her: What Woman can forgive a Man that turns his Back!

The Bold and Resolute in Love and War,

To conquer, take the right and swiftest Way:

The boldest Lover soonest gains the Fair,

As Courage makes the rudest Force obey.

Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,

Closely pursue them, and they fall before you.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe and Miranda.

Sir Fran. HA, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Oh, I shall die with laughing—The most Romantic Adventure: Ha, ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fran. And I am to be by too, there's the Jest: Adod, if it had been in private, I should not have car'd to trust the young Dog.

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might, *Gardy*——Now methinks there's Nobody handsomer than you: So neat, so clean, so good-humour'd, and so loving—

Sir Fran. Pretty Rogue, pretty Rogue; and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy *Gardy* before these Caperers of the Age; thou shalt out-shine the Queen's Box on an Opera Night; thou shalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-Park*) and thy Equipage shall surpass the What d'ye call 'em Ambassador's.

Miran. Nay, I am sure the discreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the Inside Furniture, when you are in it, than my outside Equipage.

Sir Fran. A cunning Baggage i'faith thou art, and a wise one too; and to shew thee thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this Moment disinherit my Son, and settle my whole Estate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: [*Aside.*] No, *Gardy*, I would not have your Name be so black in the World—You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to possess my Estate without your Consent, till I am five and twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven Years, and make me Mistress of my Estate To-day, and I'll make you Master of my Person To-morrow.

Sir Fran. Humph? that may not be safe—No, *Chargy*, I'll settle it upon thee for *Pin-money*, and that will be every Bit as well, thou know'st.

Miran. Unconscionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money! Which Way shall I get out of his Hands! [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Well, what art thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to banter Sir George?

Miran.

Miran. I must not pretend to banter: He knows my Tongue too well: [*Aside.*] No, *Gardy*, I have thought of a Way will confound him more than all I could say, if I should talk to him seven Years.

Sir Fran. How's that? Oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad——

Miran. It would make you mad if you knew all. [*Aside.*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says—

Sir Fran. Dumb, good; Ha, ha, ha. Excellent, ha, ha. I think I have you now, *Sir George*; dumb! he'll go distracted—Well, she's the wittiest Rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb! I can but laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd mad he'll be, when he finds he has given his Money away for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Nay, *Gardy*, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it would make him ten Times madder: Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fran. Ay, so it would *Chargy*, to hold him in such Derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb! Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Charles.

Sir Fran. How now, *Sirrah*! Who let you in?

Cha. My Necessities, Sir.

Sir Fran. Sir, your Necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they entered.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a Word would gain Admittance no where.

Sir Fran. Then, *Sirrah*, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your Father, which Nobody else would admit?

Cha. Sure the Name of a Son is a sufficient Plea. I ask this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ask her Pardon and her Blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, *Sir Francis*, in a Purse of Guineas, would be more material. Your Son may have Business with you, I'll retire.

Sir Fran. I guess his Business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in a Readiness?

Miran. Certainly! My Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Sir Fran. Well, Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my Circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir Fran. And what's that to me, Sir? Your Management should have made them better.

Cha.

Cha. If you please to intrust me with the Management of my Estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir Fran. What to set upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thousand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Carelessness enrich your Steward, to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament-man?

Cha. I hope I should not spend it this Way: However, I ask only for what my Uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

Sir Fran. That I shall, out of your Reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod these young Fellows think old Men get Estates for Nothing but them to squander away, in Dicing, Wenching, Drinking, Dressing, and so forth.

Cha. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir! I'm sure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir Fran. From which you would infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requisites to a Gentleman.

Cha. Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a Support, he falls into these unmannerly Reproaches; I must, tho' against my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve myself. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Sirrah, what is it you mutter, Sirrah, ha? *[Holds up his Cane.]* I say you shan't have a Groat out of my Hands 'till I please—and may be I'll never please, and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or have one's Throat cut, is not much——

Sir Fran. What's that, Sirrah? Would ye rob me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir—I said no such Thing.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of One and Twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's Life, to edge himself into the Estate!

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: His Secret could not be with his Father, his Wants are public there—Guardian,—your Servant *Charles*, I know by that sorrowful Countenance of thine, the old Man's Fist is as close as his strong Box—But I'll help thee—

Sir Fran. So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will spend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swinging Interest, and so let the Fool go on—Well, what! does Necessity bring you too, Sir?

Marpl.

Marpl. You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred Pounds.

Sir Fran. For what?

Marpl. Pogh, for a hundred Things: I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I suppose I have received all the Answer I am like to have.

Marpl. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I shall lose him again.

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a Change in your Temper e'er you find one in mine.

Marpl. Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in mighty haste.

Sir Fran. Fool, take this, and go to the Cashier, I shan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a Note.*]

Marpl. Devil take the Cashier, I shall certainly have *Charles* gone before I come back again. [*Runs out.*]

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my Leave—But remember, you expose an only Son to all the Miseries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Mischief.

Sir Fran. Stay, *Charles*, I have a sudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent?

Sir Fran. My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth forty thousand Pounds, sets up for a handsome young Husband; she prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match makers can get twenty Guineas for a Sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! why she has but one Eye.

Sir Fran. Then she'll see but half your Extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to such a Piece of Deformity! Toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd Hag!

Sir Fran. Hunch-back'd! so much the better, then she has a Rest for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now I warrant you think, this is no Offer of a Father; forty thousand Pounds is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money would be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you chose better for yourself, I find.

Sir Fran. Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

Cha. Sir. I obey.—

Sir Fran. But me no Buts—Be gone, Sir: Dare to ask
me

me for Money again—Refuse Forty Thousand Pound !
Out of my Doors, I say, without Reply. [Exit Cha.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Sir George Airy enquires for you, Sir.

Enter Marplot running.

Marpl. Ha ! gone ! Is Charles gone, Guardian ?

Sir Fran. Yes ; and I desire your wife Worship to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, Egad, I shall run, I tell you but that. Ah, Pox of the Cashier for detaining me so long, where the Devil shall I find him now ? I shall certainly lose this Secret. [Exit hastily.

Sir Fran. What is the Fellow distracted ?—Desire Sir George to walk up—Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool : Ha, ha, ha, in my Mind he looks like an Ass already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir George, Do you hold in the same Mind, or would you capitulate ? Ha, ha, ha : Look, here are the Guineas. [Chinks 'em.] Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Geo. Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir Francis : Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take your Post—If she's a Woman, and not seduced by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ache ; for if she has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand Shapes but find it. [Aside.

Enter Miranda.

Sir Fran. Agreed—*Miranda.* There, Sir George, try your Fortune. [Takes out his Watch.]

Sir Geo. So from the Eastern Chambers breaks the Sun,
Dispels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below.
[Salutes her.

Sir Fran. Hold, Sir, Kissing was not in our Agreement.

Sir Geo. Oh ! that's by way of Prologue : Prithee, old Mammon, to thy Post.

Sir Fran. Well, young Timon, 'tis now Four exactly ; one Hour, remember, is your utmost Limit, not a Minute more. [Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.

Sir Geo. Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my Love, the Author of this rash Proceeding depends upon your Pleasure, as also the Life of your Admirer ; your sparkling Eyes speak a Heart susceptible of Love ; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decayed Mortality. *Miran.*

Miran. [*Aside.*] Oh! that I durst speak—

Sir Geo. Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's Yoke, assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring Hopes; the Deity of his Desires is Avarice; a Heretic in Love, and ought to be banish'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves. [*Miranda gives him her Hand to raise him.*

Sir Fran. I wish I cou'd hear what he says now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no palming, that's contrary to Articles——

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your Distance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] A bloody-minded Fellow!—

Sir Geo. Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my Address too grave: I'll be more free—Can you be so unconscionable, Madam, to let me say all these fine Things to you without one single Compliment in Return? View me well; am I not a proper handsome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd, sapless Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly Love of Twenty-four? With snoring only he'll awake thee; but I, with ravishing Delight, would make thy Senses dance in Concert with the joyful Minutes—Ha! Not yet? Sure she is dumb—Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand,*] 'till by Degrees I reach'd thy snowy Breasts, then ravish Kisses thus. [*Embraces her in the Ecstasy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O Heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. [*Running up, with his Watch in his Hand.*] Sure she did not speak to him—There's three Quarters of an Hour gone, Sir George—Adod, I don't like those close Conferences——

Sir Geo. More Interruptions——you will have it, Sir! [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*]

Sir Fran. [*Going back.*] No, no, you shan't have her neither. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Dumb still—Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another Way—I must conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuse to answer me—Consider the Injustice of his Injunction. This single Hour cost me a hundred Pound—and would you answer me, I could purchase the Twenty-four so: However, Madam, you must give me Leave to make the best

best Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the secret Liking of my Person: Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet answer me to every Question: As for Example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head—thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shakes his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

Miran. How every Action charms me—but I'll fit him for Signs, I warrant him. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Was it by his Desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir Geo. Very well! she's tractable, I find—And is it possible that you can love him! Miraculous! [*Miran. nods.*] Pardon the Bluntness of my Questions, for my Time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your Esteem? [*Miran. sighs.*] Good, she answers me as I could wish—You'll not consent to marry him then? [*Miran. sighs.*] How! doubtful in that—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his Power to keep her out of her Estate till Twenty-five; I'll try that—Come, Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this Affair out of any Motive but your Fortune—Let him keep it till those few Years are expired; make me happy with your Person, let him enjoy your Wealth—[*Miran. holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my Lesson, I can't understand your Meaning—

Sir Fran. What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs! 'ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir *George*?

Sir Geo. To cut your Throat, if you dare mutter another Syllable.

Sir Fran. Od! I wish he were fairly out of my House.

Sir Geo. Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the Purpose? [*Miran. shakes her Head, and points to Sir Francis.*] What! does she mean she won't answer me to the Purpose, or is she afraid yon old Cuff shou'd understand her Signs?—Ay, it must be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehensive of the Promise you have made to follow my Rules; therefore I'll suppose your Mind, and answer for you—First, for myself, Madam, that I am in Love with you

you is an infallible Truth. Now for you : [*Turns on her Side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it ?—As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light or that I die if you persist in Silence—Bless me with the Music of your Voice, and raise my Spirits to their proper Heaven : Thus low let me intreat, e'er I'm oblig'd to quit this Place, grant me some Token of a favourable Reception to keep my Hopes alive. [*Arises hastily, turns on her Side.*] Rise, Sir ; and since my Guardian's Presence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and rest assur'd you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a Letter.*] Ha ! right Woman ! But [*she strikes it down*] no matter, I'll go on.

Sir Fran. Ha ! what's that a Letter—Ha, ha, ha ! thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The best Assurance I ever saw.—— [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Ha ! a Letter ! Oh ! let me kiss it with the same Raptures that I would do the dear Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore*—What's here ? [*Reads.*] “ Dear Sir George ; this Virgin
“ Muse I consecrate to you, which when it has received the
“ Addition of your Voice, 'twill charm me into a Desire
“ of Liberty to love, which you, and only you can fix.”
My Angel ! Oh you transport me ! [*Kisses the Letter.*] And see the Power of your Command ; the God of Love has set the Verse already ; the flowing Numbers dance into a Tune, and I'm inspir'd with a Voice to sing it.

Miran. I'm sure thou art inspir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir Geo. [*Sings.*]

Great Love inspire him ;

Say I admire him.

Give me the Lover

That can discover

Secret Devotion

From silent Motion ;

Then don't betray me,

But hence convey me.

Sir Geo. [*Taking hold of Miranda.*] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire. [*Sir Francis coming up hastily.*

Sir Fran. The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you must take your Leave. There, my Girl, there's the Hundred Pounds, which thou hast won ; go, I'll be with you presently, Ha, ha, ha, ha ! [*Exit Miranda.*

Sir Geo. Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me just in the Nick, will you ?

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, Sir *George*, I think, Ha, ha, ha! Have you any more Hundred Pounds to throw away upon Courtship, Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* He, he, he, he! a Curse of your fleering Jests—Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same Wager, she does not value thee a Spoonful of Snuff;—Nay, more, though you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the Purpose with yourself.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! did not I tell thee thou would'st repent thy Money? Did not I say, she hated young Fellows. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* And I'm positive she's not in Love with Age.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha! no matter for that, Ha, ha! she's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetoric to boot; ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Whate'er her Reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with Envy!—Poor Man, poor Man—Ha, ha, ha! I must beg your Pardon, Sir *George*; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her Share of Mirth: Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart, Faith—I shall laugh in my Turn, too—For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: Remember that, and tremble——

She that to Age her beauteous Self resigns,

Shews witty Management for close Designs.

Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's Bed,

Actæon's Horns she means shall crown thy Head. [Exit.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! he is mad.

These fluttering Fops imagine they can wind,

Turn, and decoy to Love all Woman-kind:

But here's a Proof of Wisdom in my Charge,

Old Men are constant, young Men live at large;

The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,

When he that lavish is, has nought to pay. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Sir Jealous Traffick's House.

Enter Sir Jealous, Isabinda, Patch following.

Sir *Jea.* What, in the Balcony again? notwithstanding my positive Commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a Bill on your Forehead, to shew Passengers there's something to be lett?—

Isa.

Isa. What Harm can there be in a little fresh Air, Sir?

Sir Jea. Is your Constitution so hot, Mistrefs, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spanish* Rules, banish your Taste, and Thoughts of Flesh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirst with Water.

Isa. That and a close Room wou'd certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir Jea. No, Mistrefs, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant Ladies—that are troubled with the Vapours: 'tis your Ratifia, Perfico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, cause such Swi—m—ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving Visits at home; for in our loose Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be seen in a Balcony—But she threatned to slap my Chaps, and told me, I was her Servant, not her Governess.

Sir Jea. Did she so? But I'll make her to know that you are her *Duenna*: Oh that incomparable Custom of *Spain*! Why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country—for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as safely trust to *Asgil's* Translation, as to his Great Grandmother's not marrying again.

Isa. Or to the *Spanish* Ladies Veils and *Duennas*, for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir Jea. Dare to ridicule the cautious Conduct of that wise Nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this Fortnight without a Peep-hole.

Isa. If we had but the ghostly Helps in *England*, which they have in *Spain*, I might deceive you if you did—Sir, 'tis not the Restraint, but the innate Principles, secures the Reputation and Honour of our Sex—Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement sharpens the Invention, as Want of Sight strengthens the other Senses, and is often more pernicious, than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir Jea. Say you so, Mistrefs; who the Devil taught you the Art of Reasoning? I assure you, they must have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent who requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your Charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back from *Change*: I shall have some sauntering Coxcomb, with no-

thing but a Red Coat and a Feather, think, by leaping into her Arms, to leap into my Estate—But I'll prevent them; she shall be only Signior *Babinetto's*.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this Affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be locked up?

Isa. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of.
[*Aside.*] [Exit with *Patch*.

Sir Jea. I believe this Wench is very true to my Interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior *Babinetto* arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *English* Wife, than the Grand Signior's Mistresses. [Exit.

Enter *Whisper*.

Whisp. So, I saw *Sir Jealous* go out; where shall I find *Mrs. Patch* now?

Enter *Patch*.

Patch. Oh, Mr. *Whisper*! my Lady saw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go: But hark ye, *Mrs. Patch*, shall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Master and your Lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, farewell. [Goes in and shuts the Door.

Re-enter *Sir Jealous Traffick*, meeting *Whisper*.

Sir Jea. Sure whilst I was talking with Mr. *Tradewell*, I heard my Door clap. [Seeing *Whisper*.] Ha! a Man lurking about my House: Who do you want there, Sir?

Whisp. Want—want, a pox, *Sir Jealous*! What must I say now?

Sir Jea. Ay, want; have you a Letter or Message for any body there?—O' my Conscience this is some He Bawd—

Whisp. Letter or Message, Sir!

Sir Jea. Ay, Letter or Message, Sir.

Whisp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir Jea. Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you set in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, Sir, my Business—is no great Matter of Business, neither; and yet 'tis Business of Consequence, too.

Sir

Sir *Jea*. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. Trifle, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jea*. Found what, you Rascal?

Whisp. Why *Trifle* is the very Lap-dog my Lady lost, Sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this House. I'm glad you have him——Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *Jea*. Who is your Lady, Friend?

Whisp. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jea*. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir! then prithee carry thyself to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more Puppy-hunting about my Doors, lest I have you prest into the Service, Sirrah.

Whisp. By no Means, Sir—Your humble Servant; I must watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Master. [Exit.]

Sir *Jea*. This Fellow has the officious Leer of a Pimp, and I half suspect a Design; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

S C E N E Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Charles and Marplot.

Cha. Honest *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply. I expect my Lawyer with a Thousand Pounds I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Marp. Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes Sir *George Airy*.

Enter Sir George.

Cursedly out of Humour at his Disappointment; see how he looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo*. Ah, *Charles*, I am so humbled in my Pretensions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I shall never have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-maid again.—I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha! I'll spare you the Relation, by telling you——Impatient to know your Business with my Father, when I saw you enter, I flipt back into the next Room, where I over-heard every Syllable.

Sir *Geo*. That I said—But I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But prithee tell me, *Charles*, is she a Fool?

Cha. I ne'er suspected her for one; but *Marplot* can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

Marpl. A Fool! I'll justify she has more Wit than all the rest of her Sex put together; why, she'll rally me 'till I han't one Word to say for myself.

Cha. A mighty Proof of her Wit, truly——

Marpl. There must be some Trick in't, Sir George; Egad I'll find it out, if it cost me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir Geo. Do, and command me——

Marpl. Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret——

Enter Whisper, and speaks aside to his Master.

The Devil! *Whisper* here again; that Fellow never speaks out. Is this the same, or a new Secret? Sir George, won't you ask *Charles* what News *Whisper* brings?

Sir Geo. Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Marpl. Lord, Lord, how little Curiosity some People have! Now my chief Pleasure lies in knowing every body's Business.

Sir Geo. I fancy, *Charles*, thou hast some Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Business, too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the *Thatch'd House* at Six——

Marpl. You do me much Honour.

Cha. You guess right, Sir George, with me Success.

Sir Geo. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. *Marplot*, you must excuse me——

Marpl. Nay, nay, what Need of any Excuse amongst Friends; I'll go with you.

Cha. Indeed you must not.

Marpl. No, then I suppose 'tis a Duel, and I will go to secure you.

Cha. Well, but it is no Duel, consequently no Danger. Therefore prithee be answer'd.

Marpl. What is't a Mistress, then?—Mum—You know I can be silent upon Occasion.

Cha. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Marpl. Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Exit.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

Enter Charles.

Cha. **W**ELL, here's the House which holds the lovely Prize quiet and serene: Here no noisy Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no ceremonious Visit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang: Who would not scale the Window at Midnight without Fear of the jealous Father's Pistol, rather than fill up the Train of a Coquet, where every Minute he is jostled out of Place? [*Knocks softly.*] *Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch!*

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? All's safe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Business as ever; Gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy-House, and he may have his Throat cut; if there should be any Mischief, I can make Oath he went in. Well, *Charles*, in Spite of your Endeavours to keep me out of the Secret, I may save your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myself, there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Discoveries. [*Exit.*]

SCENE draws, *Charles, Isabinda, and Patch.*

Isab. *Patch*, look out sharp; have a Care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Isab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den when you come to see me.

Cha. If you'd consent, whilst the furious Beast is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Isab. That would be but to void one Danger by running into another; like poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come, *Charles*, I fear if I consult my Reason, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolic pleasing for a little Time, by saying and doing a World of tender Things; but when our small Substance is exhausted,

exhausted, and a thousand Requisites for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, would also fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will last for Life; to back which, I have taken a thousand Pound upon my Uncle's Estate; that surely will support us till one of our Fathers relent.

Ifab. There's no trusting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he sees me settled in *Spain*.

Cha. And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and suffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire, and Wit to be sacrific'd to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd, and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

Ifab. No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knap sack after thee.

Cha. Bravely resolv'd; the World cannot be more savage than our Parents, and Fortune generally assists the Bold; therefore consent now: Why should we put it to a future Hazard? Who knows when we shall have another Opportunity?

Ifab. Oh, you have your Ladder of Ropes, I suppose, and the Closet-window stands just where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, *Patch* will find a Way for our Assignations. Thus much of the *Spanish* Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught me, I thank him; tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in these Affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I see my Master coming up the Street.

Cha. Oh, the Devil, would I had my Ladder now. I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what shall I do, Madam?

Ifab. Oh! for Heaven's sake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh, unlucky Moment!—

Cha. Adieu heart, can you shut me into no Cupboard, nor ram me into a Chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, Sir, he searches every Hole in the House.

Ifab. Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: Run you to your Chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may easily get down from the Balcony.

Cha.

Cha. My Life, Adieu——Lead on, Guide. [Exit.

Isab. Heaven preserve him. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Sir Jealous, with Marplot behind him.

Sir Jeal. I don't know what's the Matter, but I have a strong Suspicion all is not right within; that Fellow's sauntering about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppy had the Face of a Lye, methought. By St. *Iägo*, if I should find a Man in the House, I'd make Mince-meat of him——

Marpl. Ah, poor *Charles*—ha? Egad he is old——I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir Jeal. My own Key shall let me in; I'll give them no Warning. [Feeling for his Key.

Marpl. What's that you say, Sir?

[Going up to Sir Jealous.

Sir Jeal. What's that to you, Sir? [Turns quick upon him.

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honest Gent'eman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your House as he went in, I have half a dozen *Myrmidons* hard by shall beat it about your Ears.

Sir Jeal. Went in! What, is he in, then? Ah! a Combination to undo me——I'll *Myrmidon* you, ye Dog, you——Thieves! Thieves!

[Beats Marplot all the while he cries Thieves!

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your House, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the Matter, Sir?

Sir Jeal. The Matter, Rascal! You have let a Man into my House; but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a Mouse-hole unsearch'd; if I find him, by St. *Iägo* I'll equip him for the Opera.

Marpl. A Deuce of his Cane, there's no trusting to Age——What shall I do to relieve *Charles*? Egad, I'll raise the Neighbourhood——Murder! Murder!——[*Charles drops down upon him from the Balcony.*] *Charles*, faith I'm glad to see thee safe out, with all my Heart.

Cha. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here?

Marpl. Here! gad, I have done you a Piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in, was——

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? [*Laying hold of him.*]
 'Sdeath, I could crush thee into Atoms. [*Exit Charles.*

Marpl. What, will you choak me for my Kindness?—
 Will my enquiring Soul never leave searching into other
 People's Affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my Body? I
 dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in such a
 Passion—I'll to *Miranda*; if I can discover aught that
 may oblige Sir George, it may be a means to reconcile
 me again to *Charles*. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous and his Servants.

Sir Jeal. Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the House to the Bottom.

Sir Jeal. Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found no body, Sir.

Sir Jeal. Why, what could this Rogue mean?

Enter Isabinda and Patch.

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I saw him safe out.

[*Aside to Isab.*

Isab. Bless me! what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir Jeal. You know best—Pray where's the Man that
 was here just now?

Isab. What Man, Sir? I saw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Trust you repose in me; do you
 think I wou'd let a Man come within these Doors, when
 you are absent?

Sir Jeal. Ah, *Patch*, she may be too cunning for thy
 Honesty; the very Scout, that he had set to give Warn-
 ing, discover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a
 Dozen *Myrmidons*——But I think I maul'd the Villain.
 These Afflictions you draw upon me, Mistress!

Isab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Hu-
 mour draws you into these Vexations, and gives every
 Fool pretence to banter you.

Sir Jeal. No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquettish
 Flirting into the Balcony—Oh! with what Joy shall I
 resign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego Babinetto*.

Isab. And with what Industry shall I avoid him. [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Certainly that Rogue had a Message from
 somebody or other; but being baulk'd by my coming,
 pop'd that Sham upon me. Come along, ye Sots, let's
 see if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up;
 d'ye hear.

Patch. Yes, Sir,—ay, walk till your Heels ake, you'll
 find no body, I promise you. *Isab.*

Isab. Who cou'd that Scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whisper*.

Isab. Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to escape this horrid Don *Diego*; my very Heart sinks at his terrible Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlo* shall be the Man, or I'll lose the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chamber-maid good for?

Isab. Say'st thou so, my Girl? Then——

Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares

Whilst Love instructs me to avoid the Snares;

I'll, spight of all his Spanish Caution, show,

How much for Love a British Maid can do.

S C E N E Sir Francis Gripe's House.

Sir Francis and Miranda meeting.

Miran. Well, *Gardy*, how did I perform the dumb Scene?

Sir Fran. To Admiration——Thou dear little Rogue; let me buss thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargee*, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hugg thee; I will, i'faith, I will.

[Hugging and Kissing her.]

Miran. Nay, *Gardee*, don't be so lavish; who would ride Post, when the Journey lasts for Life?

Sir Fran. Ah Wag, ah Wag, I'll buss thee again, for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he stinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I shou'd have? *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou convince the World of the happy Day? When shall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Consent, Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. My Consent! What does my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim: but I'll have every thing according to Form——Therefore when you sign an authentic Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Gardee*.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonstration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Gardee*; the malicious World will be apt to say you trick'd me into Marriage, and so take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops see how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wisdom. *Sir*

Sir Fran. Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargee*. I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye. [*Jumps.*]

Miran. Oh, never excuse it, why, I like you the better for being old.—But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you refuse me this Formality.

Sir Fran. Not love thee, *Chargee*! Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? Egad, better than Money; i'faith, I do—

Miran. That's false, I'm sure [*Aside.*] To prove it, do this, then.

Sir Fran. Well, I will do it, *Chargee*, provided I bring a Licence at the same Time?

Miran. Ay, and a Parson too, if you please: Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortified when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir Fran. So they will, so they will; Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my *Gardee*.

Sir Fran. If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You must know, *Gardee*, that I am so eager to have this Business concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to settle Matters just to your liking; you are to give your Consent to my Marriage, which is to yourself, you know: But mum, you must take no Notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then Tomorrow we come flap upon them with a Wedding that nobody thought on; by which you seize me and my Estate, and I suppose make a Bonfire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir Fran. Nay, but *Chargee*, if—

Miran. Nay, *Gardee*, no If.—Have I refus'd three Northern Lords, two *British* Peers, and half a score Knights, to have put in your Ifs?—

Sir Fran. So thou hast, indeed, and I will trust to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

Miran. 'Tis a Wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze. [*Aside.*]

Enter Marplot.

Sir Fran. How now, who sent for you, Si? What's the hundred Pound gone already? *Marpl.*

Marpl. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir Fran. No; that's a Miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

Marpl. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir Fran. Manners: What, had I no Servants without?

Marpl. None that could do my Business, Guardian, which is at present with this Lady.

Miran. With me, Mr. *Marplot*! what is it, I beseech you?

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marpl. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marpl. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame says, that you and my most conscionable *Guardian* here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, out of a Hundred Pounds.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marpl. Ay, you—You said never a Word against it, so far you are guilty.

Sir Fran. Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable Gentleman, that if he has any more such Sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last; Ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But, hark ye, let him know, at the same Time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a Lawyer to him shall shew him a Trick for twice as much: D'ye hear? tell him that.

Marpl. So, and this is the Way you use a Gentleman, and my Friend.

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marpl. The Wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad, I won't take it.

Miran. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Marpl. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir Fran. Sir, I shall make a Servant shew you out at the Window, if you are saucy.

Marpl. I am your most humble Servant, *Guardian*; I design to go out the same Way I came in. I would only ask this Lady, if she does not think in her Soul *Sir George Arty* is not a fine Gentleman?

Miran. He dresses well.

Sir Fran. Which is chiefly owing to his *Taylor* and *Valet de Chambre*.

Miran.

Miran. And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is so.

Marpl. The judicious part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pounds upon your dumb Ladyship.

Sir Fran. Does that gaul him? Ha, ha, ha!

Miran. So Sir George, remaining in deep Discontent, has sent you, his trusty 'Squire, to utter his Complaint; Ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your Ladyship, were I Sir George, you, you, you!—

Miran. Oh, don't call Names, I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a Message from me.

Marpl. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay, a kind one, you may be sure—First tell him, I have chose this Gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth. [Clapping her Hand into Sir Francis's.

Sir Fran. Oh, the dear Rogue, how I doat on her! [Aside.

Miran. And advise his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir Francis for a Husband before all the Fops in the Universe.

Marpl. Oh Lord, oh Lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain: Here's a Husband for Eighteen—Here's a Shape—Here's Bones rattling in a leathern Bag. [Turning Sir Francis about.] Here's Buckram and Canvas to scrub you to Repentance.

Sir Fran. Sirrah, my Cane shall teach you Repentance presently.

Marpl. No, faith, I have felt its Twin Brother from just such a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One thing more; advise him to keep from the Garden Gate on the Left Hand; for if he dare to faunter there about the Hour of Eight, as he used to do, he shall be saluted with a Pistol or a Blunderbuss.

Sir Fran. Oh, monstrous! why Chargee, did he use to come to the Garden Gate?

Miran. The Gard'ner describ'd just such another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his Entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marpl.

Marpl. Pistols and Blunderbusses ! Egad, a warm Reception, indeed ; I shall take care to inform him of your Kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will understand my Meaning better, than to follow your Advice. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en Possession of my Heart for ever, *Chargee*, Ha, ha, ha ! and for you, Mr. Sauce-Box, let me have no more of your Messages, if ever you design to inherit your Estate, Gentleman.

Marpl. Why there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your Clutches one Day—Well, *Guardian*, I say no more ; but if you be not as arrant a Cuckold as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court, I am the Son of a Whetstone ; and so your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Miran. Don't forget the Message ; Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Fran. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, *Gardee*, but let's sign Articles, and then—

Sir Fran. And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd ; my Pulse beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks— [*Kissing and hugging her.*

Miran. Oh fie, *Gardee*, be not so violent ; consider, the Market lasts all the Year—Well ; I'll in and see if the Lawyer be come ; you'll follow. [*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Ay, to the World's End, my Dear. Well, *Frank*, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have such a delicate Morsel, and Thirty Thousand Pounds in love with thee ; I shall be the Envy of Batchelors, the Glory of marry'd Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians would be glad to compound for Part of the Estate, at dispatching an Heiress ; but I engross the whole : O ! *Mibi præteritos referet si Jupiter Annos.* [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Tavern ; discovers Sir George and Charles with Wine before them, and Whisper waiting.

Sir Geo. Nay, prithee don't be grave, *Charles* : Misfortunes will happen, ha, ha, ha ! 'tis some Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehensive for *Isabinda* ; her Father's Humour is implacable ; and how far his Jealousy may transport him to her Undoing, shocks my Soul to think.

Sir

Sir Geo. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his Rage will quickly lash into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog *Marplot* told him; nor can I imagine what brought him hither; that Fellow is ever doing Mischief; and yet, to give him his Due, he never designs it. This is some blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to shew his Friendship, as he calls it; a Curse on him.

Sir Geo. Then you must forgive him; what said he?

Cha. Said? nay, I had more Mind to cut his Throat, than to hear his Excuses.

Sir Geo. Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir *Francis Gripe's* just now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Business, Sir *George*; a thousand to one but he makes some Mistake there, too.

Sir Geo. Impossible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot* is below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have Leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is when he has done a Fault!

Sir Geo. Ho! desire him to walk up. Prithee, *Charles*, throw off this Chagrine, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: *Whisper*, fetch me Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Whisp. Yes, Sir. [Exit. Whisp.]

Enter *Marplot*.

Cha. Do but mark his sheepish Look, Sir *George*.

Marpl. Dear *Charles*, don't o'erwhelm a Man—already under insupportable Affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happiness, is the Fault mine?

Sir Geo. Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot*; he is eat up with Spleen. But tell me what says *Miranda*?

Miran. Says,—nay, we are all undone there, too.

Cha. I told you so; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

Marpl. Why, can I help her having chose your Father for better for worse?

Cha. So: There's another of Fortune's Strokes. I suppose I shall be edg'd out of my Estate with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

Sir Geo. What, is the Woman really possess'd?

Marpl.

Marpl. Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

Sir Geo. That's no ill Sign.

Enter Whisper, with Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Marpl. You'd say it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir Geo. Why, prithee?

Marpl. Hark'ye, *Sir George*, let me warn you, pursue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

[Charles sits down to write.]

Sir Geo. My old Haunt, what do you mean?

Marpl. Why in short, then, since you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach the Garden-Gate at Eight o'Clock, as you us'd, you shall be saluted with a Blunderbuss, Sir. These were her very Words; nay, she bid me tell you so too.

Sir Geo. Ha! the Garden Gate at Eight, as I us'd to do! There must be a Meaning in this. Is there such a Gate, *Charles*?

Cha. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park. I suppose her Ladyship has made many a Scamper thro' it.

Sir Geo. It must be an Affignation, then. Ha, my Heart springs for Joy; 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel—

Marpl. What do you mean, *Sir George*?

Sir Geo. No matter what I mean. Here, take a Bumper to the Garden Gate, you dear Rogue, you.

Marpl. You have Reason to be transported, *Sir George*; I have sav'd your Life.

Sir Geo. My Life! thou hast sav'd my Soul, Man. *Charles*, if thou dost not pledge this Health, may'st thou never taste the Joys of Love.

Cha. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this, *[Gives him the Letter]* bring me the Answer to my Lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, Sir,

Marpl. Whither does that Letter go?—Now dare not I ask for my Blood.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir Geo. To the Garden Gate at the Hour of Eight, *Charles*; along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marpl. That's more than I do, Egad—to the Garden Gate, Huzza, *[Drinks.]* But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, *Sir George*.

Sir

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her Frowns, let her use her Blunderbuss against the next Fool, she shan't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her; Ha, ha, ha!

Marpl. Ah, Charles, if you cou'd receive a Disappointment thus *en Cavalier*, one should have some Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir Geo. Nor would I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: Marplot, you shall go home with me.

Marpl. I'm glad I'm well with him, however. Sir George, yours. Egad, Charles asking me to go home with him, gives me a shrewd Suspicion there's more in the Garden Gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to Guardian's, and find it out.

Sir Geo. I kiss both your Hands—And now for the Garden Gate.

Its Beauty gives the Assignment there,

And Love too powerful grows, t'admit of Fear. [Exit.

The End of the THIRD ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE *the Outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's House,*
Patch peeping out of the Door.

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. **H**A, Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky Minute, to find you so readily; my Master dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd so, and by her Orders I have been scouting this Hour in searching you, to inform you that Sir Jealous has invited some Friends to supper with him To-night, which gives an Opportunity to your Master to make use of his Ladder of Ropes: The Closet Window shall be open, and *Isabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him; But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Answer to. I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers invented to avert Discovery. Ha, I hear my old Mas-

ter coming down Stairs, it is impossible you should have an Answer; away, and bid him come himself for that—Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his Care since the last Accident.

Whisp. I go, I go. [Exit.

Patch. There, go thou into my Pocket. [Puts it beside, and it falls down.] Now I'll up the Back-stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-maid is the Ladies best Utenfil, I say. [Exit.

Enter Sir Jealous, with a Letter in his Hand.

Sir Jeal. So, this is some Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is safely arriv'd; he shall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes. Ha, ha! What's here? [Takes up the Letter *Patch* drop'd.] A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superfcription. I'll see what's within side, [opens it.] humph; 'tis *Hebrew*, I think. What can this mean? There must be some Trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any Language but her Mother-Tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I saw *Patch's* Tail sweep by. That Wench may be a Slut, and instead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd: Who's there?

Enter Servant.

What Answer did you bring from the Gentlemen I sent you to invite?

Serv. That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, Sir.

Sir Jeal. Did I so, Sir? but I shan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir! why did not you send me to desire their Company, Sir?

Sir Jeal. But I send you now to desire their Absence; say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me Abroad contrary to Expectation, and ask their Pardon; and, d'ye hear, send the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Butler.

Sir Jeal. If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook send Supper thither presently.

Butl. Yes, Sir.—Hey-day, what's the Matter now? [Exit. Sir

Sir *Jeal.* He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handsome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and would be in less Danger;

For let him do or counsel all he can,

She thinks and dreams of nothing else but Man. [Exit.

S C E N E *Ifabinda's Chamber.*

Ifabinda and Patch.

Ifab. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to *Whisper*?

Patch. Yes, very sure, Madam: But I heard Sir *jealous* coming down Stairs, so clapt his Letter into my Pocket.
[Feels for the Letter.

Ifab. A Letter, give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me! what's become on't—I'm sure I put it—
[Searching still.

Ifab. Is it possible, thou could'st be so careless?—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dr pt it upon the Stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd? If the worst happens, no body can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

Ifab. If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Consequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this Moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else—
[As she is going out of the Door, meets the Butler.] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Master ordered me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Ifab. Ruin'd, past Redemption—
[Aside.

Patch. You mistake, sure; what shall we do?

Ifab. I thought he expected Company To-night—Oh! poor *Charles*! Oh! unfortunate *Ifabinda*!

Butl. I thought so too, Madam, but I suppose he has alter'd his Mind.
[Lays the Cloth, and Exit.

Ifab. The Letter is the Cause; this heedless Action has undone me: Fly and fasten the Closet Window, which will give *Charles* Notice to retire. Ha, my Father! Oh Confusion!

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have no body stir out of the Room till after Supper.
Patch.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your Easy Chair.—
Oh, wretched Accident!

Sir Jeal. I'll have no body stir out of the Room. I
don't want my Easy Chair.

Isab. What will be the Event of this? [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Hark ye, Daughter; do you know this Hard?

Isab. As I suspected—Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis
some School-boy's Scraul.

Patch. Oh Invention! Thou Chamber-maid's best
Friend, assist me.

Sir Jeal. Are you sure you don't understand it?

Patch. Feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats.

Isab. Do you understand it, Sir?

Sir Jeal. I wish I did.

Isab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aside.*] Then I
know no more of it than you do, indeed, Sir.

Patch. Oh Lord! O Lord! what have you done, Sir?
Why the Paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my Bosom.
[*Snatching it from him.*

Sir Jeal. Ha! your's, Mistress.

Isab. What does she mean by owning it? [*Aside.*

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir Jeal. What is it? speak.

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is a Charm for the Toot!-ach—I
have worn it these seven Years; 'twas given me by an
Angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the Pain;
for no body knew from whence he came, nor whither
he went: He charg'd me never to open it, lest some dire
Vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the
Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune, that I should drop it, and
you should open it—If you had not open'd it——

Isab. Excellent Wench! [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if
that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and
I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*

Isab. I would not lose *Patch* for the World—I'll take
Courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this Usage for your Daughter,
Sir? Must my Virtue and Conduct be suspected for every
Trifle? You immure me like some dire Offender here, and
deny me all the Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and
the Custom of the Country and Modesty allow; yet not
content

content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Mistrusts and Jealousies; wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this.

Sir Jeal. To-morrow rids you of this tiresome Load—*Don Diego Babinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

Isab. Is he come, then? Oh how shall I avoid this hated Marriage? [Aside.]

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir Jeal. Come, will you sit down?

Isab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her Supper enough. I wish I could get into the Closet.— [Aside.]

Sir Jeal. Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilst I do.

Isab. I have such a Cold I can scarce speak, Sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent *Charles* coming in? [Aside.]

Sir Jeal. I hope you have the Use of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilst your Woman sings me a Song.

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. [Aside.]

Isab. I shall make excellent Music. [Sits down to play.]

Patch. Really, Sir, I am so frightened about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir Jeal. Pish, hang your Charm; come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing, truly. [Aside.] Humph, humph; blefs me, I cannot raise my Voice, my Heart pants so.

Sir Jeal. Why, what does your Heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key was turn'd on you once. [Aside.]

Sir Jeal. Why don't you sing, I say?

Patch. When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir. Humph; humph——

Isab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [Raising.]

Sir Jeal. Zounds, sit down, and play me a Tune, or I'll break the Spinnet about your Ears.

Isab. What will become of me? [Sits down and plays.]

Sir Jeal. Come, Mistrefs. [To Patch.]

Patch. Yes, Sir. [Sings, but horridly out of Tune.]

Sir

Sir Jeal. Hey, hey, why you are a-top of the House, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the Meaning of this? Is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note——Nor any Note, I fear.

Isab. Well, begin—Oh! Patch, we shall be discover'd.

Patch. I sink with the Apprehension, Madam—Humph, humph—[Sings.] [Charles pulls open the Closet Door.

Cha. Music and Singing.

'Tis thus the bright celestial Court above

Beguiles the Hours with Music and with Love.

Death! her Father there [*The Women shriek,*] then I must fly——[*Exit into the Closet.*] [Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the Closet.

Sir Jeal. Hell and Furies, a Man in the Closet!——

Patch. Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost!——he must not enter the Closet——[*Ifabinda throws herself down before the Closet-Door, as in a Swoon.*

Sir Jeal. The Devil! I'll make a Ghost of him, I warrant you. [Strives to get by.

Patch. Oh, hold, Sir, have a Care, you'll tread upon my Lady—Who waits there? Bring some Water. Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh! [Weeps aloud.

Sir Jeal. I'll charm you, Housewife, here lies the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm sure on't; come out, you Rascal, do so: Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll spurn her from it, and break your Neck down Stairs.

Isab. Oh, oh! where am I—He's gone, I heard him leap down. [Aside to Patch.

Patch. Nay, then let him enter—here, here, Madam, smell to this; come give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir Jeal. I wou'd she were in her Grave. Where are you, Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my Honour! I'll pull you out of your Nest. [Goes into the Closet.

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

Isab. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was almost dead in Earnest with the Fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous out of the Closet.

Sir Jeal. Whoever the Dog were, he has escap'd out of the Window, for the Sash is up. But tho' he is got out of your

my Reach, you are not: And first, Mrs. *Pandar*, with your Charms for the Tooth-ach, get out of my House, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my Doors myself, but I'll secure your Charge e'er I go.

Isab. What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir Jeal. She was of the Devil's providing, for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your Displeasure?

Sir Jeal. I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose Guilt it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the House. [*Pushes Isabinda in at the Door, and locks it; puts the Key in his Pocket.*] I'll keep the Key myself; Ill try what Ghost will get into that Room. And now forsooth, I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady—Down Stairs, Sir; but I won't go out, Sir, till I have look'd up my Clothes.

Sir Jeal. If thou wer't as naked as thou wert born, thou shou'dst not stay to put on a Smock. Come along, I say; when your Mistress is marry'd, you shall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then——
[Exit, pulling her out.]

Patch. Oh! barbarous Usage, for nothing!

Re-enter at the lower End.

Sir Jeal. There, go, and come no more within Sight of my Habitation, these three Days, I charge you.

[Slaps the Door after her.]

Patch. Did ever any Body see such an old Monster?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. *Charles*, your Affairs and mine are in an ill Posture.

Cha. I am enur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befall'n thee?

Patch. Sir *Jealous*, whose suspicious Nature's always on the Watch; nay, even while one Eye sleeps, the other keeps Centinel; upon sight of you, flew into such a violent Passion, that I cou'd find no Stratagem to appease him; but in spite of all Arguments, lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

Cha. Ha! Oh, *Isabinda*!

Patch. And swears she shall neither see Sun nor Moon, till she is *Don Diego Babinetto's* Wife, who arrived last Night, and is expected with Impatience.

Cha.

Cha. He dies ; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he shall ; here will I plant myself, and through my Breast he shall make his Passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic Resolution ! There might be Ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this *Spaniard*, imposing upon the Father, and marrying your Mistress by his own Consent ?

Cha. Say'st thou so, my Angel ! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee : But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, nor from what Part of *Spain* ; who recommends him, or how attended ?

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto*. Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one Day ! You understand *Spanish*, and the Hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, Sir ?

Cha. My better Genius, thou hast reviv'd my drooping Soul : I'll about it instantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters. [Exeunt.

SCENE a Garden-Gate open, Scentwell waiting within.

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir Geo. So, this is the Gate, and most invitingly open : If there should be a Blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful Ditty would my Fall make for Fools ! and what a Jest for the Wits ! How my Name would be roar'd about Streets ! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hift, hift ! Sir George Airy—— [Enters.

Sir Geo. A Female Voice ! thus far I'm safe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her ; give me your Hand ; you must go thro' many a dark Passage and dirty Step before you arrive——

Sir Geo. I know I must before I arrive at Paradise ; therefore be quick, my charming Guide.

C

Scentw.

Scent-w. For aught you know; come, come, your Hand, and away.

Sir Geo. Here, here Child, you can't be half so swift as my Desires. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *the House.*

Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now don't I transgress all Rules, to venture upon a Man without the Advice of the Grave and Wife? But then a rigid knavish Guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? Even to his nauseous self, or nobody. *Sir George* is what I have try'd in Conversation, inquir'd into his Character, and am satisfied in both. Then his Love! Who would have given a hundred Pounds only to have seen a Woman he had not infinitely lov'd! So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with Arguments enough of his Side; and now the only Doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scent-w. That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

Sir Geo. And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whose Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleasing Dreams!

Miran. What! beginning again in Heroics!——*Sir George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your last prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare single Word in Answer.

Sir Geo. Ha! the Voice of my *Incognita*!——Why did you take ten thousand Ways to captivate a Heart your Eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Miran. Prithee, no more of these Flights; for our Time's but short, and we must fall into Business: Do you think we can agree on that same terrible Bugbear, *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both Sides?

Sir Geo. It has been my Wish since first my longing Eyes beheld you.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank in the pleasing News, I had thirty thousand Pounds.

Sir

Sir Geo. Unkind! Did I not offer you in those purchas'd Minutes to run the Risk of your Fortune, so you wou'd but secure that lovely Person to my Arms?

Miran. Well, if you have such Love and Tenderneſs, (ſince our Wooing has been ſhort) pray reſerve it for our future Days, to let the World ſee we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty——

Sir Geo. Haſte, then, and let us tie the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair——

Miran. Hold! not ſo faſt! I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments headlong—My Guardian, truſting to my diſſembled Love, has given up my Fortune to my own Diſpoſal; but with this Proviſo, that he To-morrow Morning weds me. He is now gone to *Doctors-Commons* for a Licence.

Sir Geo. Ha! a Licence!

Miran. But I have planted Emiſſaries that infallibly take him down to *Epfom*, under Pretence that a Brother Uſurer of his is to make him his Executor; the thing on Earth he covets.

Sir Geo. 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Inſtruments confirm him this Man is dying, and he ſends me Word he goes this Minute; it muſt be To-morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir Geo. Let us improve it, then, and ſettle on our coming Years, endleſs, endleſs Happineſs.

Miran. I dare not ſtir till I hear he's on the Road—then I, and my Writings, the moſt material Point, are ſoon remov'd.

Sir Geo. I have one Favour to aſk, if it lies in your Power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: He is as free from all his Vices as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Deſigns on his Father. If his Uncle's Eſtate ought to be in his Poſſeſſion, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, I may do him a ſingular Piece of Service.

Sir Geo. You are all Goodneſs.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Master and Mr. *Marplot* are just coming into the House.

Miran. Undone, undone; if he finds you here in this Crisis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir Geo. What shall I do? can't I get back into the Garden!

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up those Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condescend to stand behind this Chimney-Board, Sir George?

Sir Geo. Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie close——

[They put him behind the Chimney-Board.]

Enter Sir Francis and Marplot; Sir Francis peeling an Orange.

Sir Fran. I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon Life and Death, without taking Leave of dear *Chargee*. Besides, this Fellow buzz'd into my Ears, that thou might'st be so desperate to shoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden-Gate; and that would bring us into Trouble, Dear——

Miran. So *Marplot* brought you back, then; I am oblig'd to him for that, I'am sure.

[Frowning at Marplot aside.]

Marpl. By her Looks she means she's not obliged to me. I have done some Mischief now; but what, I can't imagine.

Sir Fran. Well, *Chargee*, I have had three Messengers to come to *Epsom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum's*, who, for all his vast Riches, is departing. *[Sighs.]*

Marpl. Ay, see what all you Usurers must come to.

Sir Fran. Peace, you young Knave! Some forty Years hence I may think on't—But, *Chargee*, I'll be with thee To-morrow, before those pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargee*, I'll rouse you, i'faith.—Here, Mrs. *Scentwell*, lift up your Lady's Chimney-Board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now?

Scent. Oh, pray, Sir, give it me; I love it above all Things in Nature; indeed I do.

Sir

Sir Fran. No, no, Huffy; you have the Green-Pip already, I'll have no Apothecary's Bills.

[Goes towards the Chimney.

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardee, I have a, a, a, a, a, Monkey, shut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my China, or get away, and that would break my Heart; for I'm fond on't to Distraction, next thee, dear Gardee.

[In a flattering Tone.

Sir Fran. Well, well, Chargee, I won't open it; she shall have her Monkey, poor Rogue; here, throw this Peel out of the Window.

[Exit Scentwell.

Marpl. A Monkey, dear Madam, let me see it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh! how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

Miran. Be quiet, Mischief, and stand farther from the Chimney——You shall not see my Monkey——why sure——

[Striving with him.

Marpl. For Heav'n's sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my Lady Fiddle Faddle's. Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet; but I design it one shall last its Lifetime: Nay, you shall not see it——Look, Gardee, how he teazes me!

Sir Fran. [Getting between him and the Chimney.] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my Chargee's Monkey alone, or Bamboo shall fly about your Ears. What! is there no dealing with you?

Marpl. Pugh, pox of the Monkey! here's a Rout: I wish he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more Horses in the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

Sir Fran. Well, I am going to be Executor; better for thee, Jewel. B'ye Chargee, one Bus!——I'm glad thou hast got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e dear Gardee——Nay, I'll see you to the Coach.

Sir Fran. That's kind, adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [To Marplot.

Marpl. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will see the Monkey now. [*Lifts up the Board, and discovers Sir George.*] Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves! Thieves! Murder!

Sir Geo. Dam'ye, you unlucky Dog! 'tis I; which way shall I get out? shew me instantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marpl. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that China, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down some China.*]

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, and Scentwell.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! What's the Matter?

Miran. Oh you Toad! what have you done?

Marpl. No great Harm; I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see the Monkey, I did but just raise up the Board, and it flew over my Shoulders, scratch'd all my Face, broke yon China, and whisk'd out of the Window.

Sir Fran. Was ever such an unlucky Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my House. Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd stay myself to look it, but that you know my earnest Business.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the best to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

Miran. Go, go, dear *Gardee*, I hope I shall recover it.

Sir Fran. B'ye, b'ye, Dearee. Ah, Mischief, how you look now! b'ye, b'ye. [*Exit.*]

Miran. *Scentwell*, see him in the Coach, and bring me Word.

Scentw. Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a signal Piece of Service, I suppose.

Marpl. Why look you, Madam, if I have committed a Fault thank yourself; no Man is more serviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning; when you talk'd of a Blunderbuss, who thought of a Rendezvous; and when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil dreamt of Sir George?

Miran. A Sign you converse but little with our Sex, when you can't reconcile Contradictions.

Enter

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as fast as the Coach and Six can carry him—

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Then I may appear.

Marpl. Dear Sir George, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir Geo. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir George, if he can be secret.

Marpl. Ods Heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a Priest when I'm trusted.

Sir Geo. Why 'tis with a Priest our Business is at present.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. *Isabinda's* Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do ye, Mrs. *Patch*? What News from your Lady?

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir George, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occasion for your Assistance.

Sir Geo. His Name.

Patch. Charles.

Marpl. Ha! then there's something a foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir George.

Sir Geo. A third Person may not be proper, perhaps; as soon as I have dispatched my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll send my Servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in Half an Hour.

Miran. How came you employed in this Message, Mrs. *Patch*?

Patch. Want of Business, Madam; I am discharged by my Master, but hope to serve my Lady still.

Miran. How! discharg'd! you must tell me the whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marpl. Pish! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the House. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for.

[*Aide.*
Sir

Sir Geo. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by Love and Friendship: This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, Sir *George*; I believe he means well.

Marpl. Nay, nay, for my Part, I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me. [Going.

Sir Geo. So, now he has a Mind to be gone to *Charles*: But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. No, Mr. *Marplot*, you must not leave us, we want a third Person. [Takes hold of him.

Marpl. I never had more Mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd Gentleman on board.

Sir Geo. *That Vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,
Whose Freight is Beauty, and whose Pilot's Love.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.





A C T V.

Enter Miranda, Patch, and Scentwell.

Miran. **W**ELL, *Patch*, I have done a strange bold thing ; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myself into the Extravagance of a young one ; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no Remedy from a Husband but the Grave ; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Constitution.

Patch. O ! fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in Sir *George Airy* ; it is impossible a Man of Sense should use a Woman ill, endued with Beauty, Wit, and Fortune. It must be the Lady's Fault if she does not wear the unfashionable Name of Wife easy, when nothing but Complaisance and good Humour is requisite on either Side to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this House, lest any Accident should bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my best Jewels into the little Casket, slip them into thy Pocket, and let us march off to Sir *Jealous's*.

Scentw. It shall be done, Madam. [*Exit Scentwell.*]

Patch. Sir *George* will be impatient, Madam ; if their Plot succeeds, we shall be well received ; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy detested Walls ; 'twill be no more, sweet Sir *Francis*. I shall be compell'd to the odious task of Dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Gardee*. O Heavens !

Enter Sir Francis behind.

Sir Fran. Ah ! my sweet *Charges*, don't be frightened. [*She starts.*] But thy poor *Gardee* has been abus'd, cheat-ed, fool'd, betray'd. But no body knows by whom.

Miran. Undone ! past Redemption. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. What ! won't you speak to me, *Chargee* ?

Miran. I am so surpriz'd with Joy to see you, I know not what to say.

Sir Fran. Poor dear Girl ! But do ye know that my Son, or some such Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey ? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack ! good lack ! what Tricks are there in this World !

Enter Scentwell, with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand, not seeing Sir Francis.

Scentw. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this Necklace on, for I can't get into the—— [*Seeing Sir Francis.*

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think ! Could you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the Box ?

Sir Fran. What's the Matter ?

Miran. Only Dearee, I bid her, I bid her——Your ill Usage has put every thing out of my Head. But won't you go, *Gardee*, and find out these Fellows, and have them punished ? and, and——

Sir Fran. Where should I look then, Child ? No, I'll sit me down contented with my Safety, nor stir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parson.

Miran. [*Aside.*] If he goes into his Closet, I am ruin'd. Oh ! blefs me, in this Fright, I had forgot *Mrs. Patch*.

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I stay for your speedy Answer.

Miran. [*Aside.*] I must get him out of the House. Now assist me Fortune.

Sir Fran. *Mrs. Patch* ! I profess I did not see you : How dost thou do, *Mrs. Patch* ? Well, don't you repent leaving my *Chargee* ?

Patch. Yes, every body must love her——but I come now——Madam, what did I come for ? My Invention is at the last Ebb. [*Aside to Miranda.*

Sir Fran. Nay, never whisper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear *Gardee*, to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you shall go with me, *Gardee* ; 'tis to

to be done this Moment, to a *Spanish* Merchant. Old Sir *Jealous* keeps on his Humour; the first Minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the Sight of Matrimony wou'd tempt *Chargee* to perform her Promise: There was a Smile, there was a consenting Look with those pretty Twinklers, worth a Million. Ods-precious, I am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Emperor of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my Skin.

Miran. When one has resolv'd, 'tis in vain to stand, shall I, shall I; if ever I marry, positively this is my Wedding-day.

Sir *Fran.* Oh! happy, happy Man——Verily I will beget a Son the first Night shall disinherit that Dog *Charles*. I have Estate enough to purchase a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the *Gripes*.

Miran. Come then, *Gardee*, give me thy Hand, let's to this House of *Hymen*.

My Choice is fixt, let good or ill betide;

Sir *Fran.* The joyful Bridegroom I,

Miran. And I the happy Bride.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sir Jealous, meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Couple of Gentlemen enquire for you; one of them calls himself *Signior Diego Babinetto*.

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! *Signior Babinetto*! Admit 'em instantly——Joyful Minute; I'll have my Daughter marry'd To-night.

Enter Charles in a Spanish Habit, with Sir George drest like a Merchant.

Sir *Jeal.* *Senhor*, beso las manos vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Cha. *Senhor*, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vuestra merced: Mi Padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos; y a comissionado este *Mer-cadel Ingles*, de concluyr un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

Sir *Jeal*. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my *Spanish*. Sir, I am your most humble Servant. *Signior Don Diego Babinetto* has informed me that you are commission'd by *Signior Don Pedro*, &c. his worthy Father——

Sir Geo. To see an Affair of Marriage consummated between a Daughter of yours and Signior Diego Babinetto his Son here. True, Sir, such a Trust is repos'd in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*] [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand. [*Seems to read.*]

Sir Geo. Good—you have counterfeited to a Nicety,
Charles. [Aside to Charles.

Cha. If the whole Plot succeeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir *Jeal*. Sir, I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity ; I think, Sir, he calls you *Mean-well*.

Sir Geo. *Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal*. A very good Name, and very significant.

Cha. Yes, Faith, if he knew all. [Aside.]

Sir *Jeal*. For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Delight and Support of Human Society.

Sir Geo. You shall find that I'll discharge the Part of
a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir *Jealous*.

Cha. But little does he think to whom. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the Presence of your fair Daughter, and the Assistance of your Chaplain; for *Signior Don Pedro* strictly enjoin'd me to see the Marriage Rites perform'd as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental Overtures of *Venus*.

Sir *Teal*. Overtures of *Venus*!

Sir Geo. Ay, Sir; that is, those little hawking Females that traverse the Park and the Play-House, to put off their damag'd Ware——They fasten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully as the *Kentish* Men do a Shipwreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal*. Nay, I know this Town swarms with them.

Sir Geo. Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first Face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble e'er he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted.

[*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Pat to my Purpose—Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all.

[*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. *Don Pedro* writ me Word, in his last but one, that he designed the Sum of Five Thousand Crowns by way of Jointure for my Daughter; and that it should be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil.

[*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. In order to lodge it in some of our Funds, in case she should become a Widow, and return for *England*.

Sir Geo. Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What shall I say?

[*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. And he does not mention one Word of it in this Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he should.

Sir Geo. Humph! True, *Sir Jealous*, he told me such a Thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine that you would insist upon the very Day; for, for, for, for Money, you know, is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an——

Cha. Zounds, say we have brought it in Commodities.

[*Aside to Sir George.*

Sir Geo. And so, Sir, he has sent it in Merchandize, Tobacco, Sugars, Spices, Lemons, and so forth, which shall be turn'd into Money with all Expedition: In the mean Time, Sir, if you please to accept of my Bond for Performance——

Sir Jeal. It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd with the Countenance of *Signior Diego*, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will fetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] desire Mr. *Tackum*, my Neighbour's Chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir Jeal. Gentlemen, I'll return in an Instant. [*Exit.*

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir Geo. Egad that five thousand Crowns had like to have ruined the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our Way——

Sir

Sir Geo. Thou'lt carry the Prize——But hift, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, dragging in Ifabinda.

Sir Jeal. Come along, you stubborn Baggage you, come along.

Ifab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one Word; Do not destroy my everlasting Peace: My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have chose, Nor can I wed him without being curst.

Sir Jeal. How's that!

Ifab. Let this Posture move your tender Nature. [*Kneels.* For ever will I hang upon these Knees, Nor loose my Hands till you cut off my Hold, If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her! [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Have a Care what you do. You had better trust to his Obstinacy. [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Did you ever see such a perverse Slut? Off, I say; Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

Sir Geo. Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your Father, who has provided a Husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his Soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

Ifab. Oh! never, never. Could I suspect that Falsehood in my Heart, I would this Moment tear it from my Breast, And streight present him with the treacherous Part.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful Dear. [*Aside.*

Sir Jeal. Falshood! Why, who the Devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. *Iägo* I shall beat you, Housewife.

Cha. Heaven forbid! for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should.

Sir Geo. Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepossess yourself against a Man that is Master of all the Charms you would desire in a Husband?

Sir Jeal. Ay, look at him, *Ifabinda*; *Senhor paje vind adelante.*

Cha. My Heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with Joy receive me. *Senhora oblique me vuestra merced de su mano.*

Sir Jeal. [*Pulling up her Head.*] Hold up your Head, hold

hold up your Head, Huffy, and look at him: Is there a properer, handsomer, better-shap'd Fellow in *England*, ye Jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate Baggage shuts her Eyes; by St. *Iägo*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. [Pushes her down.

Isab. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly. 'Tis much the kinder Action of the two; For 'twill be worse than Death to wed him.

Sir Geo. Sir *Jealous*, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try, by gentle Words, to work her to your Purpose.

Sir Jeal. I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do; she'll break my Heart. [Weeps.] There is in that, Jewels of the Value of Three Thousand Pounds, which were her Mother's, and a Paper wherein I have settled one half of my Estate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided she marries this Gentleman; else by St. *Iägo* I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray do. [Walks off.

Sir Geo. Ha! this is beyond Expectation—Trust to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Consequence of disobeying you at this Juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cha. A sudden Joy runs thro' my Heart like a propitious Omen. [Aside.

Sir Geo. Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your Life away, just in the Moment you would wish to save it.

Isab. Pray, cease your Trouble, Sir; I have no Wish but sudden Death to free me from this hated *Spaniard*. If you are his Friend, inform him what I say; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the same Strength of Passion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand shall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir Geo. Suppose this *Spaniard*, which you strive to shun, should be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

Isab. Ha!

Sir Geo. Would you not blame your rash Resolve, and curse your Eyes that would not look on *Charles*?

Isab. On *Charles*! Oh, you have inspir'd new Life, and collected every wandering Sense. Where is he? On! let me fly into his Arms. [Rises.

Sir

Sir Geo. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Signior Babinetto*: Compose yourself a little, pray Madam.

[He runs to Sir Jealous.

Cha. Her Eyes declare she knows me. [Aside.

Sir Geo. She begins to hear Reason, Sir; the Fear of being turned out of Doors has done it. [Runs back to Isabinda.

Isab. 'Tis he; Oh! my ravish'd Soul!

Sir Geo. Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with Reluctance to consent, or you are undone; [Runs to Sir Jealous.] speak gently to her, Sir; I'm sure she'll yield; I see it in her Face.

Sir Jeal. Well, *Isabinda*, can you refuse to bless a Father, whose only Care is to make you happy, as Mr. *Meanwell* has inform'd you? Come, wipe thy Eyes; nay, prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart: See, thou bring'st the Tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me. [Weeps.

Isab. Oh! do not weep, Sir, your Tears are like a Poniard to my Soul; do with me what you please, I am all Obedience.

Sir Jeal. Ha! then thou art my Child again.

Sir Geo. 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

Cha. The happiest of my Life, if nothing intervene.

Sir Jeal. And wilt thou love him?

Isab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. *Tackum*.

Sir Jeal. Shew him into the Parlour,—*Senhor tome wind sueipora; cette Momento les junta les Manos*.

[Gives her to Charles.

Cha. Oh Transport!—*Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un Tesoro tan grande*. Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul.

[Embrace.

Isab. My faithful everlasting Comfort.

Sir Jeal. Now, Mr. *Meanwell*, let's to the Parson,

Who, by his Art, will join this Pair for Life,

Make me the happiest Father, her the happiest Wife. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Street before Sir Jealous's Door.

Enter Marplot, *solus*.

Marpl. I have hunted all over the Town for *Charles*, but can't find him; and by *Whisper's* scouting at the End of the Street, I suspect he must be in the House again. I am inform'd, too, that he has borrowed a *Spanish Habit* out of the *Play-House*: What can it mean?

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's to him, out of the House.

Heark'e, Sir, do you belong to this House?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marpl. Pray can you tell if there be a Gentleman in it, in a *Spanish Habit*?

Serv. There's a *Spanish Gentleman* within, that is just a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marpl. Are you sure he is a *Spanish Gentleman*?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no *English*, that I hear of.

Marpl. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an *English Gentleman*, tho' I suppose he may be dress'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! Who knows but this may be an Impostor? I'll inform my Master; for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the Person you enquire for.

SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.

Enter Marplot.

Marpl. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be *Charles*, now he will wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir Jeal. What is your earnest Business, Blockhead, that you must speak with me before the Ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another Gentleman in a *Spanish Habit*, he says.

Sir Jeal. In a *Spanish Habit*! 'tis some Friend of Signior *Don Diego's*, I warrant. Sir, I suppose you would speak with Signior *Babinetto*——

Marpl.

Marpl. Hey day! what the Devil does he say now?—
Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir Jeal. Don't you understand *Spanish*, Sir?

Marpl. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Jeal. I thought you had known *Signior Babinetto*.

Marpl. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Sir Jeal. What then, you'd speak with his Friend, the *English* Merchant, Mr. *Meanwell*?

Marpl. Neither, Sir, not I.

Sir Jeal. Why, who are you then, Sir? And what do you want? [In an angry Tone.

Marpl. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him! I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice, I shall be beaten again.

Sir Jeal. Nothing at all, Sir! Why, then, what Business have you in my House? ha!

Serv. You said you wanted a Gentleman in a *Spanish* Habit.

Marpl. Why, ay, but his Name is neither *Babinetto*, nor *Meanwell*.

Sir Jeal. What is his Name, then, Sirrah? ha! Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue that threatened me with Half a Dozen Myrmidons—Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or——

Marpl. A terrible old Dog!——Why, Sir, only an honest young Fellow of my Acquaintance—I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Masquerade; 'tis *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe's* Son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir Jeal. Did he so?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heaven that this be *Don Diego*.——If I should be trick'd now——Ha! my Heart misgives me plaguily—Within there! stop the Marriage——Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be satisfied that this is *Signior Pedro's* Son, e'er he has my Daughter.

Marpl. Ha! Sir *George*! What have I done now?

Enter Sir George with a drawn Sword between the Scenes.

Sir Geo. Ha! *Marplot* here—Oh the unlucky Dog—What's the Matter, Sir *Jealous*?

Sir

Sir Jeal. Nay, I don't know the Matter, Mr. Mean-
well.

Marpl. Upon my Soul, Sir George——

[Going up to Sir George.

Sir Jeal. Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone :
Thieves, Traytors, Rogues ! [Offers to go in.] Stop the
Marriage, I say——

Sir Geo. I say go on, Mr. Tackum —— Nay, no en-
tering here, I guard this Passage, old Gentleman ; the
Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em
sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir Jeal. A Pox on the Act and Deed !—Fall on,
knock him down.

Sir Geo. Ay, come on Scoundrels : I'll prick your
Jackets for you.

Sir Jeal. Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[Beats Marplot.

Sir Geo. Ay, there your Vengeance is due ; Ha, ha !

Marpl. Why, what do you beat me for ? I han't mar-
ry'd your Daughter.

Sir Jeal. Rascals ! why don't you knock him down ?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir ; if you'll take
that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

Enter Charles and Isabinda.

Sir Jeal. Seize her, then.

Cha. Rascals, retire ; she's my Wife, touch her if you
dare ; I'll make Dog's-meat of you.

Sir Jeal. Ah ! downright *English* — Oh, oh, oh, oh !

*Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell,
and Whisper.*

Sir Fran. Into the House of Joy we enter without
knocking :—Ha ! I think 'tis the House of Sorrow, Sir
Jealous.

Sir Jeal. Oh Sir Francis ! are you come ? What, was
this your Contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me
out of my Child !

Sir Fran. My Contrivance ! What do you mean ?

Sir

Sir Jeal. No, you don't know your Son there in a *Spanish* Habit?

Sir Fran. How! my Son in a *Spanish* Habit. Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of Sight, ye Dog! get out of my Sight.

Sir Jeal. Get out of your Sight, Sir! Get out with your Bags; let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir Fran. Give him! he shall be never the better for a Penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir Jealous. Trick'd, quotha: Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you see? And my Estate shall descend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir Geo. Lawfully begotten by me—I shall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George! You see your Project was of no Use. Does not your Hundred Pound stick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. No, faith, Sir Francis, this Lady has given me a Cordial for that. [Takes her by the Hand.

Sir Fran. Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say to this Lady.

Sir Geo. Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir Fran. Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay really, Guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first Offence.

Sir Fran. What have you chous'd me out of my Consent, and your Writings then, Mistress, ha!

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

Sir Jeal. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some Comfort at least to see you are over-reached as well as myself. Will you settle your Estate upon your Son, now?

Sir Fran. He shall starve first.

Miran. That I have taken Care to prevent. There, Sir, are the Writings of your Uncle's Estate, which have been your Due these three Years. [Gives Charles Papers.

Cha. I shall study to deserve this Favour.

Sir Fran. What have you robb'd me too, Mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em——Hussy, I will so.

Sir

Sir *Jeal*. Take Care I don't make you pay the Ar-rears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young Man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and blefs you both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your Blessing too, 'tis all I'll ask.

[*Kneels*.

Sir *Fran*. Confound you all !

[*Exit*.

Marpl. Mercy upon us, how he looks !

Sir *Geo*. Ha, ha, ha ! ne'er mind his Curses, *Charles* ; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worse for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *Jeal*. I always lov'd Precaution, and took Care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was past, I ever had Philosophy to be easy.

Cha. Which is the true Sign of a great Soul ; I lov'd your Daughter, and she me, and you shall have no Reason to repent her Choice.

Isab. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country best.

Marpl. So here's every body happy, I find, but poor *Peelgarlick*. I wonder what Satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir *Jeal*. I have been a little too familiar with you, as things are fallen out ; but since there's no Help for't, you must forgive me.

Marpl. Egad, I think so——but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir *Geo*. Thou hast been an unlucky Rogue.

Marpl. But very honest.

Cha. That I'll vouch for ; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *Geo*. And I'll do you one Piece of Service more,

Marplot. I'll take Care that Sir *Francis* make you Master of your Estate.

Marpl. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs Leave to remind you, Madam.

Isab. Sir, I hope you'll give me Leave to take *Patch* into Favour again.

Sir *Jeal*. Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my Care.

Cha. Her own Liberty shall always oblige me. Here's no body but honest *Whisper* and Mrs. *Scentwell* to be provided

provided for now. It shall be left to their Choice to marry, or keep their Services.

Whisp. Nay then, I'll stick to my Master.

Scentw. Coxcomb ! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir Jeal. Hark, I hear the Music, the Fiddlers smell a Wedding. What say you, young Fellows, will you have a Dance ?

Sir Geo. With all my Heart ; call 'em in.

A D A N C E.

Sir Jeal. Now let us in and refresh ourselves with a chearful Glas, in which we'll bury all Animosities : And

*By my Example let all Parents move,
And never strive to cross their Childrens Love ;
But still submit that Care to Providence above.* }



EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

IN me you see one Busy Body more;
Tho' you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Busy Body's Way,
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd e'er try'd,
Some, in three Days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.
In spite of Parties their Attempts are vain,
For, like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.
Too late, when cast, your Favour one beseeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution Speeches.
Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
Sour Criticks Time, and Breath, and Censures waste,
And baulk your Pleasures to refine your Taste.
One busy Don ill-tim'd high Tenets preaches,
Another yearly shows himself in Speeches.
Some sniv'ling Cits would have a Peace for Spight,
To starve those Warriors who so bravely fight;
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,
Whose well-bang'd Troops want Money, Heart and Bread.
Old Beaux, who none, not e'en themselves can please,
Are busy still, for nothing—but to teaze.
The Young, so busy to engage a Heart,
The Mischief done, are busy most to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross one's Will,
When they more kindly might be busy still.
One to a Husband, who ne'er dreamt of Horns,
Shows how dear Spouse with Friend his Brows adorns.
Th' officious Tell-tale Fool (he shou'd repent it)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace contented.
Some with Law Quirks set Houses by the Ears,
With Physick one what he would heal impairs;
Like that dark mob'd up Fry, that neighb'ring Curse,
Who to remove Love's Pains bestow a worse.
Since then this meddling Tribe infest the Age,
Bear one a while expos'd upon the Stage:
Let none but Busy Bodies vent their Spight,
And, with Good-humour, Pleasure crown the Night.

FINIS.

PLAYS, printed for T. LOWNDES.

- | | |
|---|--|
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 Anna Bullen, by Banks.
 Albion Queens.
 Alcibiades.
 Adventures of Half an Hour.
 Athalia, by Mr. Duncombe.
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|---|--|



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No. 1000



A

Bold Stroke for a WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE
and COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

Mrs. SUSANNA CENT-LIVRE,

Omnia vincit Amor.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXVI.

A

To His Grace PHILIP, Duke and Marquis
of WHARTON, &c.

MY LORD,

IT has ever been the Custom of Poets, to shelter Productions of this Nature under the Patronage of the brightest Men of their Time; and 'tis observed, that the Muses always met the kindest Reception from Persons of the greatest Merit. The World will do me Justice as to the Choice of my Patron; but will, I fear, blame my rash Attempt, in daring to address your Grace, and offer at a Work too difficult for our ablest Pens, *viz.* an Encomium on your Grace. I have no Plea against such Reflections, but the Disadvantage of Education, and the Privilege of my Sex.

If your Grace discovers a Genius so surprising in this Dawn of Life, what must your riper Years produce! Your Grace has already been distinguished in a most peculiar Manner, being the first young Nobleman that ever was admitted into a House of Peers before he reached the Age of One and Twenty: But your Grace's Judgment and Eloquence soon convinced that August Assembly, that the excellent Gifts of Nature ought not to be confined to Time. We hope the Example that *Ireland* has set, will shortly be followed by an *English* House of Lords, and your Grace made a Member of that Body, to which you will be so conspicuous an Ornament.

Your good Sense, and real Love for your Country, taught your Grace to persevere in the Principles of your glorious Ancestors, by adhering to the Defender of our Religion and Laws; and the penetrating Wisdom of your Royal Master saw you merited your Honours ere he conferr'd them. It is one of the greatest Glories of a Monarch to distinguish where to bestow his Favours; and the World must do our's Justice, by owning your Grace's Titles most deservedly worn.

It is with the greatest Pleasure imaginable, the Friends of Liberty see you pursuing the Steps of your Noble Father: Your courteous affable Temper, free from Pride and Ostentation, makes your Name adored in the Country, and enables your Grace to carry what Point you please. The late Lord *Wharton* will be still remembered by every Lover of his Country, which never felt

a greater Shock than what his Death occasioned: Their Grief had been inconsolable, if Heaven, out of its wonted Beneficence to this Favourite Isle, had not transmitted all his shining Qualities to you, and, Phoenix-like, raised up one Patriot out of the Ashes of another.

That your Grace has a high Esteem for Learning, particularly appears by the large Progress you made therein: And your Love for the Muses shews a Sweetness of Temper, and generous Humanity, peculiar to the Greatness of your Soul; for such Virtues reign not in the Breast of every Man of Quality.

Defer no longer then, my Lord, to charm the World with the Beauty of your Numbers, and shew the Poet, as you have done the Orator; convince our unthinking Britons, by what vile Arts *France* lost her Liberty; and teach them to avoid their own Misfortunes, as well as to weep over *Henry IV.* who (if it were possible for him to know) would forgive the bold Assassin's Hand, for the Honour of having his Fall celebrated by your Grace's Pen.

To be distinguished by Persons of your Grace's Character, is not only the highest Ambition, but the greatest Reputation to an Author; and it is not the least of my Vanities, to have it known to the Publick, I had Your Grace's Leave to prefix Your Name to this Comedy.

I wish I were capable to cloath the following Scenes in such a Dress as might be worthy to appear before Your Grace, and draw your Attention as much as your Grace's admirable Qualifications do that of all Mankind; but the Muses, like most Females, are least liberal to their own Sex.

All I dare say in Favour of this Piece, is, that the Plot is entirely new, and the Incidents wholly owing to my own Invention; not borrowed from our own, or translated from the Works of any Foreign Poet; so that they have at least the Charm of Novelty to recommend them. If they are so lucky, in some leisure Hour, to give Your Grace the least Diversion, they will answer the utmost Ambition of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient, most devoted, and

Most humble Servant,

SUSANNA CENT-LIVRE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

TO Night we come upon a bold Design,
To try to please without one borrow'd Line;
Our plot is new and regularly clear,
And not one single Tittle from Moliere.
O'er bury'd Poets we with Caution tread,
And Parish Sextons leave to rob the Dead.
For you, bright British Fair, in Hopes to charm ye,
We bring to Night a Lover from the Army;
You know the Soldiers have the strangest Arts,
Such a Proportion of prevailing Parts,
You'd think that they rid Post to Womens Hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold Pretence;
We do not chuse them sure for our Defence:
That Plea is both impolitick and wrong,
And only suits such Dames as want a Tongue.
Is it their Eloquence and fine Address?
The Softness of their Language?—Nothing less.
Is it their Courage, that they bravely dare
To storm the Sex at once?—Egad! 'tis there,
They act by us as in the rough Campaign,
Unmindful of Repulses, charge again:
They mine and countermine, resolved to win,
And, if a Breach is made,—they will come in.
You'll think, by what we have of Soldiers said,
Our Female Wit was in the Service bred:
But she is to the hardy Toil a Stranger,
She loves the Cloth indeed, but hates the Danger:
Yet to this Circle of the Brave and Gay,
She bid one, for her good Intentions say,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to Half-Pay.
As for our Play, 'tis English Humour all:
Then will you let our Manufacture fall?
Would you the Honour of our Nation raise,
Keep English Credit up, and English Plays.

Dramatis PERSONÆ.

M E N.

At Drury Lane. Covent Garden.

<i>Sir Philip Modelove</i> , an old Beau.	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Periwinkle</i> , a Kind of silly Virtuoso.	} Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Tradelove</i> , a Change Broker.		Mr. Burton.
<i>Obadiab Prim</i> , a Quaker, Hofier.	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Gibson.
All four chose Guardians to Mrs. Lovely.		
<i>Colonel Fainwell</i> , in love with Mrs. Lovely.	} Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Frceman</i> , his Friend, a Merchant.		Mr. Packer.
<i>Simon Pure</i> , a Quaking Preacher.	Mr. Vaughan.	Mr. Costale.
<i>Mr. Sackbut</i> , a Vintner.	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Buck.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Lovely</i> , a Fortune of Thirty Thousand Pounds.	} Miss Plym.	Miss Macklin.
<i>Mrs. Prim</i> , Wife to <i>Prim</i> the Hofier.		Mrs Bradshaw.
<i>Betty</i> , Servant to Mrs. Lovely.	Mrs. Smith.	

SCENE *London*; Footmen, Drawers, &c.

A Bold Stroke for a WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Tavern.

Colonel FAINWELL and FREEMAN over a Bottle.

FREEMAN.

COME, Colonel, his Majesty's Health.—You are as melancholy as if you were in Love! I wish some of the Beauties of *Bath* han't snapt your heart.

Col. Why Faith, *Freeman*, there is something in't; I have seen a Lady at *Bath*, who has kindled such a Flame in me that all the Waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like some poisonous Animals, carry their Antidote about 'em——Is she not to be had, *Colonel*?

Col. That's a difficult Question to answer; however, I resolve to try: Perhaps you may be able to serve me; you Merchants know one another.—The Lady told me herself she was under the Charge of four Persons.

Free. Odso! 'tis Mrs. *Ann Lovely*.

Col. The same—Do you know her?

Free. Know her! Ay.—Faith, Colonel, your Condition is more desperate than you imagine: Why she is the Talk and Pity of the whole Town; and it is the Opinion of the Learned, that she must die a Maid.

Col. Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable City.—She's a Woman, I hope.

Free. For aught I know,—but it had been as well for her, had Nature made her any other Part of the Creation. The Man who keeps this House, serv'd her Father; he is a very honest Fellow, and may be of Use to you; we'll send for him to take a Glass with us: he'll give you her whole History, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one trust him?

Free. With your Life: I have Obligations enough upon him, to make him do any Thing: I serve him with Wine. [Knocks.

Col. Nay, I know him pretty well myself. I once used to frequent a Club that was kept here.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Gentlemen, dy'e call?

Free. Ay; send up your Master.

Drawer. Yes, Sir. [Exit.

Col. Do you know any of this Lady's Guardians, Freeman?

Free. Yes, I know two of them very well.

Enter Sackbut.

Free. Here comes one will give you an Account of them all.—Mr. Sackbut, we sent for you to take a Glass with us. 'Tis a Maxim among the Friends of the Bottle, that as long as the Master is in Company, one may be sure of good Wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good Wine as you send in.—Colonel, your most humble Servant; you are welcome to Town.

Col. I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. I am as glad to see you, as I should a hundred Tun of French Claret Custom-free.—My Service to you, Sir, [Drinks.] You don't look so merry as you used to do; ar'n't you well, Colonel?

Free. He has got a Woman in his Head, Landlord, can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my Power, I shan't scruple to serve my Friend.

Col. 'Tis one Perquisite of your Calling.

Sack.

Sack. Ay, at t'other End of the Town, where you Officers use, Women are good Forcers of Trade: A well-custom'd House, a handsome Bar-keeper, with clean obliging Drawers, soon get the Master an Estate; but our Citizens seldom do any Thing but cheat within the Walls.—But as to the Lady, Colonel, point you at Particulars? or have you a good *Champagne* Stomach? Are you in full Pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, Landlord.

Free. To the miserable Condition of a Lover!

Sack. Pish! that's preferable to Half-pay; a Woman's resolution may break before the Peace: push her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with the Fair Sex.

Col. Were the Lady her own Mistress, I have some Reasons to believe I should soon command in Chief.

Free. You know Mrs. *Lovely*, Mr. *Sackbut*.

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor *Nancy*: I have carried her to School many a frosty Morning. Alas! if she's the Woman, I pity you, Colonel: Her Father, my old Master, was the most whimsical out-of-the-way temper'd Man I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last Will and Testament.—This was his only Child: I have heard him wish her dead a thousand Times.

Col. Why so?

Sack. He hated Posterity, you must know, and wish'd the World were to expire with himself.—He used to swear, if she had been a Boy, he would have qualified him for the Opera.

Free. 'Tis a very unnatural Resolution in a Father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thousand Pounds, which he left to his Daughter, provided she married with the Consent of her Guardians: But that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the Care of four Men, as opposite to each other as the four Elements; each has his quarterly Rule, and three Months in a Year she is oblig'd to be subject to each of their Humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from *Bath*.

Col. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the last Quarter was her Beau Guardian's.—She appears in all public Places during his Reign.

Col. She visited a Lady who boarded in the same House with me: I lik'd her Person, and found an Opportunity to tell her so. She reply'd, she had no Objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile Contradictions I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the Caprice of four Persons, who never yet agreed in any one Thing, and she was obliged to please them all.

Sack. 'Tis most true, Sir, I'll give you a short Description of the Men, and leave you to judge of the poor Lady's Condition. One is a Kind of Virtuoso, a silly half-witted Fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every Thing antique and foreign, and wears his Cloaths of the Fashion of the last Century; doats upon Travellers, and believes more of Sir *John Mundeville* than he does of the *Bible*.

Col. That must be a rare odd Fellow!

Sack. Another is a Change-Broker; a Fellow that will out-lye the Devil for the Advantage of Stock, and cheat his Father that got him, in a Bargain: He is a great Stickler for Trade, and hates every Man that wears a Sword.

Free. He is a great Admirer of the *Dutch* Management, and swears they understand Trade better than any Nation under the Sun.

Sack. The Third is an old Beau, that has *May* in his Fancy and Dress, but *December* in his Face and his Heels: He admires all the new Fashions, and those must be *French*; loves Operas, Balls, Masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole Company on a Birth-Day.

Col. These are pretty opposite to one another, truly? and the Fourth, What is he, Landlord?

Sack. A very rigid Quaker, whose Quarter began this Day.—I saw Mrs. *Lovely* go in, not above two Hours ago,—Sir *Philip* set her down. What think you now, Colonel, is not the poor Lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and rescu'd too, Landlord.

Free. In my Opinion, that's impossible.

Col. There is nothing impossible to a Lover. What would not a Man attempt for a fine Woman and thirty thousand

thousand Pounds? Besides, my Honour is at stake, I promised to deliver her, and she bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, Faith.

Free. If it depended upon Knight errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the Damsel; but to have Avarice, Impertinence, Hypocrisy, and Pride, at once to deal with, requires more Cunning than generally attends a Man of Honour.

Col. My Fancy tells me, I shall come off with Glory. I resolve to try however.—Do you know all the Guardians Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. Very well, Sir, they all use my House.

Col. And will you assist me, if Occasion requires?

Sack. In every Thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him; and whatever I can serve you in, you may depend on. I know Mr. *Periwinkle* and Mr. *Tradelove*; the latter has a very great Opinion of my Interest abroad.—I happen'd to have a Letter from a Correspondent two Hours before the News arrived of the *French* King's Death: I communicated it to him: upon which he bought all the Stock he could, and what with that, and some Wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the Tune of five hundred Pounds; so that I am much in his good Graces.

Col. I don't know but you may be of Service to me, *Freeman*.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

Col. Isn't it possible to find a Suit of Cloaths ready made at some of these Sale-shops fit to rig out a Beau think you Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. O hang 'em—No Colonel, they keep nothing ready made that a Gentleman would be seen in: But I can fit you with a Suit of Cloaths, if you'd make a Figure.—Velvet and Gold Brocade—They were pawn'd to me by a *French* Count, who had been stript at Play, and wanted Money to carry him Home; he promised to send for them, but I have not heard any Thing of him.

Free. He has not fed upon Frogs long enough yet to recover his Loss; ha, ha!

Col.

Col. Ha, ha! Well, the Cloaths will do Mr. *Sackbut*,—tho' we must have three or four Fellows in tawdry Liveries: They can be procur'd, I hope.

Free. Egad! I have a Brother come from the *West Indies* that can match you; and, for Expedition-sake, you shall have his Servants: There's a Black, a Tawney-moor, and a *Frenchman*; they don't speak one Word of *English*, so can make no Mistake.

Col. Excellent!—Egad! I shall look like an *Indian Prince*. First I'll attack my Beau Guardian; where lives he?

Sack. Faith somewhere about St. *James's*; tho' to say in what Street, I cannot; but any Chairman will tell you where Sir *Philip Modelove* lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the Park at Eleven every Day; at least I never pass thro' at that Hour without seeing him there.—But what do you intend?

Col. To address him in his own Way, and find what he designs to do with the Lady.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I can't tell; but I shall take my Measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad Undertaking, in my Mind: But here's to your Success, Colonel. [*Drinks.*]

Col. 'Tis something out of the Way, I confess; but Fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.—Come Landlord, let me see those Cloaths. *Freeman*, I shall expect you'll leave Word with Mr. *Sackbut*, where one may find you upon Occasion; and send me my *Indian Equipage* immediately, d'ye hear?

Free. Immediately. [*Exit.*]

Col. Bold was the Man who ventur'd first to Sea,
But the first vent'ring Lovers bolder were.
The Path of Love's a dark and dang'rous Way,
Without a Landmark, or one friendly Star,
And he that runs the Risque deserves the Fair. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II. *Prim's House.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely, and her Maid Betty.

Betty. Bless me, Madam! Why do you fret and teaze yourself so? This is giving them the Advantage with a Witness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lov. Must I be condemned all my Life to the preposterous Humours of other People, and pointed at by every Boy in Town?—Oh! I could tear my Flesh, and curse the Hour I was born—Isn't it monstrously ridiculous, that they should desire to impose their Quaking Drefs upon me at these Years? When I was a Child, no matter what they made me wear, but now—

Betty. I would resolve against it, Madam; I'd see 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd Cap again.

Mrs. Lov. Then I must never expect one Moment's Ease: She has rung such a Peal in my Ears already, that I sha'nt have the right Use of them this Month, —What can I do?

Betty. What can you *not* do, if you will but give your mind to it? *Marry*, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. What! and have my Fortune go to build Churches and Hospitals?

Betty. Why let it go.—If the Colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a Fortune, Madam; and I assure you a Colonel's Lady is no despicable Thing; a Colonel's Post will maintain you like a Gentlewoman, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. So you would advise me to give up my own Fortune, and throw myself upon the Colonel's.

Betty. I would advise you to make your self easy, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. That's not the Way, I'm sure. No, no, Girl, there are certain Ingredients to be mingled with Matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the Woman has Fortune enough to make the Man happy, if he has either Honour or good Manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but a slovenly Figure in a House where Poverty keeps the Door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a Maid, do you, Madam?

Mrs. Lov. Or have it in my Power to make the Man I love Master of my Fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel so well as I thought you did, Madam, or you would not take such a Resolution.

Mrs. Lov. It is because I do like him, *Betty*, that I do take such a Resolution.

Betty. Why do you expect, Madam, the Colonel can work Miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the Consent of all your Guardians?

Mrs. Lov. Or he must not marry me at all: And so I told him; and he did not seem displeased with the News.—He promised to set me free, and I, on that Condition, promised to make him Master of that Freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted Castles, Ladies delivered from the Chains of Magick, Giants kill'd, and Monster's overcome; so that I shall be the less surprized if the Colonel should conjure you out of the Power of your four Guardians; if he does, I am sure he deserves your Fortune.

Mrs. Lov. And shall have it, Girl, if it were ten times as much—For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that I do like the Colonel above all Men I ever saw:—There's something so *Jantée* in a Soldier, a Kind of *Je ne sçai quoi* Air, that makes 'em more agreeable than the rest of Mankind.—They command Regard, as who should say, We are your Defenders. We preserve your Beauties from the Insults of rude and unpolish'd Foes, and ought to be preferr'd before those lazy indolent Mortals, who, by dropping into their Fathers Estates, set up their Coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our Affections.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confess that the Army has engrossed all the prettiest Fellows—A laced Coat and Feather have irresistible Charms.

Mrs. Lov. But the Colonel has all the Beauties of the Mind as well as the Body.—O all ye Powers that favour happy Lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou God of Love, if thou be'st aught but Name, assist my *Fainwell*?

*Point ail thy Darts to aid his just Design,
And make his Plots as prevalent as thine.* [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Park.

Enter Colonel finely drest, three Footman after him.

COLONEL.

SO, now if I can but meet this Beau!—Egad! me-thinks I cut a smart Figure, and have as much of the tawdry Air as any *Italian* Count or *French* Marquée of them all.—Sure I shall know this Knight again.—Ah! yonder he sits, making love to a Mask, i'faith, I'll walk up the *Mall*, and come down by him. [*Exit.*
Scene draws, and discovers Sir Philip upon a Bench, with a Woman mask'd.

Sir Phil. Well but my Dear, are you really constant to your Keeper?

Wom. Yes, really Sir,—Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty Figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a Stranger, by his Equipage keeping so close at his Heels.—He has the Appearance of a Man of Quality,—Positively *French*, by his dancing Air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.—

Sir Phil. He has a Mind to make Love to thee, Child.
Enter Colonel, and seats himself upon the Bench by Sir Philip.

Wom. It will be to no Purpose if he does.

Sir Phil. Are you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. You must be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any Thing to so fine a Gentleman, Madam.

[*Takes out his Watch.*]

Wom. I never mind the Outside of a Man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no Judge of the Inside.

Sir Phil. I am positively of your Mind, Sir, for Creatures of her Function seldom penetrate beyond the Pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your Composition have, indeed, generally more in their Pockets than in their Heads. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. Pray what says your Watch? mine is down.

[*Pulling out his Watch.*]

Col. I want thirty-six Minutes of twelve, Sir.—

[*Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff-box.*]

Sir Phil. May I presume, Sir?

Col.

Col. Sir, you honour me. [*Presenting the Box.*

Sir Phil. He speaks good *English*,—tho' he must be a Foreigner. [*Aside.*—This Snuff is extremely good,—and the Box prodigious fine; the Work is *French*, I presume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in *Paris*, Sir.—I do think the Workmanship pretty neat.

Sir Phil. Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine, Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the Liberty of enquiring,—What Country is so happy to claim the Birth of the finest Gentleman in the Universe? *France*, I presume.

Col. Then you don't think me an *Englishman*?

Sir Phil. No, upon my Soul, don't I.

Col. I am sorry for't.

Sir Phil. Impossible you should wish to be an *Englishman*! Pardon me, Sir, this Island could not produce a Person of such Alertness.

Col. As this Mirror shews you, Sir.

[*Puts up a Pocket-Glass to Sir Philip's Face.*

Wom. Coxcombs! I'm sick to hear them praise one another. One seldom gets any Thing by such Animals; not even a Dinner, unless one can dine upon Soup and Celery.

Sir Phil. O Gad, Sir?—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only losing Time to stay here, ha, ha!—I know not how to distinguish you, Sir, but your Mien and Address speak you Right Honourable.

Sir Phil. Thus great Souls judge of others by themselves—I am only adorn'd with Knighthood, that's all, I assure you, Sir; my Name is Sir *Philip Modelove*.

Col. Of *French* Extraction?

Sir Phil. My Father was *French*.

Col. One may plainly perceive it—There is a certain Gaiety peculiar to my Nation (for I will own myself a *Frenchman*) which distinguishes us every where.—A Person of your Figure would be a vast Addition to a Coronet.

Sir Phil. I must own I had the Offer of a Barony about five Years ago, but I abhorr'd the Fatigue which must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either Party.

Col.

Col. You are perfectly in the Right, Sir *Philip*.—a fine Person should not embark himself in the slovenly Concern of Politicks: Dress and Pleasure are Objects proper for the Soul of a fine Gentleman.

Sir Philip. And Love.——

Col. Oh! that's included under the Article of Pleasure.

Sir Philip. *Parbleu il est un Homme d'Esprits.* I must embrace you—[*Rises and embraces.*]—Your Sentiments are so agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one Soul, for our Ideas and Conceptions are the same.

Col. I should be sorry for that. [*Aside.*]—You do me too much Honour, Sir *Philip*.

Sir Philip. Your Vivacity and *jantée* Mien assured me at first Sight there was nothing of this foggy Island in your Composition. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Col. My Name is *La Fainwell*, Sir, at your Service.

Sir Philip. The *La Fainwells* are *French*, I know; tho' the Name is become very numerous in *Great Britain* of late Years—I was sure you was *French* the Moment I laid my Eyes upon you: I could not come into the Supposition of your being an *Englishman*: This Island produces few such Ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir *Philip*, this Island has two Things superior to all Nations under the Sun.

Sir Philip. Ah! what are they?

Col. The Ladies, and the Laws.

Sir Philip. The Laws indeed, do claim a Preference of other Nations,—but, by my Soul, there are fine Women every where.—I must own I have felt their Power in all Countries.

Col. There is some finish'd Beauties, I confess, in *France, Italy, Germany*, nay, even in *Holland*, *mais sont bien rare*: But *les Belles Angloises*! Oh, Sir *Philip*, where find we such Women! such Symmetry of Shape! such Elegancy of Dress! such Regularity of Features! such Sweetness of Temper! such commanding Eyes! and such bewitching Smiles!

Sir Philip. Ah! *parbleu vous estes attraper.*

Col. *Non je vous assure, Chevalier.*—But I declare there is no Amusement so agreeable to my *Gout*, as the Conversation of a fine Woman.—I could never be
prevaile d

prevailed upon to enter into what the Vulgar calls the Pleasure of the Bottle.

Sir Phil. My own Taste, *positivement*.—A Ball, or a Masquerade, is certainly preferable to all the Productions of the Vineyard.

Col. Infinitely! I hope the People of Quality in *England* will support that Branch of Pleasure, which was imported with their Peace, and since naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr. *Heidegger*.

Sir Phil. The Ladies assure me it will become Part of the Constitution—upon which I subscrib'd a hundred Guineas.—It will be of great Service to the Publick, at least to the Company of Surgeons; and the City in general.

Col. Ha, ha! it may help to enoble the Blood of the City. Are you married, *Sir Philip*?

Sir Philip. No; nor do I believe I ever shall enter into that honourable State: I have an absolute *Tendre* for the whole Sex.

Col. That's more than they have for you, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. And I have the Honour to be very well with the Ladies, I can assure you, Sir; and I won't affront a Million of fine Women to make one happy.

Col. Nay, Marriage is reducing a Man's Taste to a Kind of half Pleasure: but then it carries the Blessings of Peace along with it; one goes to sleep without Fear, and wakes without Pain.

Sir Phil. There's something of that in't; a Wife is a very good Dish for an *English* Stomach,—but gross Feeding for nicer Palates, ha, ha, ha!

Col. I find I was very much mistaken,—I imagined, you had been married to that young Lady whom I saw in the Chariot with you this Morning in *Gracechurch-street*.

Sir Phil. Who, *Nancy Lovely*? I am a Piece of a Guardian to that Lady: You must know, her Father, I thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old Fellows—that, upon my Soul, I am in Pain for the poor Girl;—she must certainly lead Apes, as the Saying is; ha, ha!

Col. That's Pity, *Sir Philip*. If the Lady would give me Leave, I would endeavour to avert that Curse.

Sir

Sir Phil. As to the Lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any Rate, I believe; but here's the Mischief, he who marries Miss *Lovely*, must have the Consent of us all four,—or not a Penny of her Portion.—For my Part, I shall never approve of any but a Man of Figure,—and the rest are not only averse to Cleanliness, but have each a peculiar Taste to gratify.—For my Part, I declare I would prefer you to all Men I ever saw.

Col. And I her to all Women——

Sir Phil. I assure you, Mr. *Fainwell*, I am for marrying her, for I hate the Trouble of a Guardian, especially among such Wretches; but resolve never to agree to the Choice of any one of them,—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any Proposal of mine yet.

Col. I wish I had your Leave to try them, *Sir Philip*.

Sir Phil. With all my Soul, Sir, I can refuse a Person of your Appearance nothing.

Col. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir Phil. But do you really like Matrimony?

Col. I believe I could with that Lady, Sir.

Sir Phil. The only Point in which we differ—But you are Master of so many Qualifications, that I can excuse one Fault; for I must think it a Fault in a fine Gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my Hand.

Col. I wish you'd give me your Consent to marry Mrs. *Lovely* under your Hand, *Sir Philip*.

Sir Phil. I'll do't, if you'll step into St. *James's Coffee-House*, where we may have Pen and Ink;—tho' I can't foresee what Advantage my Consent will be to you, without you could find a Way to get the rest of the Guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however: She is now at a Quaker's, where I carried her this Morning, when you saw us in *Gracechurch-street*.—I assure you she has an odd *Ragout* of Guardians, as you will find when you hear the Characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! *Pieure, Jaque, Renno*,—Where are you all, Scoundrels?—Order the Chariot to St. *James's Coffee-House*.

Col. *Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc*.—*Morbleu, ou sont ces Coquins la? Allons, Monsieur le Chevalier.*

Sir

Sir Phil. Ah! *Pardonnez moy, Monsieur.*

Col. Not one Step, upon my Soul, *Sir Philip.*

Sir Phil. The best bred Man in *Europe*, positively.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Obadiah Prim's House.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely, followed by Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou dost really think those Fallals become thee?

Mrs. Lov. I do, indeed.

Mrs. Pr. Now will I be judged by all sober People, if I don't look more like a modest Woman than thou dost, *Anne.*

Mrs. Lov. More like a Hypocrite you mean, *Mrs. Prim.*

Mrs. Pr. Ah! *Anne, Anne*, that wicked *Philip Modelove* will undo thee,—Satan so fills thy Heart with Pride, during the three Months of his Guardianship, that thou becomest a Stumbling Block to the Upright.

Mrs. Lov. Pray who are they? Are the pinch'd Cap and formal Hood the Emblems of Sanctity? Does your Virtue consist in your Drefs, *Mrs. Prim*?

Mrs. Pr. It doth not consist in cut Hair, spotted Face; and bare Neck.—Oh the Wickedness of the Generation! The primitive Women knew not the Abomination of hoop'd Petticoats.

Mrs. Lov. No, nor the Abomination of Cant neither, Don't tell me, *Mrs. Prim*, don't.—I know you have as much Pride, Vanity, Self-conceit, and Ambition among you, couched under that formal Habit, and sanctified Countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the World begins to see your Prudery.

Mrs. Pr. Prudery! What! do they invent new Words as well as new fashions? Ah! poor fantastick Age, I pity thee—Poor deluded *Anne*, which dost thou think most resemblest the Saint, and which the Sinner, thy Drefs or mine? Thy naked Bosom allureth the Eye of the Bystander,—encourageth the Frailty of human Nature—and corrupteth the Soul with evil Longings.

Mrs. Lov. And pray who corrupted your Son *Tobias* with evil Longings? Your Maid *Tabitha* wore a Handkerchief, and yet he made the Saint a Sinner.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, spit thy Malice. I confess Satan did buffet my Son *Tobias*, and my Servant *Tabitha*; the evil Spirit was at that Time too strong, and they both became subject to its Workings,—not from any outward Provocation,—but from an inward Call;—he was not tainted with the Rottenness of the Fashions, nor did his Eyes take in the Drunkenness of Beauty.

Mrs. Lov. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs. Prim. *Tabitha* is one of the Faithful; he fell not with a Stranger.

Mrs. Lov. So! Then you hold Wenching no Crime, provided it be within the Pale of your own Tribe.—You are an excellent Casuist truly.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. Not stripp'd of thy Vanity, yet *Anne*! Why dost thou not make her put it off, *Sarah*!

Mrs. Pr. She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked Breasts troubleth my outward Man; I pray thee hide 'em *Anne*: Put on an Handkerchief, *Anne Lovely*.

Mrs. Lov. I hate Handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold Weather, Mr. *Prim*.

Mrs. Pr. I have seen thee wear a Handkerchief: nay, and a Mask to boot in the Middle of *July*.

Mrs. Lov. Ay, to keep the Sun from scorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou couldst not bear the Sun-Beams, how dost thou think Man would bear thy Beams? Those Breasts inflame Desire, let them be hid, I say.

Mrs. Lov. Let me be quiet, I say.—Must I be tormented thus for ever? Sure no Woman's Condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, Folly, Avarice, and Hypocrisy are, by Turns, my constant Companions,—and I must vary Shapes as often as a Player—I cannot think my Father meant this Tyranny! No, you usurp an Authority which he never intended you should take.

Ob. Pr. Hark thee, Do'st thou call good Counsel Tyranny? Do I, or my Wife, tyrannize, when we desire thee in all Love to put off thy tempting Attire, and veil thy Provokers to Sin?

Mrs. Lov. Deliver me, good Heaven! or I shall go distracted.

[*Walks about.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Pr. So! now thy Pinnars are tost and thy Breasts pulled up!—verily they were seen enough before.—Fie upon thy filthy Taylor who made thy Stays.

Mr. Lov. I wish I were in my Grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd Play sure:—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for Death, *Anne Lovely*? No, no, thou would'st rather have a Husband, *Anne*:—Thou wantest a gilt Coach, with six lazy Fellows behind, to flant it in the Ring of Vanity, among the Princes and Rulers of the Land—who pamper themselves with the Fatness thereof; but I will take Care that none shall squander away thy Father's Estate: Thou shalt marry none such, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. Wou'd you marry me to one of your own canting Sect?

Ob. Pr. Yea, verily, no one else shall ever get my Consent, I do assure thee, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. And I do assure thee, *Obadiab*, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a Convent.

Mrs. Pr. Oh Wickedness!

Mrs. Lov. Oh Stupidity!

Ob. Pr. Oh Blindness of Heart!

Mrs. Lov. Thou Blinder of the World, don't provoke me.—lest I betray your Sanctity, and leave your Wife to judge of your Purity:—What were the Emotions of your Spirit—when you squeez'd *Mary* by the Hand last Night in the Pantry,—when she told you, you bus'd, so filthily? Ah! you had no Aversion to naked Bosoms, when you begged her to shew you a little, little, little Bit of her delicious Bubby:—Don't you remember those Words, *Mr. Prim*?

Mrs. Pr. What does she say, *Obadiab*?

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly, *Sarah*. Which Way did she hear this? This should not have reach'd the Ears of the wicked Ones:—Verily, it troubleth me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Philip Modelove*, whom they call Sir *Philip*, is below, and such another with him, shall I send them up?

Ob. Pr. Yea.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Philip and Colonel.

Sir Phil. How dost thou do, Friend *Prim*? Odso! my She-Friend here too! What are you documenting Miss *Nancy*, reading her a Lecture upon the pinch'd Coif, I warrant ye.

Mrs. Pr. I am sure thou did'st never read her any Lecture that was good. — My Flesh riseth so at these wicked Ones, that Prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their Sight.

[*Exit.*

Col. Oh! that I could find Means to speak with her! How charming she appears! I wish I could get this Letter into her Hand.

[*Aside.*

Sir Phil. Well, Miss *Cockey*, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

Mrs. Lov. The Difficulties of my Life are not to be surmounted, Sir *Philip*. — I hate the Impertinence of him, as much as the Stupidity of the other.

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Verily, *Philip*, thou wilt spoil this Maiden.

Sir Phil. I find we still differ in Opinion; but that we may none of us spoil her, prithee *Prim*, let us consent to marry her. — I have sent for our Brother Guardians to meet me here about this very Thing — Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a Husband to you? — Here's a Gentleman, whom, in my Mind, you can have no Objection to.

[*Presents the Colonel, to her, she looks another Way.*

Mrs. Lov. Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantastic Fool!

Col. A fine Woman, — — a fine Horse, and fine Equipage, are the finest Things in the Universe: And if I am so happy to possess you, Madam, I shall become the Envy of Mankind, as much as you outshine your whole sex.

(*As he takes her Hand to kiss it, he endeavours to put a letter into it; she lets it drop —*

Prim takes it up.

Mrs. Lov. I have no Ambition to appear conspicuously ridiculous, Sir.

[*Turning from him.*

Col. So fail the Hopes of *Fainwell*.

Mrs. Lov. Ha! *Fainwell*! 'tis he! What have I done? *Prim* has the Letter, and it will be discover'd.

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy Name, so cannot call thee by it; but thou see'st thy Letter is unwelcome to the Maiden, she will not read it.

Mrs. Lov. Nor shall you; [*Snatches the Letter*] I'll tear it in a thousand Pieces, and scatter it, as I will the Hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me.

[*Tears the Letter.*

Sir Phil. Ha! Right Woman, faith!

Col. Excellent Woman!

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy Garb favoureth too much of the Vanity of the Age for my Approbation; nothing that resembleth *Philip Modelove* shall I love, mark that;—therefore, Friend *Philip*, bring no more of thy own Apes under my Roof.

Sir Phil. I am so entirely a Stranger to the Monsters of thy breed, that I shall bring none of them I am sure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty Task by that Time I have gone thro' them all; but she's a City worth taking, and 'Egad I'll carry on the Siege: If I can but blow up the Out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the Town.

[*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Truelove demandeth to see thee.

To Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. Bid them come up.

Mrs. Lov. Deliver me from such an Inundation of Noise and Nonsense. Oh *Fainwell*! whatever thy Contrivance be, prosper it Heaven;—but oh! I fear thou never canst redeem me.

Sir Phil. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

Enter Mr. Periwinkle and Tradelove.

These are my Brother Guardians, Mr. *Fainwell*, prithee observe the Creatures.

[*Aside to Col.*

Trade. Well, Sir *Philip*, I obey your Summons.

Per. Pray, what have you to offer for the Good of Mrs. *Lovely*, Sir *Philip*?

Sir Phil. First I desire to know what you intend to do

do with that Lady? Must she be sent to the *Indies* for a Venture.—or to live an old Maid, and then enter'd amongst your Curiosities, and shewn for a Monster, Mr. *Periwinkle*?

Col. Humph, Curiosities, that must be the Virtuoso.
[*Aside.*

Per. Why what wou'd you do with her?

Sir Phil. I would recommend this Gentleman to her for a Husband, Sir,—a Person whom I have pick'd out from the whole Race of Mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of Mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without Offence to your Formality, what may be your Objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy Person; thy Manners; thy Dress; thy Acquaintance;—thy every Thing, Friend.

Sir Phil. You are most particularly obliging, Friend, ha, ha!

Trade. What Business do you follow, pray Sir?

Col. Humph, by that Question he must be the Broker.
[*Aside.*—Business, Sir! the Business of a Gentleman.

Trade. That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, lie with every Woman you like, and pay your Surgeon's Bills better than your Taylor's or your Butcher's.

Col. The Court is much obliged to you, Sir, for your Character of a Gentleman.

Trad. The Court, Sir! What wou'd the Court do without us Citizens?

Sir Phil. Without your Wives and Daughters, you mean, Mr. *Tradelove*.

Per. Have you travell'd, Sir?

Col. That Question must not be answer'd now —
In Books I have, Sir.

Per. In Books! That's fine travelling indeed! —
Sir Philip, when you present a Person I like, he shall have my Consent to marry Mrs. *Lovely*, 'till when your Servant.
[*Exit.*

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I'm mistaken.
[*Aside.*

Trade. And when you can convince me that a Beau

is more useful to my Country than a Merchant, you shall have mine ; 'till then you must excuse me. [*Exit.*

Col. So much for Trade——I'll fit you too. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. In my Opinion, this is very inhuman Treatment, as to the Lady, Mr. *Prim.*

Ob. Pr. Thy Opinion and mine happens to differ as much as our Occupations, Friend ; Business requireth my Presence, and Folly thine ; and so I must bid thee farewell.

Sir Phil. Here's Breeding for you, Mr. *Fainwell* ! — Gad take me.

Half my Estate I'd give to see 'em bit.

Col. I hope to bite you all, if my Plot hit. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Tavern ; Sackbut and the Colonel in an Egyptian Dress.*

Sack. **A** Lucky Beginning, *Colonel*,——you have got the old Beau's Consent.

Col. Ay, he's a reasonable Creature ; but the other three will require some pains.—Shall I pass upon him, think you ? 'Egad, in my Mind, I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the Ark.

Sack. Pass upon him ! ay, ay, as roundly as White Wine dash'd with Sack does for Mountain and Sherry, if you have Assurance enough——

Col. I have no Apprehension from that Quarter ; Assurance is the Cockade of a Soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the Assurance of a Soldier differs much from that of a Traveller.—Can you lye with a good Grace ?

Col. As heartily, when my Mistress is the Prize, as I would meet the Foe when my Country call'd, and King commanded ; so don't you fear that Part ; if he don't know me again, I'm safe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my Debts would come as sure ; I told him you had been a great Traveller, had many valuable Curiosities, and was a Person of a most singular Taste ; he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a Bottle of Sack, Landlord, our Ancestors drank Sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. And where-about's is the Trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the Conveyance, Sir. [Exit.

Col. Now if I should cheat all these roguish Guardians, and carry off my Mistress in Triumph, it would be what the *French* call a *Grand Coup d'Eclat*—Odso! here comes *Periwinkle* ————Ah! Duce take this Beard; pray *Jupiter* it does not give me the Slip, and spoil all.

Enter Sackbut with Wine, and Periwinkle following.

Sack. Sir, this Gentleman hearing you have been a great Traveller, and a Person of fine Speculation, begs Leave to take a Glass with you; he is a Man of a curious Taste himself.

Col. The Gentleman has it in his Face and Garb; Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a Traveller, and Men of your enquiring Disposition; the Odness of your Habit pleases me extreamly; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir;—This Habit once belonged to the famous *Claudius Ptolemeus*, who liv'd in the Year a Hundred and Thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the Sample, he shall lye with the Devil for a Bean-stack, and win it every Straw.

[Aside.

Per. A Hundred and Thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest Thing in the World to be a Traveller.

Col. For my Part I value none of the modern Fashions of a Fig-leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir; I had rather be the Jest of a Fool, than his Favourite,—I am laugh'd at here for my Singularity—This Coat, you must know, Sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned Person, Mr. *John Tradescant* of *Lambeth*.

Col. *John Tradescant*! Let me embrace you, Sir, —*John Tradescant* was my Uncle, by Mother-side;

and I thank you for the Honour you do his Memory; he was a very curious Man indeed.

Per. Your Uncle, Sir, — Nay, then, 'tis no Wonder that your Taste is so refined; why you have it in your Blood. — My humble Service to you, Sir, to the immortal Memory of *John Tradescant*, your never-to-be-forgotten Uncle. [Drinks.

Col. Give me a Glass, Landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your Wine; *C nary* was the Drink of our wise Forefathers, 'tis balsamick, and saves the Charge of 'Pothecaries Cordials — Oh! that I had lived in your Uncle's Days! or rather, that he were now alive; — Oh! how proud he'd be of such a Nephew!

Sack. Oh Pox! that would have spoil'd the Jest.

[Aside.

Per. A Person of your Curiosity must have collected many Rarities.

Col. I have some, Sir, which are not yet come ashore, as an *Egyptian* Idol,

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a Kind of an Ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that Country, I took it from the Breast of a Female Mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our Women retain Part of their Idolatry to this Day, for many an Ape lies on a Lady's Breast, ha, ha, —

Sack. A smart old Thief.

[Aside.

Col. Two Tulks of an *Hippotamus*, two Pair of *Chinese Nut-crackers*, and one *Egyptian Mummy*.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a Crocodile?

Col. Humph! the Boatswain bought one with a Design to shew it, but touching at *Rotterdam*, and hearing it was no Rarity in *England*, he sold it to a *Dutch Poet*.

Sack. The Devil's in that Nation, it rivals us in every thing.

Per. I should have been very glad to have seen a living Crocodile.

Col. My Genius led me to Things more worthy of Regard. — Sir, I have seen the utmost Limits of this globular World; I have seen the Sun rise and set, know

know in what Degree of Heat he is at Noon, to the Breadth of a Hair, and what Quantity of Combustibles he burns in a Day, and how much of it turns to Ashes, and how much to Cinders.

Per. To Cinders! You amaze me, Sir; I never heard that the Sun consum'd any Thing.—*Descartes* tells us——

Col. *Descartes*, with the rest of his Brethren, both Ancient and Modern, knew nothing of the Matter.—I tell you, Sir, that Nature admits an annual Decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar Eyes,——Sometimes his Rays destroy below, sometimes above.—You have heard of blazing Comets, I suppose.

Per. Yes, yes, I remember to have seen one, and our Astrologers tell us of another which shall happen very quickly.

Col. Those Comets are little Islands bordering on the Sun, which at certain Times are set on Fire by that luminous Body's moving over them perpendicular, which will one Day occasion a general Conflagration.

Sack. One need not scruple the *Colonel's* Capacity, faith.

[*Aside.*

Per. This is marvellous strange! These Cinders are what I never read of in any of our learned Dissertations.

Col. I don't know how the Devil you should.

[*Aside.*

Sack. He has it at his Fingers Ends; one would swear he had learn'd to lye at School, he does it so cleverly.

[*Aside.*

Per. Well! you Travellers see strange Things! Pray, Sir, have you any of those Cinders?

Col. I have, among my other Curiosities.

Per. Oh, what have I lost for want of Travelling! Pray, what have you else?

Col. Several Things worth your Attention—I have a Muff made of the Feathers of those Geese that sav'd the *Roman Capitol*.

Per. Is't possible?

Sack. Yes, if you are such a Gander as to believe him.

[*Aside.*

Col. I have an *Indian* Leaf, which, open, will cover

an Acre of Land, yet folds up in so little a Compass, you may put it into your Snuff-box.

Sack. Humph! That's a Thunderer. [Aside.

Per. Amazing!

Col. Ah! mine is but a little one; I have seen some of them that would cover one of the *Carribbee* Islands.

Per. Well, if I don't travel before I die, I shan't rest in my Grave——Pray, what do the *Indians* with them?

Col. Sir, they use them in their Wars for Tents, the old Women for Riding-hoods, the Young for Fans and Umbrellas.

Sack. He has a fruitful Invention. [Aside.

Per. I admire our *East-India* Company imports none of them; they would certainly find their Account in them.

Col. Right, if they could find the Leaves.—[Aside.
——Look ye, Sir, do you see this little Phial?

Per. Pray you, what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Poluflosboio*.

Per. *Poluflosboio*!——It has a rumbling Sound.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling Nature.——This Water was Part of those Waves which bore *Cleopatra's* Vessel when she sail'd to meet *Anthony*.

Per. Well, of all that ever travelled, none had a Taste like you.

Col. But here's the Wonder of the World——This, Sir, is called *Zona*, or *Moros Musphonon*, the Virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. *Moros Musphonon*! What in the Name of Wisdom can that be?—to me it seems a plain Belt.

Col. This Girdle has carried me all the World over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. I mean as I say, Sir.—Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and by turning this little Screw, can be in the Court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King *George*, in as little Time as your Cook can poach an Egg.

Per. You must pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col.

Col. If my Landlord pleases, he shall try the Experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir, but I have no Inclination to ride Post to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you shan't stir a Foot, I'll only make you invifible.

Sack. But if you could not make me vifible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his Tricks.——'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on.——Come, Landlord, you and I must face the East. [*They turn about.*] Is it on, Sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the Name of Virtue? Ah, poor Mr. *Periwinkle*!——Egad, look to't, you had best, Sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a Wizard.

Col. Have Patience, good Landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my Grandmother, that dy'd forty Years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lye? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. Take off the Girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*

Sack. Ah, Sir, I am glad to see you with all my Heart. [*Embraces him.*

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some Trick in't.——Pray, Sir, will you do me the Favour to put it on yourself.

Col. With all my Heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the Door.

Col. You know how to turn the Screw, Mr. *Sack-but*.

Sack. Yes, yes,—Come, Mr. *Periwinkle*, we must turn full East.

[*They turn, the Colonel sinks down a Trap-door.*

Col. 'Tis done, now turn.

[*They turn.*

Per. Ha! Mercy upon me; my Flesh creeps upon my Bones—This must be a Conjuror, Mr. *Sackbut*.

Sack. He is the Devil, I think.

Per. Oh Mr. *Sackbut*, why do you name the Devil, when perhaps he may be at your Elbow?

Sack. At my Elbow! marry Heaven forbid.

Per. Yes, Sir, yes ——— How hollow his Voice sounds!

Sack. Your's seem'd just the same——Faith, I wish this Girdle were mine, I'd sell Wine no more. Hark ye, Mr. *Periwinkle*, [*Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again,*] if he would sell this Girdle, you might travel with great Expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for Money.

Per. I am sorry for't, Sir, because I think it the greatest Curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. By the Advice of a learned Physiognomist in *Grand Cairo*, who consulted the Lines in my Face, I returned to *England*, where he told me I should find a Rarity in the keeping of *four* Men, which I was born to possess for the Benefit of Mankind; and the *first* of the *four* that gave me his Consent, I should present him with this Girdle—Till I have found this Jewel, I shall not part with the Girdle.

Per. What can that Rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir: He called it a Chaste, Beautiful, Unaffected Woman.

Per. Pish! Women are no Rarities——I never had any great Taste that Way. I married, indeed, to please my Father, and I got a Girl to please my Wife; but she and the Child (thank Heaven) died together——Women are the very Geugaws of the Creation; Playthings for Boys, who, when they write Man, they ought to throw aside.

Sack. A fine Lecture to be read to a Circle of Ladies! [*Aside.*]

Per. What Woman is there, drest in all the Pride and Foppery of the Times, can boast of such a Foretop as the *Cockatoo*?

Col. I must humour him——[*Aside*]——Such a Skin as the *Lizzard*?

Per.

Per. Such a shining Breast as the *Humming Bird*?

Col. Such a Shape as the *Antelope*?

Per. Or, in all the artful Mixture of their various Dresses, have they half the Beauty of one Box of Butterflies?

Col. No, that must be allow'd—For my Part, if it were not for the Benefit of Mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a Sparrow or a Flesh Fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what Benefit is the World to reap from this Lady?

Col. Why, Sir, she is to bear me a Son, who shall revive the Art of embalming, and the old *Roman* Manner of Burying the Dead; and for the Benefit of Posterity, he is to discover the Longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable Things, Mr. Sack-but!

Sack. He hits off admirably, and t'other swallows it like Sack and Sugar—[*Aside.*]—Certainly this Lady must be your Ward, Mr. *Periwinkle*, by her being under the Care of *four* Persons.

Per. By the Description it should——'Egad, if I could get that Girdle, I'd ride with the Sun, and make the *Tour* of the World in *four and twenty* Hours. [*Aside.*] And are you to give that Girdle to the *first* of the *Four* Guardians that shall give his Consent to marry that Lady, say you, Sir?

Col. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very Woman—her Name is *Anne Lovely*?

Col. Excellent!—he said, indeed, that the first Letter of her Name was *L*.

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a Person in *Grand Cairo* should know any Thing of my Ward.

Col. Your Ward!

Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of those *four* Guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir?—I am transported to find the Man who is to possess this *Moros Musphonon*, is a

Person of so curious a Taste.—Here is a Writing drawn up by that famous *Egyptian*, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your Face full North, and the Girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till this Boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. *Staytape* the Taylor enquires for you, *Colonel*.

Col. Who do you speak to, you Son of a Whore?

Per. Ha! *Colonel*.

[*Aside.*

Col. Confound the blundering Dog!

[*Aside.*

Draw. Why, to *Colonel*——

Sack. Get you out, you Rascal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*

Draw. What the Devil is the Matter?

Col. This Dog has ruin'd all my schemes, I see by *Periwinkle's* Looks.

[*Aside.*

Per. How finely I should have been chous'd—*Colonel*, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your Title before—it was pure ignorance, faith it was—Pray—hem, hem! Pray, *Colonel*, what Post had this learned *Egyptian* in your Regiment?

Col. A Pox of your sneer. [*Aside.*] I don't understand, Sir.

Per. No, that's strange! I understand you, *Colonel*—An *Egyptian* of *Grand Cairo*! ha, ha, ha—I am sorry such a well-invented Tale should do you no more service—We old Fellows can see as far into a Millstone as them that pick it—I am not to be trick'd out of my Trust——mark that.

Col. The Devil! I must carry it off, I wish I were fairly out. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Sir, you may make what Jest you please——but the Stars will be obey'd, Sir, and, depend upon't, I shall have the Lady, and you none of the Girdle.—Now for Mr. *Freeman's* Part of the Plot. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*

Per. The Stars! ha, ha—No Star has favour'd you, it seems——The Girdle! ha, ha, ha, none of your *Legerdemain* Tricks can pass upon me——Why, what

what a Pack of Trumpery has this Rogue picked up—His *Pagod*, *Polufloboios*, his *Zonas*, *Moros Musphonons*, and the Devil knows what——But I'll take Care——Ha, gone!——Ay, 'twas Time to sneak off——Soho! the House! [*Enter Sackbut.*] Where is this Trickster? Send for a Constable, I'll have this Rascal before the Lord Mayor; I'll *Grand Cairo* him, with a Pox to him—I believe you had a Hand in putting this Imposture upon me, *Sackbut*.

Sackbut. Who I, Mr. *Periwinkle*? I scorn it; I perceiv'd he was a Cheat and left the Room on Purpose to send for a Constable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to stop him when he went out——But the Rogue made but one Step from the stairs to the Door, call'd a Coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. *Freeman* can witness, who is at the Bar, and desires to speak with you; he is this Minute come to Town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit Sackbut.*] What a Scheme this Rogue has laid! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded! [*Enter Freeman booted and spur'd.*] Mr. *Freeman*, your Dress commands your Welcome to Town, what will you drink? I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the veriest Rascal——

Free. I am sorry to hear it—The Dog flew for't—he had not 'scap'd me, if I had been aware of him; *Sackbut* struck at him, but miss'd his Blow, or he had done his Business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a Contrivance, Mr. *Freeman*, as this Fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. *Sackbut* has told me the whole Story, Mr. *Periwinkle*; but now I have something to tell you of much more Importance to yourself.——I happen'd to lie one Night at *Coventry*, and knowing your Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle*, I paid him a Visit, and, to my great Surprise, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free. Dying, in all Appearance; the Servants weeping, the Room in Darkness; the 'Pothecary, shaking his Head, told me the Doctors had given him over; and then there is small Hopes, you know.

Per.

Per. I hope he has made his Will—he always told me, he would make me his Heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolv'd to give you Notice. I should think, it would not be amiss if you went down To-morrow Morning.

Per. It is a long Journey and the Roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great Estate, and the Land very good—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say; I'll think upon it: In the mean Time, I give you many Thanks for your Civility, Mr. *Freeman*, and should be glad of your Company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at *Jonathan's* Coffee-house at Two, and now it is Half an Hour after One; if I dispatch my Business, I'll wait on you; I know your Hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr. *Freeman*, and so your humble Servant. [Exit.

Re-enter Colonel and Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha, I have done your Business, Colonel, he has swallow'd the Bait.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little in the Dark; I am to personate a Highwayman, I suppose—that's a Project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his Consent, he may fright me out of my Life, when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the End.

Free. No, no, I have a Plot for you without Danger, but first we must manage *Tradelove*—Has the Taylor brought your Cloaths?

Sack. Yes, Pox take the Thief.

Free. Well, well, no Matter, I warrant we have him yet—But now you must put on the *Dutch* Merchant.

Col. The Duce of this trading Plot—I wish he had been an old Soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own Way, heard him fight over all the Battles of the Civil War—But for Trade, by *Jupiter* I shall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, Colonel, Mr. *Freeman* will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do, the Coffee-House will instruct you.

Col.

Col. I must venture however—But I have a farther Plot in my Head upon *Tradelove*, which you must assist me in, *Freeman* ; you are in Credit with him, I heard you say.

Free. I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, *Colonel*.

Col. Come along then—Now for the *Dutchman*—*Honest Ptolemy*. By your Leave.

*Now must Bag Wig and Bus'ness come in Play ?
A Thirty-Thousand-Pound Girl leads the Way.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Jonathan's Coffee-House in 'Change-Alley.
A Crowd of People with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands ; a Bar, and Coffee-Boys waiting.

Enter Tradelove and Stock-Jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.

1st Stock. **S**outh-Sea at Seven-Eighths ; who buys ?

2d Stock. South-Sea Bonds due at Michaelmas, 1718. Class Lottery-Tickets ?

2d Stock. East-India Bonds ?

4th Stock. What all Sellers and no Buyers ? Gentlemen, I'll buy a thousand Pound for Tuesday next, at Three-Fourths.

Coff. Boy. Fresh Coffee, Gentlemen, fresh Coffee ?

Trade. Hark ye, *Gabriel*, you'll pay the Difference of that Stock we transacted for t'other Day ?

Gab. Ay, Mr. *Tradelove*, here's a Note for the Money upon the *Sword-Blade* Company.

[Gives him a Note.]

Coff. Boy. Bohea-Tea, Gentlemen ?

Enter a Man.

Man. Is Mr. *Smuggle* here ?

1st Coff. Boy. Mr. *Smuggle's* not here, Sir, you'll find him at the Books.

2d Stock. Ho ! here comes two Sparks from t'other End of the Town ; what News bring they ?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite that Spark in the brown Coat; he comes very often into the Alley, but never employs a Broker.

Enter Colonel and Freeman.

2d Stock. Who does any Thing in the Civil-List Lottery? or *Caco*? Zounds, where are all the *Jews* this Afternoon? Are you a Bull or a Bear To-day, *Abraham*?

3d Stock. A Bull, faith,—but I have a good Putt for next Week.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, your Servant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A *Dutch* Merchant just come to *England*; but hark ye, Mr. *Tradelove*,—I have a Piece of News will get you as much as the *French* King's Death did if you are expeditious.

Free. [*Shewing him a Letter.*] Read there, I receiv'd it just now from one that belongs to the Emperor's Minister.

Trade. [*Reads.*] Sir, as I have many Obligations to you, I cannot miss any Opportunity to shew my Gratitude; this Moment my Lord has receiv'd a private Express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their Siege from before *Cagliari*; if this proves any Advantage to you, it will answer both the Ends and Wishes of, Sir, your most obliged humble Servant,

Henricus Duffeldorp.

Postscript.

In two or three Hours the News will be publick.

May one depend upon this, Mr. *Freeman*?

[*Aside to Freeman.*

Free. You may.—I never knew this Person send me a false Piece of News in my Life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you, 'Egad 'tis rare News.—Who sells *South-Sea* for next Week?

Stock Job. [*All together.*] I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.

1st Stock. I'll sell 5000*l.* for next Week, at *Five-Eighths*.

2d Stock.—I'll sell ten thousand, at *Five-Eighths*, for the same Time.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not all together Gentlemen,

lemen, I'll be no Bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you sell ten thousand Pounds at a Half, for any Day next Week, except *Saturday*?

1st Stock. I'll sell it you, Mr. *Tradelove*.

Free. [*Whispers to one of the Gentlemen.*]

Gent. [*Aside.*] The *Spaniards* rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari*! I don't believe one Word of it.

2d Gent. Rais'd the Siege; as much as you have rais'd the Monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, Sir.

2d Gent. What will you lay on't?

Free. What you please.

1st Gent. Why, I have a Brother upon the Spot, in the Emperor's Service; I am certain if there were any such Thing, I should have had a Letter.

2d Stock. How's this? The Siege of *Cagliari* rais'd? —I wish it may be true, 'twill make Business stir, and Stocks rise.

1st Stock. *Tradelove*'s a cunning fat Pear; if this News proves true, I shall repent I sold him the five thousand Pounds.—Pray, Sir, what Assurance have you that the Siege is rais'd?

Free. There is come an Express to the Emperor's Minister.

2d Stock. I'll know that presently.

1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty Pounds 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a Brace of Hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you.

4th Stock. 'Egad, I'll hold twenty Pieces 'tis not rais'd, Sir.

Free. Done with you too.

Trade. I'll lay any Man a Brace of Thousands the Siege is rais'd.

Free. The *Dutch* Merchant is your Man to take in.

[*Aside to Tradelove.*]

Trade. Does not he know the News?

Free. Not a Syllable; if he did, he would bet a Hundred thousand Pound as soon as one Penny; —he's

—he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at Wagers.
[To Tradelove.

Trade. Say you so—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible;
—Are you from *Holland*, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the News before you came away?

Col. Wat believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the *Spaniards* have actually rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari*.

Col. Wat *Duyvel's* News is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer.—'tis no true, Sir.

Trade. 'Tis so true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand Pounds upon it.—You are sure the Letter may be depended upon, Mr. *Freeman*?

Free. Do you think I would venture my Money if I were not sure of the Truth of it? [Aside to Trade.

Col. Two duyfend Pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen—dis Gentleman sal hold de Gelt.

[Gives Freeman Money.

Trade. With all my Heart—this binds the Wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, Mynheer; the Siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. Ik gelov't niet, Mynheer *Freeman*, ik sal ye dubbled houden, if you please.

Free. I am let into the Secret, therefore won't win your Money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have snapt the *Dutchman*, faith, ha, ha! this is no ill Day's Work.—Pray, may I crave your Name, Mynheer?

Col. Myn Naem, Mynheer! myn Naem is *Jan van Timamtirelereletta Heer Fainwell*.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long Name, I shall never remember it—*Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim*,
—What the Devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed, I know the Gentleman, and will pass my Word for twice the Sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me sooner than you'll wish, old Gentleman, I fancy. [Aside.] You'll come to Sack-but's, *Freeman*. [Exit.

Free. Immediately.

[Aside to the Colonel.
1st Man.

1st Man. *Humphry Hump* here?

2^d Boy. Mr. *Humphry Hump* is not here; you'll find him upon the *Dutch Walk*.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, I give you many Thanks for your Kindness. —

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside*.

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at *Sackbut's*; adieu. [*Exit*.

Trade. Sir, your humble Servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon 'Change with my News. [*Exit*.

SCENE II. *The Tavern.*

Enter Freeman and Colonel.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old Fellow swallowed the Bait as greedily as a Gudgeon.

Col. I have him, faith, ha, ha, ha! — His two thousand Pounds secure — if he would keep his Money, he must part with the Lady, ha, ha. — What came of your two Friends? They perform'd their Part very well; you should have brought 'em to take a Glass with us.

Free. No Matter, we'll drink a Bottle together another Time. — I did not care to bring them hither; there's no Necessity to trust them with the main Secret, you know, *Colonel*.

Col. Nay, that's right, *Freeman*.

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Joy, Joy, *Colonel*! The luckiest Accident in the World.

Col. What say'st thou?

Sack. This Letter does your Business.

Col. [*Reads.*] To *Obadiab Prim*, Hosier, near the Building call'd the *Monument*, in *London*.

Free. A Letter to *Prim*! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the Letters our Post Woman brought, as I always do, to see what Letters are directed to my House, (for she can't read, you must know) I 'spy'd this to *Prim*, so paid for it among the rest; I have given the old Jade a Pint of Wine on Purpose to delay Time, till you see if the Letter be of any Service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it

it by Mistake; — I have read it, and fancy you'll like the Project — Read, read *Colonel*.

Col. [Reads.] *Friend Prim, there is arriv'd from Pensilvania one Simon Pure, a Leader of the Faithful, who hath sojourn'd with us eleven Days, and hath been of great Comfort to the Brethren.—He intendeth for the Quarterly Meeting in London; I have recommended him to thy House. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy Wife cherish him, for he's of weakly Constitution— he will depart from us the third Day; which is all from thy Friend in the Faith.*

Aminadab Holdfast.

Ha, ha, excellent! I understand you, Landlord, I am to personate this *Simon Pure*, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the Hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the best Contrivance in the World, if the right *Simon* gets not there before you—

Col. No, no, the Quakers never ride Post; he can't be here before To-morrow at soonest: Do you send and buy me a Quaker's Dress, Mr. *Sackbut*; and suppose, *Freeman*, you should wait at the *Bristol* Coach, that if you see any such Person, you might contrive to give me Notice.—

Free. I will—the Country Dress and Boots, are they ready?

Sack. Yes, yes, every Thing———Sir.

Free. Bring 'em in then.—[*Exit Sack.*] Thou must dispatch *Periwinkle* first——remember his Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is an old Batchelor of Seventy-five—that he has Seven hundred a Year, most in Abbey Land—that he was once in Love with your Mother, and shrewdly suspected by some to be your Father,—that you have been thirty Years his Steward,—and ten Years his Gentleman,—remember to improve these Hints.

Col. Never fear, let me alone for that——but what's the Steward's Name?

Free. His Name is *Pillage*.

Col. Enough——[*Enter Sackbut with Cloaths.*] Now for the Country Put —— [Dresses.

Free. 'Egad, Landlord, thou deservedst to have the first

first Night's Lodging with the Lady for thy Fidelity ;
—what say you, *Colonel*, shall we settle a Club here ?
you'll make one ?

Col. Make one ! I'll bring a Set of honest Officers,
that will spend their Money as freely to the King's
Health, as they would their Blood in his Service.

Sack. I thank you, *Colonel* ; here, here ! [*Bell rings.*
[*Exit Sackbut.*

Col. So, now for my Boots. [*Puts on Boots.*] Shall
I find you here, *Freeman*, when I come back ?

Free. Yes,———or I'll leave Word with *Sackbut*,
where he may send for me—Have you the Writings,
the Will———and every Thing ?

Col. All, all !——— [*Enter Sackbut.*

Sack. Zounds ! Mr. *Freeman* ! yonder is *Tradelove*
in the damned'st Passion in the World—He swears you
are in the House,—he says you told him you were to
dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha ! he has found himself bit
already.———

Col. The Devil ! he must not see me in this Dress.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were
not come yet———

Free. Very well,———make you Haste out, *Colonel*,
and let me alone to deal with him : Where is he ?

Sack. In the *King's-Head*.

Col. You remember what I told you ?

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know
I am come in,———and now Mr. *Pillage*, Success at-
tend you. [*Exit Sack.*

Col. Mr. *Proteus* rather———

From changing Shape, and imitating Jove,

I draw the happy Omens of my Love.

I'm not the first young Brother of the Blade,

Who made his Fortune in a Masquerade. [*Exit Col.*

Enter Tradelove.

Free. Zounds ! Mr. *Tradelove*, we're bit it seems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr. *Freeman* ! I am
ruin'd.———Pox on your News.

Free. Pox on the Rascal that sent it me.———

Trade. Sent it you ! Why *Gabriel Skinflint* has been
at the Minister's, and spoke with him, and he has as-
sur'd

fur'd him 'tis every Syllable false ; he receiv'd no such Express.

Free. I know it: I this Minute parted with my Friend, who protested he never sent me any such Letter—Some roguish Stock-Jobber has done it on Purpose to make me lose my Money, that's certain : I wish I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it—I have lost 300*l.* by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred Pounds to what I have lost ? There's two thousand Pounds to that *Dutchman* with a cursed long Name, besides the Stock I bought ? the Devil ! I could tear my Flesh—I must never shew my Face upon 'Change more ;—for, by my Soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it ! What can I serve you in ? Shall I speak to the *Dutch* Merchant, and try to get you Time for the Payment.

Trade. Time ! Ads'heart ; I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the Occasion, and wish I could be an Instrument of retrieving your Misfortune ; for my own, I value it not. Adso ! a Thought comes into my Head, that, well improv'd, may be of Service.

Trade. Ah ! there's no Thought can be of any Service to me, without paying the Money, or running away.

Free. How do we know ? What do you think of my proposing Mrs. *Lovely* to him ? He is a single Man—and I heard him say he had a Mind to marry an *English* Woman—nay, more than that, he said somebody told him you had a pretty Ward—he wish'd you had betted her instead of your Money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her instead of the Money ; the *Dutch* are too covetous for that ; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better ; you may venture to give him your Consent, if he'll forgive you the Wager : It is not your Business to tell him that your Consent will signify nothing.

Trade.

Trade. That's right as you say ; but will he do it, think you ?

Free. I can't tell that ; but I'll try what I can do with him—He has promis'd to meet me here an Hour hence ; I'll feel his Pulse, and let you know : If I find it feasible, I'll send for you ; if not, you are at Liberty to take what Measures you please.

Trade. You must extol her Beauty, double her Portion, and tell him I have the intire Disposal of her, and that she can't marry without my Consent ;——and that I am a covetous Rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable Consideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a Lye at a Pinch.

Trade. 'Egad if you can bring this to bear, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll make you whole again ; I'll pay the three hundred Pounds you lost, with all my Soul.

Free. Well, I'll use my best Endeavours——Where will you be ?

Trade. At Home ; pray Heaven you prosper——If I were but the sole Trustee now, I should not fear it. Who the Devil would be a Guardian.

*If, when Cash runs low, our Coffers t'enlarge,
We can't, like other Stocks, transfer our Charge ?*

[Exit.

Free. Ha, ha, ha——he has it.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Changes to Periwinkle's House.*

Enter Periwinkle on one Side, and Footmen on t'other.

Foot. A Gentleman from *Coventry* enquires for you, Sir.

Per. From my Uncle, I warrant you ; bring him up——This will save me the Trouble, as well as the Expence of a Journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is your Name *Periwinkle*, Sir ?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am sorry for the Message I bring——My old Master, whom I served these forty Years, claims the Sorrow due from a faithful Servant to an indulgent Master.

[Weeps.

Per. By this I understand, Sir, my Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is dead.

Col.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you Heir to seven Hundred a Year, in as good- Abbey-Land as ever paid *Peter-Pence* to Rome ——— I wish you long to enjoy it, but my Tears will flow when I think of my Benefactor. ——— [*Weeps.*] Ah! he was a good Man——he has not left many of his Fellows——the Poor lament him sorely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what Office bore you?

Col. I was his Steward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much Respect; your Name is ———

Col. *Pillage*, Sir.

Per. Ay, *Pillage*, I do remember he called you *Pillage*——Pray, Mr. *Pillage*, when did my Uncle die?

Col. *Monday* last, at Four in the Morning. About Two he sign'd his Will, and gave it into my Hands, and strictly charg'd me to leave *Coventry* the Moment he expir'd, and deliver it to you with what Speed I could: I have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the Will.

[*Gives it to Per.*]

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are Two Things which he forgot to insert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he desir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the Will, which is to remove his Corpse, and bury him by his Father at St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and to give all his Servants Mourning.

Per. That will be a considerable Charge; a Pox of all modern Fashions. [*Aside.*] Well! it shall be done. Mr. *Pillage*, I will agree with one of Death's Fashion-Mongers, call'd an Undertaker, to go down, and bring up the Body.

Col. I hope, Sir, I shall have the Honour to serve you in the same Station I did your worthy Uncle; I have not many Years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the Family, where I was brought up ——— [*Weeps.*] He was a kind and tender Master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. *Pillage*, you shall hold your Place, and every Thing else which you held under my Uncle.——You make me weep to see you so

con-

concern'd. [*Weeps.*] He liv'd to a good old Age, and we are all mortal.

Col. We are so, Sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this Lease: You'll find Sir *Toby* has taken particular Notice of it in his Will—I could not get it Time enough from the Lawyer, or he had sign'd it before he dy'd. [*Gives him a Paper.*]

Per. A Lease! for what?

Col. I rented a Hundred a Year of Sir *Toby* upon Lease, which Lease expires at *Lady-Day* next. I desire to renew it for twenty Years—that's all. Sir.

Per. Let me see. [*Looks over the Lease.*]

Col. Matters go swimmingly, if nothing intervene. [*Aside.*]

Per. Very well—Let's see what he says in his Will about it.

[*Lays the Lease upon the Table, and looks on the Will.*]

Col. He's very wary, yet I fancy I shall be too cunning for him. [*Aside.*]

Per. Ho, here it is—*The Farm lying—now in Possession of Samuel Pillage—suffer him to renew his Lease—at the same Rent*—Very well, Mr. *Pillage*, I see my Uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his Will. Give me the Lease—[Col. gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the Table.] Pray you step to the Door, and call for a Pen and Ink, Mr. *Pillage*.

Col. I have a Pen and Ink in my Pocket, Sir, [*Pulls out an Ink-horn.*] I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your Profession—[*He looks upon the Pen, while the Col. changes the Lease, and lays down the Contract.*] I doubt this is but a sorry Pen, tho' it may serve to write my Name. [*Writes.*]

Col. Little does he think what he signs. [*Aside.*]

Per. There is your Lease, Mr. *Pillage*, [*Gives him the Paper.*] Now I must desire you to make what Haste you can down to *Coventry*, and take Care of every Thing, and I'll send down the Undertaker for the Body; do you attend it up, and whatever Charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir.

[*Aside.*]

Per. Will you dine with me?

C

Col.

Col. I would rather not, there are some of my Neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the Town this Afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their Company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you.

Col. I don't care how soon I am out. [Aside.

Per. I will give Orders about Mourning.

Col. You will have Cause to mourn, when you know your Estate imaginary only. [Aside.

You'll find your Hopes and Care alike are vain,

In Spite of all the Caution you have ta'en,

Fortune rewards the faithful Lover's Pain. [Exit.

Per. Seven Hundred a Year! I wish he had died seventeen Years ago:—What a valuable Collection of Rarities might I have had by this Time!—I might have travell'd over all the known Parts of the Globe, and made my own Closet rival the Vatican at Rome. —Odso, I have a good Mind to begin my Travels now; —let me see, —I am but Sixty! My Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather, reach'd Ninety odd;—I have almost forty Years good:—Let me consider! what will seven hundred a Year amount to in —ay! in thirty Years, I'll say but Thirty —Thirty Times Seven, is Seven Times Thirty, —that is —just twenty-one thousand Pounds, —'tis a great deal of Money. —I may very well reserve sixteen Hundred of it for a Collection of such Rarities, as will make my Name famous to Posterity; —I would not die like other Mortals, forgotten in a Year or two, as my Uncle will be —No,

With Nature's curious Works I'll raise my Fame,

That Men, 'till Doom's-Day, may repeat my Name.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern; Freeman and Trade-love over a Bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan Van Tim, Tam, Tam; —I shall never think of that Dutchman's Name —

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fairwell.

Trade. Ay, Her Van Fairwell, I never heard such a confounded Name in my Life —here's his Health, I say.

Free.

Free. With all my Heart.

Trade. Faith I never expected to have found so generous a Thing in a *Dutchman*.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the *Hollander* in his Temper——except an Antipathy to Monarchy.——As soon as I told him your Circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the Ruin of any Man for the World——and immediately made this Proposal himself——Let him take what Time he will for the Payment, said he; or if he'll give me his Ward, I'll forgive him the Debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. *Freeman*, I can but thank you.——'Egad you have made a Man of me again! and if ever I lay a Wager more, may I rot in a Gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. *Tradelove*, I was very much concern'd, because I was the Occasion,——tho' very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. *Freeman*.

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Please to have a Lesson of Musick, or a Song, Gentleman?

Free. A Song; Ay, with all our Hearts; have you a very merry one?

Fid. Yes, Sir, my Wife and I can give you a merry Dialogue. [Here is the Song.

Trade. 'Tis very pretty Faith.

Free. There's something for you to drink, Friend, go, lose no Time.

Fid. I thank you, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Drawer and Colonel dress'd for the Dutch Merchant.

Col. Ha, Mynheer *Tradelove*, Ik ben sorry voor your Troubles—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik wil de gelt nie hebben——

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the Obligation, Sir.

Free. But you understand upon what Condition, Mr. *Tradelove*; Mrs. *Lovely*.

Col. Ya, de Frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my Heart, Mynheer; you shall have my Consent to marry her freely——

Free. Well, then, as I am a Party concern'd between

tween you, *Mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell* shall give you a Discharge of your Wager under his own Hand,—and you shall give him your Consent to marry Mrs. *Lovely* under your's ———that is the Way to avoid all Manner of Disputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, Weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll give it under mine this Minute. [Sits down to write.

Col. And so Ik sal. [Sits down to write.

Free. So ho, the House, [*Enter Drawer.*] Bid your Master come up—I'll see there be Witnesses enough to the Bargain. [*Aside.*

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Do you call, Gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. *Sackbut*, we shall want your Hand here——

Trade. There, *Mynheer*, there's my Consent as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own Name, for I know not how to spell it; I have left a Blank for it. [*Gives the Colonel a Paper.*

Col. Ya Ik sal dat well doen——

Free. Now, Mr. *Sackbut*, you and I will witness it. [*They write.*

Col. Daer, *Mynheer Tradelove*, is your Discharge. [*Gives him a Paper.*

Trade. Be pleased to witness this Receipt too, Gentlemen. [*Freeman and Sackbut put their Hands.*

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. Well, *Mynheer*, ye most meer doen, ye most Myn voorsprach to de Frow Syn.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the Lady.——

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my Brother Guardians.

Col. Wat voor, deDuyvel heb you meer Guardians?

Trade. Only *Three*, *Mynheer*.

Col. What donder heb ye Myn betrocken *Mynheer*?—Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude eaven met you geweest Syn.

Sack. But Mr. *Tradelove* is the Principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, Sir.

Free.

Free. And he shall use his Interest, I promise you, Mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the Lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer—Maer ye must first spreken of Myn to de Frow, and to oudere Gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the best Way,—and then I and the *Heer Van Fainwell* will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this Moment, upon Honour——Your most obedient humble Servant.——My speaking will do you little Good, Mynheer, ha, ha; we have bit you, faith, ha, ha.

*Well,—my Debt's discharged, and for the Man,
He's as my Consent—to get her, if he can.* [Exit.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a Master-Piece of Contrivance, *Freeman*.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good Fortune, and little thinks the Luck's on our Side!—but come, pursue the fickle Goddess while she's in the Mood—Now for the Quaker.

Col. That's the hardest Task.

*Of all the Counterfeits perform'd by Man,
A Soldier makes the simplest Puritan.* [Exeunt

 ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Prim's House.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Mrs. Lovely in Quaker's Dresses, meeting.

Mrs. Pr. S O, now I like thee *Anne*; art thou not better without thy monstrous Hoop-Coat and Patches?—If Heaven should make thee so many black Spots upon thy Face, wou'd it not fright thee, *Anne*?

Mrs. Lov. If it shou'd turn your Inside outward, and shew all the Spots of your Hypocrisy, 'twou'd fright me worse!

Mrs. Pr. My Hypocrisy! I scorn thy Words, *Anne*, I lay no Baits.

Mrs. Lov. If you did, you'd catch no Fish.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, make thy Jests—but I'd have thee to know, *Anne*, that I cou'd have catch'd as many Fish, (as thou call'st them) in my Time, as ever thou did'st with all thy Fool-Traps about thee—If Admirers be thy Aim, thou wilt have more of them in this Dress than the other—The Men, take my Word for't, are most desirous to see what we are most careful to conceal.

Mrs. Lov. Is that the Reason of your Formality, *Mrs. Prim*? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more Design than Godliness in the pinch'd Cap.

Mrs. Pr. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd Plays, and filthy Romances,—good for nothing but
to

to lead Youth into the High-Road of Fornication.—
Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked Ones.

Mrs. Lov. Too familiar with the wicked Ones? Pray no more of those Freedoms, Madam,—I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself:—How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy Woman you. *[Bursts into Tears.]*

Enter Tradelove.

Trade. What in Tears, *Nancy*? What have you done to her, *Mrs. Prim*, to make her weep?

Mrs. Lov. Done to me! I admire I keep my Senses among you;—but I will rid myself of your Tyranny, if there be either Law or Justice to be had;—I'll force you to give me up my Liberty.

Mrs. Pr. Thou hast more need to weep for thy Sins, *Anne*—Yea, for thy manifold Sins.

Mrs Lov. Don't think that I'll be still the Fool which you have made me.—No, I'll wear what I please—go when and where I please,—and keep what Company I think fit, and not what you shall direct,—I will.

Trade. For my Part, I do think all this very reasonable, *Mrs. Lovely*,—'tis fit you should have your Liberty, and for that very Purpose I am come.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle, and Obadiah Prim, with a Letter in his Hand.

Per. I have bought some black Stockings of your Husband, *Mrs. Prim*, but he tells me the Glover's Trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or six Dozen of mourning Gloves, such as are given at Funerals, and send them to my House.

Ob. Pr. My Friend *Periwinkle* has got a good Wind-fall to-day—seven Hundred a Year.

Mrs. Pr. I wish thee Joy of it, Neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir *Toby* dead then?

Per. He is! You'll take Care, *Mrs. Prim*.

Mrs. Pr. Yea, I will, Neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This Letter recommendeth a Speaker; 'tis from *Aminadab Holdfast* of *Bristol*; peradventure he will be here this Night; therefore, *Sarah*, do thou take Care for his Reception. —

[*Gives her the Letter.*

Mrs. Pr. I will obey thee.

[*Exit.*

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the Dumps for, *Anne*?

Trade. We must marry her, *Mr. Prim.*

Ob. Pr. Why truly, if we cou'd find a Husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou would'st, Neighbour.

Per. Well said, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a Man now, that I think you can none of you have an Objection to!

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the Husband —

Sir Phil. What must it be, a Whale or a Rhinoceros, *Mr. Periwinkle*, ha, ha, ha? *Mr. Tradelove*, I have a Bill upon you [*Gives him a Paper*] and have been seeking for you all over the Town.

Trade. I'll accept it, *Sir Philip*, and pay it when due. —

Per. He shall be none of the Fops at your End of the Town, with full Perukes and empty Skulls,—nor yet any of your trading Gentry, who puzzle the Heralds to find Arms for their Coaches.—No, he shall be a Man famous for Travels, Solidity, and Curiosity — one who has search'd into the Profundity of Nature! When Heaven shall direct such a One, he shall have my Consent, because it may turn to the Benefit of Mankind.

Mrs. Lov. The Benefit of Mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir Phil. Ay, ay, Madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a Microscope, to see how your Blood circulates from the Crown of your Head to the Sole of your Foot,—ha, ha! but I

have a Husband for you, a Man that knows how to improve your Fortune; one that trades to the four Corners of the Globe.

Mrs. Lov. And would send me for a Venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the Pride of *Europe, Asia, Africa* and *America*—a *Dutch* Merchant, my Girl.

Sir Phil. A *Dutchman*! ha, ha, there's a Husband for a fine Lady.—Ya Frow, will you meet myn Slapen—ha, ha; he'll learn you to talk the Language of the Hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll learn you that one Merchant is of more Service to a Nation than fifty Coxcombs.—The *Dutch* know the trading Interest to be of more Benefit to the State, than the Landed.

Sir Phil. But what is either Interest to a Lady?

Trade. 'Tis the Merchant makes the *Belle*—How would the Ladies sparkle in the Box without the Merchant? The *Indian* Diamond! The *French* Brocade! The *Italian* Fan! The *Flanders* Lace! The fine *Dutch* Holland! How would they vent their Scandal over their Tea-Tables? And where would your Beaux have *Champagne* to toast their Mistresses, were it not for the Merchant?

Ob. Pr. Verily, Neighbour *Tradelove*, thou dost waste thy Breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch Youth, and fill their Heads with the Pride and Luxury of this World.—The Merchant is a very great Friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his Dominions as the Pope.

Per. Right, I say Knowledge makes the Man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy Kind of Knowledge—it is the Knowledge of Truth.—Search thou for the Light within, and not for Baubles, Friend.

Mrs. Lov. Ah, study your Country's Good, Mr. *Periwinkle*, and not her Insects.—Rid you of your home-bred Monsters, before you fetch any from abroad—I dare swear you have Maggots enough in your own Brain to stock all the *Virtuoso's* in *Europe* with Butterflies.

Sir Phil. By my Soul, Miss *Nancy's* a Wit.

Ob. Pr. That is more than she can say by thee, Friend——Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my Leave to marry him.

Mrs. Lov. Provided he be of the Faithful——Was there ever such a Swarm of Caterpillars to blast the Hopes of a Woman! [*Aside.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no Husband of your chusing, nor shall you lord it over me long——I'll try the Power of an *English* Senate——Orphans have been redress'd, and Wills set aside——And none did ever deserve their Pity more——Oh *Fainwell*! where are thy Promises to free me from these Vermin? Alas! the Task was more difficult than he imagin'd!

*A harder Task than what the Poets tell
Of Yore, the fair Andromeda befell;
She but one Monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no Deliv'rer near.* [Exit.

Enter Servant, and whispers to Prim.

Serv. One *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee.

Per. The Woman is mad. [Exit.

Sir Phil. So you are all in my Opinion. [Exit.

Ob. Pr. Friend *Tradelove*, Business requireth my Prefence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you—Pox take him for an unmannerly Dog—However, I have kept my Word with my *Dutchman*, and will introduce him too for all you. [Exit.

Enter Colonel in a Quaker's Habit.

Ob. Pr. Friend *Pure*, thou art welcome; how is it with Friend *Holdfast*, and all Friends in *Bristol*? *Timothy Littleworth*, *John Slenderbrain*, and *Christopher Keepfaith*?

Col. A goodly Company! [*Aside.*] They are all in Health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend *Holdfast* writes me Word, that thou camest lately from *Pensilvania*, how do all Friends there?

Col.

Col. What the Devil shall I say? I know just as much of *Pensilvania* as I do of *Bristol*? [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, Friend, the Blessing of their good Works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Mrs. Lovely.

Ob. Pr. *Sarah*, know our Friend *Pure*.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art welcome. [*He salutes her.*

Col. Here comes the Sum of all my Wishes—How charming she appears even in that Disguise! [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Why dost thou consider the Maiden so attentively, Friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four Days ago I saw a Vision—This very Maiden, but in vain Attire, standing on a Precipice; and heard a Voice, which called me by my Name—and bid me put forth my Hand and save her from the Pit—I did so, and methought the Damsel grew to my Side.

Mrs. Pr. What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The Damsel's Conversion—I am persuaded.

Mrs. Lov. That's false, I'm sure—— [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou use the Means, Friend *Pure*?

Col. Means! what Means? Is she not thy Daughter, already one of the Faithful?

Mrs. Pr. No, alas! she's one of the Ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Praythee mind what this good Man will say unto thee; he will teach thee the Way that thou shouldest walk, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. I know my Way without his Instruction: I hop'd to have been quiet, when once I had put on your odious Formality here.

Col. Then thou wearest it out of Compulsion, not Choice, Friend?

Mrs. Lov. Thou art in the right of it, Friend.—

Mrs. Pr. Art thou not ashamed to mimick the good Man? Ah! thou art a stubborn Girl.

Col. Mind her not; she hurteth not me—!f thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few Points with her, that may perchance soften her Stubbornness, and melt her into Compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee *put it home to her*.—
Come, *Sarah*, let us leave the good Man with her.

Mrs. Lov. [*Catching hold of Prim, he breaks loose, and Exit.*] What do you mean—to leave me with this old Enthusiastical Canter? Don't think, because I comply'd with your Formality, to impose your ridiculous Doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young Woman, moderate thy Passion.

Mrs. Lov. I pray thee walk after thy Leader, you will but lose your Labour upon me.—These Wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. I am of another Opinion; the Spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis a lying Spirit, don't believe it.

Col. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my Angel. [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Mrs. Lov. [*Shrieks.*] Ah! Monster hold off, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Col. Hush! for Heaven's-sake—dost thou not know me? I am *Fainwell*.

Mrs. Lov. *Fainwell*! [*Enter old Prim.*] Oh I'm undone! *Prim* here—I wish with all my Soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the Matter? Why did'st thou shriek out *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry Murder, Thieves, or any Thing, to drown the Noise of that eternal Babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, *Anne*.

Col. No Matter, I'll bring down her Stomach I'll warrant thee—Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well. [*Exit.*

Col. My charming lovely Woman! [*Embraces her.*

Mrs. Lov. What mean'st thou by this Disguise, *Fainwell*?

Col. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy Promise.

Mrs. Lov. Make me Mistress of my Fortune, and make thy own Conditions.

Col.

Col. This Night shall answer all my Wishes——See here, I have the Consent of *three* of thy Guardians already, and doubt not but *Prim* will make the *fourth*.

[*Prim* listening.

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what Arguments the good Man useth to bend her. [Aside.

Mrs. Lov. Thy Words give me new Life, methinks.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Mrs. Lov. Thou best of men, Heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.——Oh wonderful Conversion!

Col. Ha! *Prim* listening.—No more, my Love, we are observed; seem to be edified, and give 'em Hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the Rest to me. [Aloud.] I am glad to find that thou art touch'd with what I said unto thee, *Anne*; another Time I will explain the other Article unto thee; in the mean while, be thou dutiful to our Friend *Prim*.

Mrs. Lov. I shall obey thee in every Thing.

Enter Ob. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Oh what a prodigious Change is here! Thou hast wrought a Miracle, Friend! *Anne*, how dost thou like the Doctrine he hath preached?

Mrs. Lov. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am ashamed of my former Folly, and ask your Pardon, Mr. *Prim*.

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry; he is no Pope, *Anne*.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, Friend; will it please thee to walk into the next Room, and refresh thyself——Come, take the Maiden by the Hand.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee, Master.

Col. The Devil there is.

[Aside.
Ob.

Ob. Pr. Another *Simon Pure*! I do not know him, is he any relation of thine?

Col. No Friend, I know him not——Pox take him; I wish he were in *Pensilvania* again, with all my Soul.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Lov. What shall I do?

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain—Now Impudence assist me.

Enter Simon Pure.

Ob. Pr. What is thy Will with me, Friend?

S. P. Didst thou not receive a Letter from *Aminidab Holdfast* of *Bristol*, concerning one *Simon Pure*?

Ob. Pr. Yea, and *Simon Pure* is already here, Friend.

Col. And *Simon Pure* will stay here, Friend, if possible.

[*Aside.*

S. Pu. That's an Untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, Friend, what thou dost say; I do affirm that I am *Simon Pure*.

S. Pu. Thy Name may be *Pure*, Friend, but not that *Pure*.

Col. Yea that *Pure*, which my good Friend *Aminadab Holdfast* wrote to my Friend *Prim* about, the same *Simon Pure* that came from *Pensilvania*, and sojourned in *Bristol* eleven Days; thou would'st not take my Name from me, would'st thou?——'till I have done with it.

[*Aside.*

S. Pu. Thy Name! I'm astonish'd!

Col. At what? at thy own Assurance?

[*Going up to him, S. Pure starts back.*

S. P. Avant, *Satan*, approach me not; I defy thee and all thy Works.

Mrs. Lov. Oh, he'll outcant him—Undone, undone for ever.

[*Aside.*

Col. Hark thee, Friend, thy Sham will not take—Don't exert thy Voice, thou art too well acquainted with *Satan* to start at him, thou wicked Reprobate—What can thy Design be here?

Enter

Enter a Servant, and gives Prim a Letter.

Ob. Pr. One of these must be a Counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

Col. What can that Letter be? [*Aside.*

S. Pu. Thou must be the Devil, Friend, that's certain, for no human Power can stock so great a Falshood.

Ob. Pr. This Letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that Prince of Darknefs, than any here—Read that I pray thee, *Simon.* [*Gives it the Col.*

Col. 'Tis *Freeman's* Hand—[*Reads.*] *There is a Design formed to rob your House this Night, and cut your Throat; and for that Purpose there is a Man disguised like a Quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure; the Gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol, one of them came in the Coach with the Quaker, whose Name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that Design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you, as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure; and keep him with you. Make the right Use of this. Adieu—*Excellent well! [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Dost thou hear this? [*To S. Pure.*

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that doubtless is the Impostor. [*Pointing at the Col.*

Col. Ah! thou wicked One——now I consider thy Face, I remember thou did'st come up in the Leathern Conveniency with me——thou hadst a black Bob Wig on, and a brown Camblet Coat with Brass Buttons——Can'st thou deny it ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a safe Conscience too, Friend.

Ob. Pr. Verily Friend, thou art the most impudent Villain I ever saw.

Mrs. Lov. Nay, then I'll have a fling at him. [*Aside.* I remember the Face of this Fellow at *Bath*——Ay this is he that pick'd my Lady *Raffle's* Pocket in the Grove——Don't you remember that the Mob pump'd you, Friend?——This is the most notorious Rogue——

S. Pu

S. Pu. What dost provoke thee to seek my Life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no Hurt, nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy Business, Friend, and leave thy wicked Course of Life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where.

Col. Go, Friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy Fate no more.

S. Pu. Yea, I will go, but it shall be to thy Confusion; for I shall clear myself: I will return with some Proofs that shall convince thee, *Obadiab*, that thou art highly imposed upon. [Exit.

Col. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain—What the Devil shall I do? [Aside.

Ob. Pr. What monstrous Works of Iniquity are there in this World, *Simon*!

Col. Yea, the Age is full of Vice——S'death, I am so confounded, I know not what to say. [Aside.

Ob. Pr. Thou art disorder'd, Friend——art thou not well?

Col. My Spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good Work in converting this Maiden, this tender Maiden, yet my Labour will be in vain: for the evil Spirit fighteth against her; and I see, yea I see with the eye of my inward Man, that *Satan* will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very Damfel will, return again to that Abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out of the Jaws of the Fiend.——

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkest thou so?

Mrs. Lov. I must second him. [Aside.] What meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the Spirit resisteth the Vanities of this World, but the Flesh is rebellious, yea the Flesh—I greatly fear the Flesh and the Weakness thereof——hum——

Ob. Pr. The Maid is inspir'd. [Aside.

Col. Behold, her Light begins to shine forth.——Excellent Woman?

Mrs. Lov. This good Man hath spoken Comfort unto me,

me, yea Comfort, I say; because the Words which he hath breathed into my outward Ears, are gone through and fix'd in mine Heart, yea verily in mine Heart, I say;—and I feel the Spirit doth love him exceedingly, hum——

Col. She acts it to the Life. [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The Damsel is filled with the Spirit,—*Sarah.*

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a Change in our beloved *Anne*. I came to tell thee that Supper stayeth for thee,

Col. I am not disposed for thy Food, my Spirit longeth for more delicious Meat!—fain would I redeem this Maiden from the Tribe of Sinners, and break those Cords afunder wherewith she is bound,—hum——

Mrs. Lov. Something whispers in my Ears, methinks—that I must be subject to the Will of this good Man, and from him only must hope for Consolation.—hum.—It also telleth me, that I am chosen a Vessel to raise up Seed to the Faithful, and that thou must consent that we *two* be *one* Flesh according to the Word, —hum——

Ob. Pr. What a Revelation is here! This is certainly Part of thy Vision, Friend, this is the Maiden's *growing to thy Side*; Ah! with what Willingness should I give thee my Consent, could I give thee her Fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the Consent of the wicked Ones.

Col. I wish I was sure of your's. [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. My Soul rejoiceth; yea, rejoiceth, I say, to find the Spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with *natural* Agitation,—yea, with *natural* Agitation, towards this good Man—yea, it *stirreth*, as one may say,—yea verily I say it *stirreth* up thy Inclination,—yea as one would *stir* a Pudding.

Mrs. Lov. I see, I see! the Spirit guiding of thy Hand, good *Obadiab Prim*, and now behold thou art signing thy Consent;—and now I see myself within thy Arms, my Friend and Brother, yea, I am become
Bone

Bone of thy Bone, and Flesh of thy Flesh. [*Embracing him—hum—*]

Col. Admirably perform'd [*Aside.*]*—*And I will take thee in all Spiritual Love for an Helpmate, yea, for the Wife of my Bosom,*—**—*and now methinks*—**—*I feel a *Longing*,*—*yea a *Longing*, I say, for the Consummation of thy Love,*—*yea, I do *long* exceedingly.

Mrs. Lov. And verily, verily, my Spirit feeleth the same *Longing*.

Mrs. Pr. The Spirit hath greatly moved them both,*—*Friend *Prim*, thou must consent, there's no resisting of the Spirit!

Ob. Pr. Yea, the Light within sheweth me, that I shall fight a good Fight,*—*and wrestle thro' those reprobate Fiends, thy other Guardians;*—*yea, I perceive the Spirit will hedge thee into the Flock of the Righteous.*—*Thou art a chosen Lamb.*—*yea a chosen Lamb, and I will not push thee back.*—*No, I will not, I say;*—*no, thou shalt leap-a, and frisk-a, and skip-a and *bound*, and *bound*, I say,*—*yea, *bound* within the *Fold* of the Righteous,*—*yea, even within thy *Fold*, my Brother.*—*Fetch me the Pen and Ink, *Sarah**—*and my Hand shall confess its Obedience to the Spirit.

Col. I wish it were over.

Enter Mrs. Prim with Pen and Ink.

Mrs. Lov. I tremble lest this quaking Rogue should return and spoil all. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Here Friend, do thou write what the Spirit prompteth, and I will sign it. [*Col. sits down.*]

Mrs. Pr. Verily, *Anne*, it greatly rejoiceth me, to see thee reformed from that original Wickedness wherein I found thee.

Mrs. Lov. I do believe thou art, and I thank thee*—*

Col. [*Reads,*] *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my Right and Title, in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full Consent that she shall become his Wife, according to the Form of Marriage. Witness my Hand.*

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me the Pen. [*Signs it.*
Enter

Enter Betty, running to Mrs. Lovely.

Betty. Oh! Madam, Madam, here's the quaking Man again, he has brought a Coachman and two or three more.

Mrs. Lov. Ruin'd past Redemption! [*Aside to Col.*

Col. No, no, one Minute sooner had spoil'd all; but now——here's Company coming, Friend, give me the Paper. [*Going up to Prim hastily.*

Ob. Pr. Here it is, *Simon*; and I wish thee happy with the Maiden.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis done, and now Devil do thy worst.

Enter Simon Pure, and Coachman, &c.

S. Pu. Look thee, Friend, I have brought these People to satisfy thee that I am not that Impostor which thou did'st take me for, this is the Man that did drive the Leathern Conveniency, and brought me from *Bristol*,—and this is——

Col. Look ye, Friend, to save the Court the Trouble of examining Witnesses—I plead guilty,—ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this? Is not thy Name *Pure*, then?

Col. No really, Sir, I only make bold with this Gentleman's Name——but I here give it up safe and sound; it has done the Business which I had Occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his Service upon the same Occasion at any Time.—Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu. Oh! the Wickedness of the Age!

Coachman. Then you have no further Need of us.

[*Exit.*

Col. No honest Man, you may go about your Business.

Ob. Pr. I am struck dumb with thy Impudence, *Anne*, thou hast deceiv'd me,——and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a dissembling Baggage, and Shame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*

S. Pu. I am grieved to see thy Wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Servant.

Per. Thy Brother Guardians enquire for thee ; here is another Man with them.

Mrs. Lov. Who can that other Man be ? [*To the Col.*

Col. 'Tis one *Freeman*, a Friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the Guardians here.

Enter Sir Philip, Tradelove, Periwinkle, and Freeman.

Free. [*To the Col.*] Is all safe ? did my Letter do you Service ?

Col. All, all's safe ! ample Service. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. Miss *Nancy*, how do'st do, Child ?

Mrs. Lov. Don't call me Miss, Friend *Philip*, my Name is *Anne*, thou knowest. —

Sir Phil. What is the Girl metamorphos'd.

Mrs. Lov. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd. Ah ! *Philip*, throw off that gaudy Attire, and wear the Cloaths becoming thy Age.

Ob. Pr. I am ashamed to see these Men. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. My Age ! the Woman is possess'd.

Col. No, thou art possess'd rather, Friend.

Trade. Hark ye, *Mrs. Lovely*, one Word with you.

[*Takes hold of her Hand.*

Col. This Maiden is my Wife, Thanks to Friend *Prim*, and thou hast no Business with her.

[*Takes her from him.*

Trade. His wife ! hark ye, Mr. *Freeman*.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine Piece of Work of it, Mr. *Prim*.

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker ! thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan, truly — there's a Husband for a young Lady !

Col. When I have put on my Beau Cloaths, *Sir Philip*, you'll like me better —

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very scurvy Beau — Friend —

Col. I believe I can prove it under your Hand that you thought me a very fine Gentleman in the Park tother Day, about thirty-six Minutes after Eleven ;
will

will you take a Pinch, Sir *Philip*——One of the finest Snuff-boxes you ever saw. [*Offers him Snuff.*]

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoy'd, faith I am, if thou be'st the Gentleman.——I own I did give my Consent to the Gentleman I brought here To-day;—but whether this is he, I can't be positive.

Ob. Pr. Can'st thou not?——Now I think thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan.——Thou shallow-brain'd Shuttlecock, he may be a Pick-pocket for ought thou do'st know.

Per. You would have been two rare Fellows to have been trusted with the sole Management of her Fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. *Tradelove* and myself shall take Care of her Portion.——

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will.—Didn't you tell me the *Dutch* Merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. *Freeman*?

Free. I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little Patience.

Col. What, is Mr. *Tradelove* impatient? Nay then, ik ben gereet voor you, heb be, *Jan van Timamtire-lireletta Heer Van Fainwell*, vergeeten!

Trade. Oh! pox of the Name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. *Freeman*?

Col. Trick'd, Mr. *Tradelove*! did not I give you two Thousand Pounds for your Consent fairly? And now do you tell a Gentleman he has tricked you?

Per. So, so, you are a pretty Guardian, faith, to sell your Charge; what, did you look upon her as Part of your Stock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy Knavery is found out however——I confess the Maiden over-reached me, and I had no sinister End at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one Thing or other over-reached you all,—but I'll take care he shall never finger a Penny of her Money, I warrant you;—over-reach'd quoth'a! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more Wit: I don't know but this very Fellow may be him that was directed to me from *Grand Cairo* t'other Day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col.

Col. The very same.

Per. Are you so, Sir? but your Trick would not pass upon me. —

Col. No, as you say, at that Time it did not, that was not my lucky Hour; — but hark ye, Sir, I must let you into one Secret — you may keep honest *John Tradescant's* Coat on, for your Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is not dead, — so the Charge of Mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha! — Don't you remember Mr. *Pillage*, your Uncle's Steward? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the Signing of a Lease, Mr. *Periwinkle*?

Per. Well, and what signifies that Lease, if my Uncle is not dead? — Ha! I am sure it was a Lease I signed. —

Col. Aye, but it was a Lease for Life, Sir, and of this beautiful Tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Mrs. Lovely.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours Fare.

Free. So then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a Lease as ever I read in my Life.

Col. You read a Lease I grant you, but you sign'd this Contract.

[*Shewing a Paper.*

Per. How durst you put this Trick upon me, Mr. *Freeman*? Didn't you tell me my Uncle was dying?

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my Friend, ha, ha!

Sir Phil. What the learned and famous Mr. *Periwinkle* chous'd too! — Ha, ha, ha! — I shall die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. It had been well if her Father had left her to wiser Heads than *thine* and *mine*, Friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade. Well, since you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the Gentleman is a fine Gentleman — I am glad you have got a Person, Madam, who understands Dress and good Breeding. — I was resolved she should have a Husband of my chusing.

Ob.

Ob. Pr. I am sorry the Maiden is fallen into such Hands.

Trade. A Beau! nay then she is finely help'd up.

Mrs. Lovely. Why Beaus are great Encouragers of Trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, Gentlemen—I am the Person who can give the best Account of myself, and I must beg Sir *Philip's* Pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much Aversion to what he calls Dress and Breeding, as I have to the Enemies of my Religion. I have had the Honour to serve his Majesty, and headed a Regiment of the bravest Fellows that ever push'd Bayonet in the Throat of a *Frenchman*; and notwithstanding the Fortune this Lady brings me, whenever my Country wants my Aid, this Sword and Arm are at her Service.

*Therefore, my Dear, if thou'lt but deign to smile,
I meet a Recompence for all my Toil:*

*Love and Religion ne'er admit Restraint,
And Force makes many Sinners, not one Saint;*

Still free as Air the active Mind does rove,

And searches proper Objects for its Love;

But that once fix'd, 'tis past the Pow'r of Art

To chase the dear Idea from the Heart:

'Tis Liberty of Choice that sweetens Life,

Makes the glad Husband and the happy Wife.

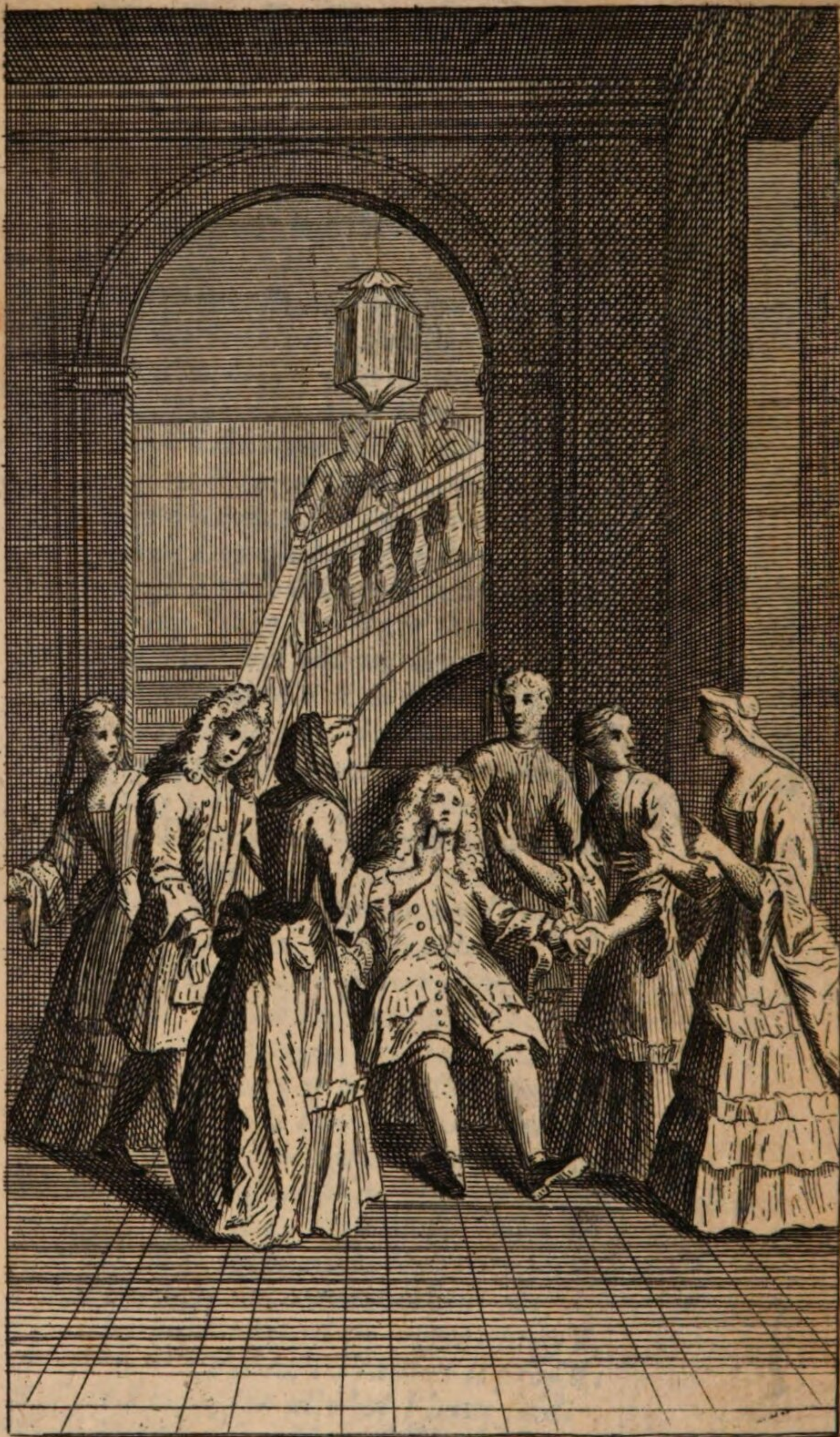
EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. SEWEL:

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

*WHAT new strange Ways our modern Beaux devise!
What Trials of Love-Skill, to gain the Prize!
The Heathen Gods, who never matter'd Rapes,
Scarce wore such strange Variety of Shapes:
The Devil take their odious barren Skulls,
To court in Form of Snakes and filthy Bulls:
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole Lap-full of true standard Gold;
How must his Godship then fair Danae warm!
In trucking Ware for Ware there is no Harm.
Well after all that Money has a Charm.
But now indeed that stale Invention's past;
Besides you know that Guineas fall so fast,
Poor Nymph must come to Pocket-piece at last.
Old Harry's Face, or good Queen Bess's Ruff,
Not that I'd take 'em—may do well enough;
No——my ambitious Spirit's far above
Those little Tricks of mercenary Love.
That Man be mine, who like the Col'nel here,
Can top his Character in ev'ry Sphere;
Who can a thousand Ways employ his Wit.
Out-promise Statesmen, and out-cheat a Cit:
Beyond the Colours of a Trav'ler paint,
And cant, and ogle too—beyond a Saint.
The last Disguise most pleas'd me, I confess,
There's something tempting in the preaching Dress;
And pleas'd me more than once a Dame of Note,
Who lov'd her Husband in his Footman's Coat.
To see one Eye in wanton Motions play'd,
The other to the Heav'nly regions stray'd,
As if for it's Fellow's Frailties it pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
To find my Spouse a Man of War in Bed.*

F I N I S.



THE

Beaux Stratagem:

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Drury Lane *and* Covent Garden,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

At COVENT-GARDEN.

M E N.

<i>Aimwell,</i>	{ Two Gentlemen of } Mr. <i>Ross.</i>
<i>Archer,</i>	
<i>Sullen,</i>	{ broken Fortunes. } Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
<i>Freeman,</i>	A Country Blockhead, Mr. <i>Sparks.</i>
<i>Foigard,</i>	A Gentleman from London, Mr. <i>R. Smith.</i>
<i>Gibbet,</i>	A French Priest, Mr. <i>Barrington.</i>
<i>Hounslow</i> and <i>Bagshot,</i>	A Highwayman.
<i>Boniface,</i>	Landlord of the Inn, Mr. <i>Marten.</i>
<i>Scrub,</i>	Servant to Mr. <i>Sullen.</i> Mr. <i>Shuter.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady</i>	{ An old, civil, Country } Mrs. <i>Ferguson.</i>
<i>Bountiful,</i>	
<i>Dorinda,</i>	L. <i>Bountiful's</i> Daughter, Miss <i>Hallam.</i>
<i>Mrs. Sullen,</i>	Her Daughter-in-law, Mrs. <i>Ward.</i>
<i>Gipsy,</i>	Maid to the Ladies, Miss <i>Davies.</i>
<i>Cherry,</i>	<i>Boniface's</i> Daughter, Miss <i>Elliot.</i>

At DRURY-LANE.

<i>Scrub,</i>	Mr. <i>Garrick.</i>
<i>Archer,</i>	Mr. <i>O'Brien.</i>
<i>Aimwell,</i>	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
<i>Sullen,</i>	Mr. <i>Burton.</i>
<i>Boniface,</i>	Mr. <i>Love.</i>
<i>Foigard,</i>	Mr. <i>Moody.</i>
<i>Gibbet,</i>	Mr. <i>Bransly.</i>
<i>Freeman,</i>	Mr. <i>Parker.</i>
<i>Dorinda,</i>	Mrs. <i>Davies.</i>
<i>L. Bountiful,</i>	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>
<i>Cherry,</i>	Miss <i>Pope.</i>

SCENE, LITCHFIELD.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

WHEN strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
 Keen satire is the business of the stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
 Which then infested most—the modish times:
 But now when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,
 And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive round,
 The trumps of Fame, the notes of UNION sound;
When ANNA's sceptre points the laws their course,
 And her example gives her precepts force;
 There scarce is room for satire; all our lays
 Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.
 But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
 And poppies rise among the golden ears;
 Our product so, fit for the field or school,
 Must mix with nature's favourite plant—a fool.
 A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
 Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.
 Simpling our author goes from field to field
 And culls such fools as may diversion yield:
 And, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,
 For rain or shine, the thriving coxcomb grows.
 Follies to-night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
 Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour;
 Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
 For fools are made for jests to men of sense.



A N

E P I L O G U E,

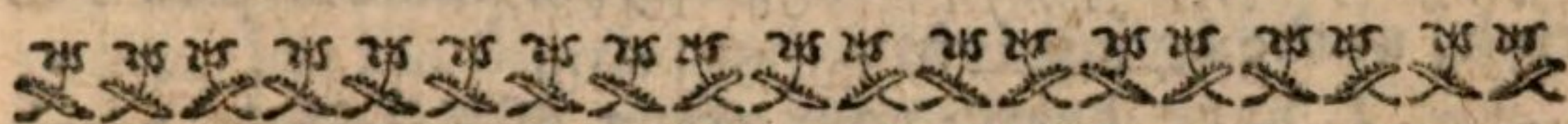
Design'd to be spoke in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

I F to our play your judgment can't be kind,
 Let its expiring author pity find;
 Survey its mournful case with melting eyes,
 Nor let the bard be damn'd before he dies.
 Forbear, ye fair, on his last scene to frown,
 But his true Exit with a plaudit crown;
 Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
 The dreadful knell, while your applause he hears.
 At Leucira so the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
 Claim'd his friends praises, but their tears deny'd:
 Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
 Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.
 The difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight
 As brave, tho' not so gay as serjeant Kite:
 Ye sons of Will's, what's that to those who write?
 To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,
 You may the bard above the hero raise,
 Since yours is greater than Athenian praise.

T H E



T H E
BEAUX STRATAGEM.



A C T I.

S C E N E, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface running.

[*Bar-bell rings.*]

Bon. CHamberlain, maid, *Cherry*, daughter *Cherry*; all asleep; all dead?

Enter Cherry, running.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so, father? D'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx:—the company of the *Warrington* coach has stood in the hall this hour, and no body to shew them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman shou'd overturn them to-morrow. [*Ring.*] Coming, coming: here's the *London* coach arriv'd.

Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, with other luggage, and cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen.——Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*. [Exit with the company.]

Enter Aimwell in a riding habit, Archer as footman, carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

[Exit.]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your servant.

Bon. O! Sir——What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next *March*, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.——Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.——Sir, you shall taste my *anno domini*.——I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see [filling it out]. Your worship's health: Ha! delicious, delicious——fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [drinks] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how wou'd we be strong that drink it?

Aim.

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now-and-then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after: but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My lady *Bountiful* said so——She, good lady, did what could be done; she cur'd her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health [*drinks*]. My lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours; she cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men; green-sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in women; the king's evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about *Litchfield* within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune: she has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire *Sullen*, who married a fine lady from *London* t'other day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values no body.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whiff, and smoaks his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly! And marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's a——He wants it here, Sir. [*Pointing to his forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, wou'd not——But I-cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running-trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the *French* officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em.——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is. [*To Archer.*]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap!

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow this! [*Bar-bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*]

Aim. The coast's clear, I see.——Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em baffle: Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any man swear now that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when if our intrinsic value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd expect already. —But what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent.——Our friends indeed began to suspect that our pockets were low; but we came off with flying colours, shewed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it

should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterescarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart ; and we have liv'd justly, *Archer* ; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right ; so much pleasure for so much money ; we have had our penny-worths ; and had I millions I would go to the same market again. O *London, London* ! Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful : Past pleasures, for ought I know, are best ; such we are sure of : those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day :—At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage ; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A match ! [*Enter Boniface*] Mum.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper ?

Aim. What have you got ?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper-meat, I must confess.—I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah ! Do you know who you are ? [*Aside.*

Bon. Please to bespeak something else ; I have every thing in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal ?

Bon. Veal ! Sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on *Wednesday* last.

Aim. Have you got any fish, or wild-fowl ?

Bon. As for fish, truly, Sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't ; but then for wild-fowl !—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed ! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

Arch. Pshaw ! Rot your onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah !—Well, landlord, what you please ;

please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing.—— Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, Sir.—— This will give us reputation.

[*Aside. Brings the box.*]

Aim. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds; if you doubt it, I'll count them to you after supper: but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour; perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your hostler to keep my horses ready saddled: but one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;——for he's the most insufferable sot.—— Here, Sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit, lighted by Archer.*]

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry.

Enter C.erry.

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highway-man! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new-purchased booty.—— Now, cou'd we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think
it

it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look'ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work; proofs we must have; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a wench; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming.——Child, mind your business. [*Exit Bon.*]

Cher. What a rogue is my father!——My father! I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain,——by a footman too!

Enter Archer.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend!

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! Manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox. [*Going.*]

Cher. A pretty fellow; I like his pride.—Sir, pray, Sir; you see, Sir, [*Archer returns*] I have the credit to be intrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.——'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some women had 'em, they wou'd kill.

kill every body.—Prithee instruct me ; I wou'd fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before ?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, Madam ; my addressee always have been confined to persons within my own sphere ; I never aspir'd so high before.

[*Archer sings.*

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a man wou'd swear you're right,
As arm was e'er laid over.*

*Such an air
You freely wear
To ensnare,*

As makes each guest a lover :

*Since then, my dear, I'm your guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest.*

Since then, my dear, &c.

Cher. What can I think of this man ? [*Aside.*] Will you give me that song, Sir ?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her*] Death and fire ! her lips are honey combs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your name, Sir ?

Arch. Name ! I gad I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh ?
Martin.

Cher. Where were you born ?

Arch. In St. *Martin's* parish.

Cher. What was your father ?

Arch. Of——of——St. *Martin's* parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what ?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

[*Arch.*

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss.

[*Kisses her.*]

Boniface calls without Cherry, Cherry.

Cher. I'm—— My father calls, you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare.

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so Fortune be our guide. [Exit.

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

Dor. **M**orrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray; for heaven alone can help me: but I think, *Dorinda*, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at *Doctors Commons*; and I swear, sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I wou'd advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life.—But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sul. A maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down, and bless my

my benefactors, for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things call'd pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country pleasures! racks and torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambring over styles; or that my parents wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoaking tobacco with my husband; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refin'd: but pray, Madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town: Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? If you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every *Phyllis* has her *Corydon*; every murmuring stream, and every flow'ry mead, gives fresh alarms to love.—Besides, you'll find, that their couples were never marry'd:—but yonder I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet swain it is, heaven knows!—Come, *Dorin 'a*, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother, and between both is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best judge.

Mrs. Sul. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a fullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some diversion in a talking block-head; and since a woman must wear chains, I wou'd have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see; but take this by the way, he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, waken'd me out
of

of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he has roll'd about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap. — Oh matrimony! matrimony! — He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole œconomy of my bed, leave's me half-naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose. — O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband! — But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning; it may do your head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Phaw!

Mrs. Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o'th' week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, a'n't please your worship?

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, set out the venison-pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall-table, I'll go to breakfast. [*Going.*]

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, Sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanly.

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my head. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. *[Exit Scrub.]* Inveterate stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I get him to town; *London*, dear *London*! is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, child; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man wou'd enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town.—A man dare not play the tyrant in *London*, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine woman may do any thing in *London*: o' my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* count to your colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some *English* that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty: women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinc'd into a passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion of his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul.

Mrs. *Sul.* I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury.

Mrs. *Sul.* Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. *Sul.* You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother?

Mrs. *Sul.* He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend: if I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. *Sul.* You like nothing; your time is not come: love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—you'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye.—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house?

Arch. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-sçay-quoy*; she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the lady gives herself airs, forsooth, nothing under a gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwell*, every man in his own sphere.

Aim.

Aim. Right, and therefore you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd myself—But to our business.—You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger in a country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment:—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?—Then I, Sir, tips me the verger half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer, single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune.—Let me alone for a mark's-man.

Arch. *Tom!*

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing? nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a wife.

[*Exit.*

Arch. Truly the man is not very unreasonable in his demands.

[*Exit at the opposite door.*

Enter

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five and twenty. Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter Gibbet in a cloak.

Gib. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the news?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all's fair and honourable; here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a bag*] two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here—three wedding—or mourning rings, 'tis much the same you know.—Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts: here is a diamond necklace which the lady hid in the privatest place in the coach, but I found it out: this gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife, it was left in her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her;—from a poor lady just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so faith I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief.—Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premisses.

Cher.

Cher. I will secure 'em. [Exit.

Bon. But heark'ee, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentlemen o' the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how d'ye smother 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter Archer combing a perriwig, and singing.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as *Old Brentford* at *Christmas*.— —A good pretty fellow that; whose servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much.—The fellow has been at the bar by his evasions:—But pray, Sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall.—[Sings and combs the perriwig.] This is the most obstinate curl——

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, Sir—Tall, all, dall.—I never ask'd him his name in my life.—Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge: but pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again; an old offender.—Right—But I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir.—Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch.—This gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your company, that's all.—Come, captain,

captain, you'll stay to night, I suppose ; I'll shew you a chamber——. Come, captain.

Gib. Farewel friend—— [Exeunt.]

Arch. Captain, your servant.——Captain ! a pretty fellow ! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here ! I hope he did not listen ; I wou'd have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] *Mr. Martin*, who was that man with my father ?

Arch. Some recruiting serjeant, or whipp'd-out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*]

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the catechize I taught you last night ?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love ?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when,

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the chin.*] Where does love enter ?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out ?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion ?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason ?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear: What are the signs and tokens of that passion ?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child ; kifs me.——What must a lover do to obtain his mistress ?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him !——He must, he must——

Arch.

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay. He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine? Come, my dear, why is love call'd a riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well.—And why is love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the painters out of their weakness, or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again.—And why shou'd love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism.—And now, my dear, we'll go in and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*——you have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to servitude, I hate it:——Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to *London* a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money, my friends disown'd me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody ; so throw off your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson.

Arch. What said you ? a parson.

Cher. What ! Do you scruple ?

Arch. Scruple ! No, no, but—two thousand pounds you say ?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do ?——But heark'e, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands ?

Cher. Then you won't marry me ?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught : Wou'd you persuade me that any gentleman who cou'd bear the scandal of wearing a livery, wou'd refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir—But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter* !——Hold, hold ! and have you actually two thousand pounds ?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free ; and be assur'd that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.——In the mean while be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father—— [*Exit.*

Arch. So--we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his.——Let me see——two thousand pounds ! If the wench wou'd promise to die when the money were spent, I-gad, one wou'd marry her ; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live——Lord knows how long ! Then an inn-keeper's daughter ; ay, that's the devil——there my pride brings me off.

*For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too from falling.*

[*Exit.*

The End of the second ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E, *Lady Bountiful's House.**Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.*

Mrs Sul. **H**A, ha, ha, my dear sister, let me embrace thee; now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine——now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversible in the subjects of the sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak^{as} to fall in love wth a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why shou'd not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confident already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

Dor. Your hand, sister; I a'n't well.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's breeding already—Come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a Demi-god, a *Narcissus*, a star, the man i' the moon?

Dor. O sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little of her cephalic plaister to put to the soles of your feet? or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?——Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquet behaviour, no airs to set him off, no study'd looks, nor artful posture,——but nature did it all——

Mrs. Sul. Better and better——One touch more——Come——

Dor. But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did——his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with pride die at my feet, tho' he scorn'd slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The phyfic works purely.—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear—O here comes our *Mercury*! [*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, what news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly; come.

Scrub. In the first place I inquir'd who the gentleman was? They told me he was a stranger. *Secondly*, I ask'd what the gentleman was? They answer'd and said, that they never saw him before. *Thirdly*, I inquir'd what countryman he was? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. *Fourthly*, I demanded whence he came? Their answer was, they cou'd not tell. And *fifthly*, I ask'd whither he went? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the matter.—And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. Sul. But what do the people say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit! why a jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks *French*.

Mrs. Sul. His footman!

Scrub. Ay; he and the count's footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond; and I believ'd they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace; and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid-leg, a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles:—He carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so— [*Walks in a French air.*] and has a fine long perriwig ty'd up in a bag— Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be.—But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor.

Dor. I have it——This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance.——*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sut. O brave sister! o' my conscience you understand the mathematics already.—'Tis the best plot in the world; your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own——so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country-dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table,

Dor. *Scrub,* we'll excuse your waiting——Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

SCENE changes to the inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind cou'd be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell.*

Aim. *Aimwell!* call me *Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis,* all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer,* I read her thousands in her looks; she look'd like *Ceres* in her harvest, corn, wine, and oil, milk and honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket, you mean: the corn, wine, and oil, lie there. In short, she has ten thousand pounds, that's the *English* on't.

Aim. Her eyes———

Arch. Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. [Going.

Aim. Pray, excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do our business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*The nymph, that with her twice ten hundred pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and quoin clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed———*

There's a touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter: I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the saying is——yonder's an honest fellow below, my lady *Bountiful's* butler, who begs the honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my *bassemains* to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [Exit bowing obsequiously.

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Tesfida* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! Damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say, there's another lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, friend, all her corn, wine, and oil, is ingross'd to my market.——And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall

fall foul of me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom.——What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you. [Exit.

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't.——Landlord; have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arriv'd about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome everywhere; will you make him a compliment from me, and tell him I should be glad of his company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd ——

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in.——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and wou'd be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is. [Exit.

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what title will you give yourself?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure; he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout.——You know the rest of your cue?

Arch. Ay, ay. [Exit.

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [Aside.

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

Gib. At your service, Sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, Sir, an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [Aside.] You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed,

indeed, but a man of honour, you know.—Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad.—Any thing for the good of one's country—I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your company now, captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country.—The devil's in't, if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. [*Aside.*

Aim. Is your company to quarter at *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this house, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company is but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me. Sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, Sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly informed that there are highway-men upon this quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a gentleman of your figure.—But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary.—Then I presume you're no captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient.—And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true profession?

Gib.

Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me——upon my word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman! is he really a clergyman? or, is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the *French* officers in town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman*?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, Sir; I have a value for my reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves—Can he speak *English*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a master of languages, as the saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*.

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman*! Sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Oeh, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My *English* is very well for the vords, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronounciation so soon.

Aim. A foreigner! a downright Teague by this light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was bonned at *Brussels*: I am a subject of the king of *Spain*, joy.

Gib. What king of *Spain*, Sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor, he's a stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute——
Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—— pray——that door.——

Foig. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is—— [*Exit foremost, they follow.*]

SCENE changes to a gallery in Lady Bountiful's house.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another; Scrub with a tankard in his hand, Gipsy listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tal, all, dall——Come, my dear boy——let us have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family——but will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my master is the lord viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a duel t'other day in *London*, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: he never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*]

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have

have no mind for——But if you should chance to talk now of this business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll say no more——Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard: Here——

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted eh——Here's your lady's health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! friend, friend, I wish I had a friend.——

Arch. Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute——Give me a kiss——And now brother *Scrub*——

Scrub. And now, brother *Martin*, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end.——You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long, and many a day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a bastard, I shou'd have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier——Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in *London* like that same pressing-act?

Arch. Very ill, brother *Scrub*——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:——formerly I remember the good days when we cou'd dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a

warrant to carry 'em before a justice ; but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating ; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a fury—Once I had the better end of the staff.

Arch. And how comes the change now ?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest !

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say grace to the *French* officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family ?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Converted ! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—For, I'm afraid, he has made her a whore and a papist—But this is not all ; there's the *French* count and *Mrs. Sullen*, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family yours, brother *Scrub* ; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't : but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I'm a perfect slave :—What d'ye think is my place in this family ?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a *Monday* I drive the coach, of a *Tuesday* I drive the plough, on *Wednesday* I follow the hounds, a *Thursday* I dun the tenants, on *Friday* I go to market, on *Saturday* I draw warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha ! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother—But what ladies are those ?

Scrub. Ours, ours ; that upon the right hand is *Mrs. Sullen*, and the other *Mrs. Dorinda*—Don't mind 'em, sit still, man—

Enter

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my brother talk of my lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants; I cou'd wish we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty fellow: come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the stage, Mrs. Sullen drops her fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her]

Arch. Corn, wine and oil indeed——But, I think, the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—Madam,——Your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. Sul. O Sir, I thank you——What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from *London*, set up here for dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. *[Aside.]* That project, for ought I know, had been better than ours——Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to day; I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him.

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sul. What, then you don't usually drink ale.

Arch. No, Madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescribed me by the physician for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!—a footman have the spleen—

Mrs. Sul. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks——How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sul. That flight was above the pitch of a livery; and, Sir, wou'd not you be satisfy'd to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chambers, Madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you serv'd as footman before?

Arch. For that reason I wou'd not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in *London*: My lady *Howd'ye*, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my lady *Allnight* with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance——

Mrs. Sul. } Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?

Dor.

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done——The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so happen'd to misplace two syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable——

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, Sister, I ever saw.——

But,

But, friend, if your master be married,——I presume you still serve a lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a married family ; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gain'd.——My lord is not marry'd, I find. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you ?

Arch. I don't know how, Madam.——I am very well as I am.

Mrs. Sul. Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused : my master, Madam, pays me ; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands. [*Exit.*

Dor. This is surprizing : Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow ?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take him for wearing that livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who ten to one was his second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so——For I like him.

Dor. What ! better than the count ?

Mrs. Sul. The count happen'd to be the most agreeable man upon the place ; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband——But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, and this gentleman ; how shall we bring that about ?

Mrs. Sul. Patience ! you country ladies give no quarter, if once you be enter'd——Wou'd you prevent their desires, and give the fellows no wishing time——Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my lord *Aimwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it.——My business comes now upon the tapis——Have you prepar'd your brother ?

Dor.

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me: but here he comes—

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What finging was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The finging in your head, my dear, you complain'd of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh! rather too carcases join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs. Sul. And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e — [*Whispers*] I shan't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he wou'd go round the back-way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the third A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Enter Dorinda meeting Mrs. Sullen, and Lady Bountiful.

Dor. **N** EWS, dear sister, news, news.

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?—Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun.

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O Madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your master! where is he?

Arch. At your gate, Madam, drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

L. Boun. Is your master us'd to these fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently.—I have known him have five or six of a night.

L. Boun. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor gentleman! Come, friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit with Archer.

Dor. O sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner; I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have miss'd your mark so unfortunately, that I sha'n't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a chair carry'd by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy; Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops.—
Gipsy, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong.—
Bless me, how his hands are clench'd!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda*] take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [*Dorinda takes his hand.*]

Dor. Poor gentleman—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

L. Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases.—He'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam.

L. Boun. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To day at church, Madam.

L. Boun. Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the lavender-water——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem.——*Gipsy*, bring the cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*]

Dor. How do you, Sir?

Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent death,

And now am landed on th' *Elysian* shore—

Behold

Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair *Proserpine*—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.*]

Mrs. *Eul.* So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. *Eurydice* perhaps——

How cou'd thy *Orpheus* keep his word,
And not look back upon thee;
No treasure but thyself cou'd sure have brib'd him
To look one minute off thee.

L. *Boun.* Delirious, poor gentleman!

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. *Martin's* voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord.—How does your lordship?

L. *Boun.* Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, Sir.—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see——

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, Madam, that I can now only beg pardon——and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends.—I dare be no longer troublesome.—*Mar. in,* give two guineas to the servants. [Going.]

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb shew.*]

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

L. *Boun.* Come, Sir, your servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners sha'n't get the better of ours.—You shall sit down again, Sir:—Come, Sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country.—Here, Sir, my service t'ye.—You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making, [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better——tho' very faint still.

L. *Boun.*

L. Boun. Ay, ay, people are always faint after those fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family building, Sir: but you'll find some tolerable pictures. — *Dorinda*, shew the gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, we understand originals as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sul. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, Master *Scrub*.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way — I hate a priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the devil — Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in politics, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Good Mr. priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, Sir; she's gone abroad, Sir; she's — dead two months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of *England* are not so civil to strangers, as —

Scrub. You lie, you lie; — 'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to — Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, sauce-box — Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil! there she hampers me again; — the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other: — So between the gown and sword I have a fine time on't. [*Going.*

Gip. What, Sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march — but I'll walk: — And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the side-scene, and listens.*

Gip.

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipsy*, upon my shoul, now *Gra*, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fittles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *a la François*, and a stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Noting, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. *Sullen*'s closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it.—If you receive the money before hand, 'twill be, *logicè*, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*.——But what must I do with my conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, *Gra*; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the count into the closet——

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closet? one may go to prayers in a closet.

Gip. But if the lady shou'd come into her chamber, and go to bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the parties shou'd meet, doctor?

Foig. Vel den——the parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone after putting the count in the closet; and leave the shins wid themselves.——I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—Methinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to die a martyr to't.—Here's the key of the garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late.—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters.

Enter Mrs. Sul. and Archer.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*.——You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make love——

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, what head is that in the corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious love, Madam, [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark.—He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a charm is flattery! if you wou'd see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet.—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least resemblance of you.—But methinks, Madam,—
[*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times, by turns,*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous hand, Sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous hand, Madam:—Your eyes, indeed, are featur'd there: but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing *Cupids* that shou'd ambush there? The lips too are figur'd out: but where's the carnation-dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man! [*Aside.*]

Arch. Your breasts too, presumptuous man! what! paint

paint heaven! *A propos*, Madam, in the very next picture is *Salmoneus* that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, Madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they shou'd employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, Madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw.—I can't at this distance, Madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take his impudence.—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not be rude. I have a great mind to try.—[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, sister.

Arch. I'll follow her close.—

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure may well the work perform.* [*Going.*]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother Martin.

Arch. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: Here's a guinea my master order'd you.

Scrub. A guinea; hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh—by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipsy*.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch.—Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a plot, a horrid plot.—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: Secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't: Thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's *French* gold in't: And Fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle.—This I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other

other, and *Gipsy* has sold herself to the devil ; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about *Gipsy* ?

Scrub. That's not all ; I could hear but a word here and there ; but I remember they mention'd a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

Arch. The count ! Did you hear nothing of *Mrs. Sullen* ?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way : but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to no body, brother ?

Scrub. Told ! No, Sir, I thank you for that ; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word, *pro nor con*, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, brother *Scrub* ; here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chamber-maid are plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor, now ?

Scrub. He and *Gipsy* are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [From without] *Martin, Martin !*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. [*Exeunt severally.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, *Mrs. Gipsy* ; and if you shou'd set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my lord ?

Dor. What's become of his servant ?

Mrs. Sul. Servant ! He's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

Dor. O' my conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that fellow at the gallows foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my conscience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious country girl——
What

What dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. Sul. How a little love and conversation improve a woman? Why, child, you begin to live.—You never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: my lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're in the right, *Dorinda*; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread.—But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done.—What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sul. My fellow took the picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for *Venus* herself.

Mrs. Sul. Common cant! Had my spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sul. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sul. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offer'd marriage.

Mrs. Sul. O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister; —Why, my ten thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours:—whereas, if I marry my lord *Aimwell*, there will be title, place and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendor, equipage, noise and flambeaux.—Hey, my lady *Aimwell's* servants there.—Lights, lights to the stairs. My lady *Aimwell's* coach, put forward.—Stand by; make room for her ladyship.—Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden!

Mrs. Sul. Happy, happy sister ! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge.—Long smiling years of circling joys for you ; but not one hour for me ! *[Weeps.]*

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sul. O *Dorinda*, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul,—easy and yielding to soft desires, a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge : And must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in ?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose ?

Mrs. Sul. Husband ! No,—Even husband is too soft a name for him.—But come, I expect my brother here to night or to-morrow : he was abroad when my father marry'd me ; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend ?

Mrs. Sul. You mistake me, sister.—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards : and there's a reason for it ; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course.—Tho', to confess the truth, I do love that fellow ;—and if I met him drest as he shou'd be, and I undrest as I shou'd be—Look'e, sister, I have no supernatural gifts ;—I can't swear I cou'd resist the temptation,—though I can safely promise to avoid it ; and that's as much as the best of us can do. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman.—

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one.—
'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop ; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be stinted to bear looking at our old acquaintance, the cards, because our impotent pockets can't afford us a guinea for the mercenary drabs ;—and

ten

ten thousand such rascally tricks——had we outliv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance.—But now——

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while he iron is hot.—This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress. Well, if the plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor: I shall be ready. [Exit.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Sauve you, noble friend.

Aim. O Sir, your servant: pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naam is upon me? my naam is *Foigard*, joy.

Aim. *Foigard*! A very good name for a clergyman: pray, doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. *Ireland*! No, joy; Fat sort of plaace is dat saam *Ireland*? Dey say de people are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here when they are old;—as for example—[Takes *Foigard* by the shoulder.] Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you're a subject of *England*, and this morning shew'd me a commission by which you serv'd as chaplain in the *French* army: this is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me, fader *Foigard* a subject of *England*! de son of a *burgomaster* of *Brussels* a subject of *England*! Ubooboo——

Aim. The son of a bog trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I will never spake *English* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence.—Here, *Martin*, you know this fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*in a brogue.*] Saave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my shoul, dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ick wet neat watt bey zacht, Ick Universton ewe neat, sacrament.*

Aim. Altering your language won't do, Sir; this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere brogue upon my faash too?

Arch. Upon my soulvation dere ish, joy.—But, cussen *Mackshane*, vil you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. *Mackshane*! By St. *Paatrick*, dat is my naame shure enough. [*Aside.*]

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy.——By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

Arch. O, de devil hang your shelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's chifter, joy, and so we are *Irish* cussens.

Foig. De devil taake de relation! Vel, joy, and fat school was it?

Arch. I think it vas—Aay.—'twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us.—Self-confession.——Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you're try'd next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, cussen?

Arch. It wil be sho wid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confes the secret between you and Mrs. *Gipsy*.——Look'e, Sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows! Upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseash dat is fatal to our family.—Vel, den, there is nothing, shentlemens, but Mrs. *Sullen* wou'd spaak wid the count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to the plaash my self.

Arch. As I gues'd.—Have you communicated the matter to the count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch.

Arch. Right agen ; why then, doctor,—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady ! Upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor ; consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly ; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way ; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along. [*Exeunt.*

Foig. Arra the devil taake our relashion.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one door, Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprize.

Hounsf. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil ; our landlord here has shew'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscoat cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers and tankards.—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me ; it was a present to the 'squire from his god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast, like an *East-India* ship.

Hounsf. Then you say we must divide at the stair-head.

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying is.—At one end of the gallery lies my lady *Bountiful* and her daughter, and, at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*.—As for the 'squire——

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already.—But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that, I-gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis no twelve, as the saying is.—Gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Hounsf. and *Bag.* We will. [*Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a coward.

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is.—You'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady ; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road.—But, my dear *Bonny*, this prize will be a galleon, a *Vigo* business.—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pound.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee ; I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long gown of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my daughter *Cherry* for a wife ?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the goddess I adore, as the song goes ; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another ; for if they shou'd, the Lord have mercy upon 'em both. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T V.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. **C**oming, coming.—A coach and six foaming horses at this time o' night ! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, fellow ! A public house, and a-bed when other people sleep ?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a-bed, as the saying is.

Sir Ch. I see that, as the saying is ! Is *Mr. Sullen's* family a bed, think'e ?

Bon. All but the 'squire himself, Sir, as the saying is, he's in the house.

Sir Ch. What company has he ?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the constable, *Mr. Gage* the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir Ch.

Sir Ch. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the 'squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep——Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pound a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir.—And unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir Ch. But I presume, Sir, you won't see your wife to night, she'll be gone to bed——you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my wife! Why, Sir, do you take me for an atheist, or a rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, friend.——But I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir Ch. Law! As I take it, Mr. justice, no body observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime! Oons, a'n't I marry'd?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Sul. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, Sir.—But, Sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can intitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: Are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh; because you are nothing else.—But rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, minds, Sir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir Ch. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow.—
Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I cou'd not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir.

Sir Ch. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison-pasty into the bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune.—I only hate the woman, Sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir Ch. But her fortune, Sir—

Sul. Can you play at whisk, Sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at all-fours?

Sir Ch. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir Ch. For half an hour, Sir, if you please.—But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—
Come, Sir—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cherry, runs across the stage, and knocks at Aimwell's chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his night-cap and gown.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, child, you're frightened!

Cher.

Cher. No wonder, Sir.—But in short, Sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my lady *Bountiful's* house.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

Cher. With all my heart, Sir; my lady *Bountiful* is my godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well——

Aim. *Dorinda*! The name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the bed-chamber in Lady *Bountiful's* house.

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda, undress'd; a table and lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister; no news of your spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here? what, in my bed-chamber, at two a clock i'th' morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet——O gad, sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you. So, my dear, good night. [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. A good rest to my dear *Dorinda*.——
Thoughts free! are they so? Why then suppose him here.

here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [*Here Archer steals out of the closet*] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the stage.*] Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit?—What are you, Sir, a man or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, Madam. [*Rising.*]

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. [*Takes her hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, Madam.—I'm a *Jupiter* in love, and you shall be my *Alcmena*.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, Madam; your cousin *Cupid* lent me his wings, and your sister *Venus* open'd the casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.* How beautiful she looks! —the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and, when she was conceiv'd her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies—

*Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.*

[*Runs to her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this. Your impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be impudence, [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his faint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and know I am a woman without my sex; I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs and tears.—But go no farther.—Still to convince you that I'm more than woman,
man,

man, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you.——But——

Arch. For me!

[*Going to lay hold on her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Hold, Sir, build not upon that,—for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this minute.——If he denies, I'm lost.

[*Aside.*]

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and paradise! And why not now, my angel? The time, the place, silence and secrecy, all conspire.——And the now conscious stars have pre-ordain'd this moment for my happiness.

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you.

[*Carrying her off.*]

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, thieves, murder——

Enter Scrub in his breeches, and one shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous stag will kill in rutting-time.

[*Draws and offers to stab Scrub.*]

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, Sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding Archer's hand.*] What does the fellow mean?

Scrub. O Madam, down upon your knees, your marrow bones——he's one of them.

Mrs. Sul. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues——I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam; but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' spar'd;

but your crying thieves, has wak'd this dreaming fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam*.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What, thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred?

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, Sir—— [*Takes hold of him.*]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd.—You see, Madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it.—How are they arm'd, friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, Sir.

Arch. Hush!—I see a dark lanthorn coming thro' the gallery.—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sul. Your life! no, Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own safety for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: have you courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have 'scap'd your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother *Scrub*, don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

Arch. This way.—Here——

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.*]

Enter

Enter Gibbet, with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: but don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his lanthorn and pistol upon the table.*] These rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound respect for you, Madam, your keys, Madam; don't be frightened, Madam, I'm the most of a gentleman: [*Searching her pockets*] This necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any lady!—I have a veneration—for this necklace—
[*Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.*]

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I a'n't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five-and forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! Sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub, running.*]

Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, don't kill him:—you fright me as much as him.

Arch. The dog shall die, Madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment.—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

Arch.

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, doctor: I suppose *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him:—Lay hold of him.

[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*]

Gib. What! turn'd over to the priest already.—Look'e, doctor, you come before your time; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I will make you a good catholic, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

Foig. No, joy.—

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar; there bind him:—take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head,—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Mrs. Sul. But how came the doctor?

Arch. In short, Madam—[*Shrieking without.*]
'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies:—I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance.—Will you stay here, Madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another apartment in the house.

Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bountiful, and Bagshot hauling in Dorinda; the rogues with swords drawn.

Houn. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell.

Aim. Turn this way, villains; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [He engages 'em both.]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my lord; every man his bird, pray. [They engage man to man; the rogues are thrown down and disarm'd.]

Arch.

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your garter.

[*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*

Mrs. Sul. The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a breath: here's a cord that the rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself.—Come, my lord,—this is but a scandalous sort of an office, [*Binding the rogues together.*] [*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secured your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy. [*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your adventures than the house-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal.—Pursue her this minute to marry you, —now while she's hurry'd between the palpitation of her fear, and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits is at high flood; —throw yourself at her feet, speak some romantic nonsense or other; —confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her: —the priest is now in the cellar, and dares not refuse to do the work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

Arch. You a lover! and not find a way to get off. —Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business.—I'll amuse the old lady and *Mrs. Sullen*, about dressing my wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the services——

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. Boun. and *Mrs. Sul.* How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have received no hurt?

Aim.

Aim. None, but what you may cure——

[*Makes love in dumb shew.*]

L. Boun. Let me see your arm, Sir.—I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood.—O me! an ugly gash, upon my word, Sir, you must go into bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed wou'd do very well.—Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen.*] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

L. Boun. Do, do, daughter, —— while I get the lint, and the probe, and plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*]

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me?——

Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life expos'd for your protection?——Look'e, Madam, I'm none of your romantic fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright *Swiss*; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How! at the expence of my honour.

Arch. Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour: D'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a case?

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Madam, my lady order'd me to tell you, that your brother is below at the gate.

Mrs. Sul. My brother! Heavens be prais'd:—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir *Charles Freeman*: —— you'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! 'Sdeath and hell! —— my old acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good

good use of his time, all our fair machine goes soufe into the sea, like an *Edystone*. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the gallery in the same house.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquer'd ; your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding ; though, I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her tongue
—Here, doctor—

Enter Foigard with a book.

Foig. Are you prepar'd, boat ?

Dor. I'm ready : but first, my lord, one word.—
I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family ; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little—

Aim. Consider ! Do you doubt my honour, or my love ?

Dor. Neither : I do believe you equally just as brave.—
—And were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were absent.—But, my lord, I'm a woman ; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me.—
Therefore know me better first ; I hardly dare affirm I knew myself in any thing except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who cou'd injure ! I find myself unequal to the task of villain ; she has gain'd my soul, and made it honest like her own.—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [Exit Foigard.] Madam, behold your lover and your profelyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion.—I'm all a lye, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms ; I'm all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, heaven ! A counterfeit !

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come with a mean, a scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune ;—but the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from my self, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the dream of some poor mariner, a sleeping image of a welcome port, and wake involv'd in storms.—Pray, Sir, who are you ?

Aim.

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurp'd, but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, Sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew, my love was justly levell'd, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your pardon, Sir; we sha'n't want you now, Sir. You must excuse me.—I'll wait on you presently.

[Exit with Gipsy.]

Foig. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish. *[Exit.]*

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart.—It has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, *Tom*.—Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O *Archer*, my honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! And without my consent? What! Have I embark'd my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'Tis then too late for pardon.—You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this folly.—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single.—So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!—No, I wou'd sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, brother to the lady that I had almost——But no matter for that; 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on t.

Aim. *Freeman*!—One word, *Archer*. Still I have hopes; methought she receiv'd my confession with pleasure.

Arch.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

Aim. By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms.—The minutes of my absence was a tedious year. Where's this priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way.
[*Takes Aimwell's hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you——

Dor. My mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous action deserves another.—This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: in short, Sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true lord viscount *Aimwell*, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. *Arcker*, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

Sir Ch. My dear lord *Aimwell*, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left *London*; and all your friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did myself the honour.

Arch. Heark'e, Sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch.

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth ; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize——— [Taking Dorinda's hand.

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy.—I gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest fellow living.—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter.—My lord, how d'ye?—A word, my lord : Don't you remember something of a previous agreement that intitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thousand pounds ?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer : you wou'd ha' cut my throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you shou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect ; and, to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is ten thousand pounds ; we'll divide stakes ; take the ten thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How ! Is your lordship so indifferent ?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money ; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de people do say you be all robb'd, joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, Sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul our inn be rob too.

Aim. Our inn ! By whom ?

Foig. Upon my shalwation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid de money.

Arch. Robb'd himself !

Foig. Ay fait ! and me too of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred pounds !

Foig. Yes fait honny, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank.

Arch. Rot the money, my wench is gone.———

Scavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry ?

Enter

Enter a fellow with a strong box and a letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay,——who wants him?

Fell. I have a box here and a letter for him.

Arch. [*Taking the box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here?
Legerdemain! By this light, my lord, our money again.
But this unfolds the riddle. [*Opening the letter, reads.*]
Hum, hum, hum——O, 'tis for the public good, and
must be communicated to the company.

Mr. Martin,

MY father, being afraid of an impeachment by the
rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if
you can procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries
that may be useful to the country. Cou'd I have met you
instead of your master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd
my self into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that
in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an as-
surance to my dear *Martin*, that I shall ever be his most
faithful friend till death,

Cherry Boniface.

There's a billet-doux for you.——As for the father, I
think he ought to be encouraged; and for the daugh-
ter,——pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her
into her service instead of *Gipsy*.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your deliverance
was owing to her discovery.

Dor. Your command, my lord, will do without the
obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good company meets opportunely in
favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate
sister: I intend to part her from her husband.—Gen-
tlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this?—They tell me, spouse, that
you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it——
had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sul. That's his way of returning thanks, you
must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my consience de question be apropos for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last night, Sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her:—in short, Sir, we have fav'd you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house.—What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sul. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent; compulsion would spoil us: let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our judges:—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am *Sir Charles Freeman*, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. *Thomas viscount Aimwell*, come to take away your sister.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. *Francis Archer, Esq;* come——

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope.—Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging people since I was born.—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last, for five pounds. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sul. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. Sul. How long have you been marry'd?

Sul. By the almanack, fourteen months;—but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Foig. Upon my consience dere accounts vil agree:

Mrs. Sul. Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an heir to my estate.

Sir Ch. And have you succeeded?

Sul. No.

Arch.

Arch. The condition fails of his side. — Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sul. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir Ch. Are your expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sul. No.

Foig. Arra honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir Ch. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sul. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sul. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sul. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sul. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sul. Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other——a gnawing vulture at the heart?

Sul. A frightful goblin to the sight.

Mrs. Sul. A porcupine to the feeling.

Sul. Perpetual wormwood to the taste.

Mrs. Sul. Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes——to part.

Mrs. Sul. With all my heart.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs. Sul. Here.

Sul. These hands join'd us, these shall part us.——

Away——

Mrs. Sul. North.

Sul. South.

Mrs. Sul. East.

Sul. West; far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my shoul, a very pretty sheremony.

Sir Ch. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund.

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir Ch.

Sir Ch. Ten thousand pounds, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and, if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all.—For Captain Gibbet, in his walk, has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritore, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

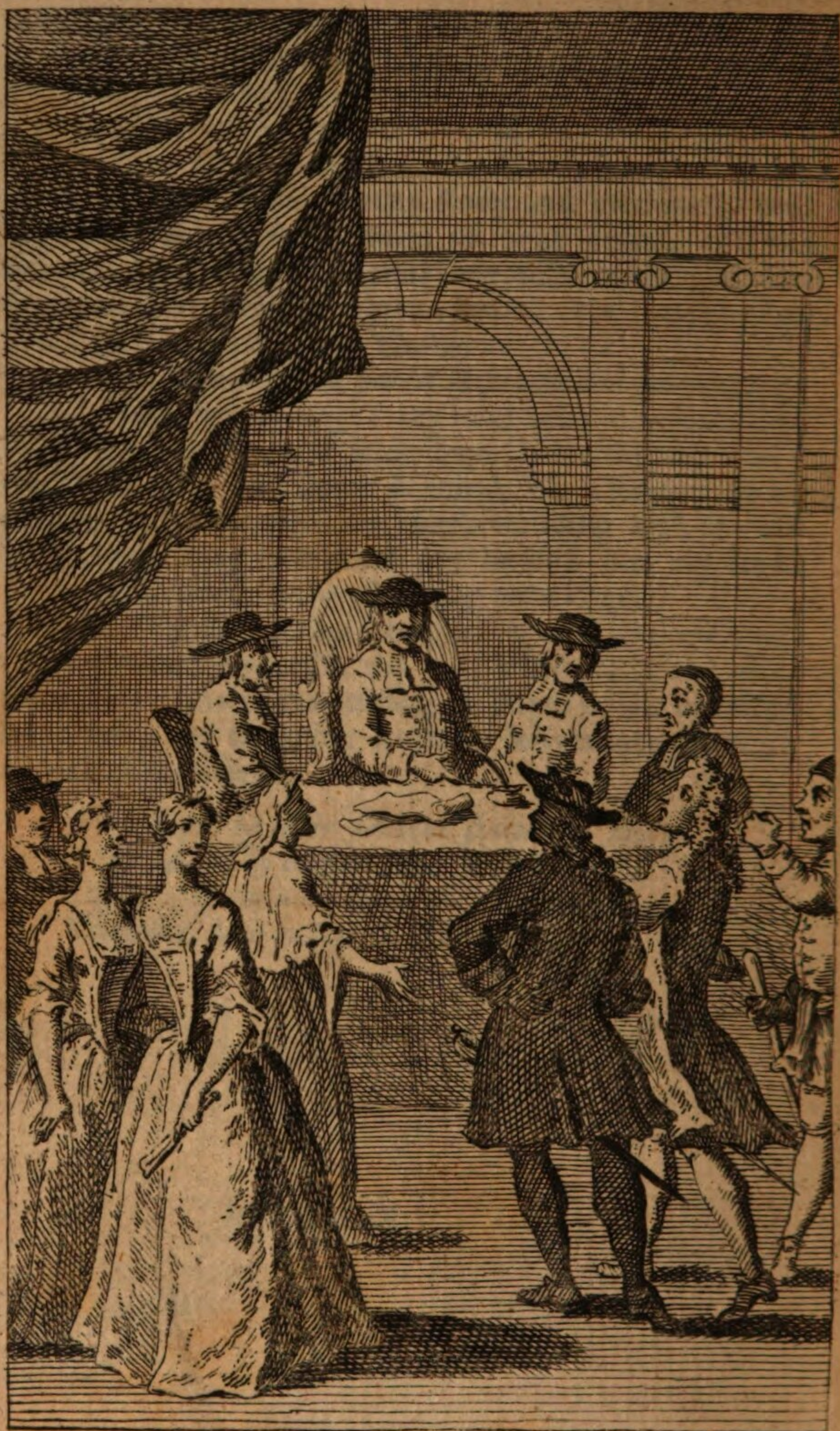
[Gives him a parcel of papers and parchments.

Sul. How, my writings! my head aches consumedly. Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding and my divorce, you may command my house! but my head aches consumedly.—Scrub, bring me a dram.

Arch. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleas'd, the couple join'd, or the couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienc'd misery.

*Both happy in their several states we find:
These parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;
Consent is law enough to set you free.*

F I N I S.



G. Vander Gucht inv. & sculp.

THE
COMMITTEE:

OR, THE
FAITHFUL Irishman.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Performed at the THEATRES.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Colonel *Careless*.

Colonel *Blunt*.

Lieutenant *Story*.

Nehemiah Catch,

Joseph Blemish,

Jonathan Headstrong,

Ezekiel Scrape,

Mr. *Day*, the Cairman to the Committee.

Abel, Son to Mr. *Day*.

Obadiab, Clerk to the Committee.

Teague.

Tavern-Boy.

Bailiffs.

Soldiers.

Two Chairmen.

Goal-Keeper,

A Stage-Coachman.

Bookfeller.

} Committee-Men.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. *Day*.

Mrs. *Ruth*.

Mrs. *Chat*.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE



THE
COMMITTEE:
OR, THE
FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth,
Colonel Blunt, and a Stage-Coachman.*

Mrs. Day enters, brushing her Hoods and Scarves.

Mrs. Day.

NOW out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things
consider'd 'tis better travelling in the Winter;
especially for us of the better Sort, that ride in
Coaches. And yet, to say Truth, warm Weather is
both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities
that fair Weather should do any Hurt.—Well said,
honest Coachman, thou hast done thy Part: My Son
Abel paid for my Place at *Reading*, did he not?

Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something extraordinary to
make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more than ordi-
nary Thinness——Plague on this new Gentry, how li-
beral they are. [*Aside.*] Farewel, young Mistress; fare-
wel, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by *Reading* let
Toby carry you. [*Exit Coachman:*

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Mrs. *Arbella*? What, sad?
why, what's the matter?

Arbel. I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my Honour, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so,—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an Eye, that my Son *Arbel* means to take care of you in your Composition, and will needs have you his Guest: *Ruth* and you shall be Bedfellows. I warrant that same *Arbel* many and many a time will wish his Sister's Place; or else his Father ne'er got him: though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it—'tis a notable Fellow.—

Arb. I am fallen into strange Hands, if they prove as busy as her Tongue—— [Aside.]

Mrs. Day. And now you talk of this same *Arbel*, I tell you but one Thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's chief Clerk *Obadiab* is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my Son *Arbel* has been here two Hours before us: 'Tis the veriest Princ Cox; he will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full One-and-twenty, for all his Appearances: He never stole this Trick of galloping; his Father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: He and *Mrs. Busie's* Husband were counted the best Horsemen in *Reading*, ay and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind *Mr. Busie*, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach; my own is at present in Disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour *Mr. Day*, Chairman of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations, shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage Coach, he wou'd make the House too hot for some.—Why, how is't with you, Sir? What, weary of your Journey? [To the Col.]

Col. Bl. Her Tongue will never tire. [Aside.]—So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach, has a little distemper'd me with Heat.

Mrs. Day. So many, Sir? why there were but fix—What wou'd you say if I shou'd tell you, that I was one of the Eleven that travell'd at one Time in one Coach?

Col.

Col. Bl. O the Devil! I have given her a new Theme—— [Aside.

Mrs. Day. Why, I tell you——can you guess how 'twas?

Col. Bl. Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. Day. Look you, thus it was; there was in the first Place, myself, and, my Husband, I shou'd have said first, but his Honour wou'd have pardon'd me, if he had heard me; Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife: the Mayor of *Reading*, and his Wife; and this *Ruth* that you see there in one of our Laps——but now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. Bl. A top o'th' Coach sure.

Mrs. Day. Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess——why——wou'd you think it; I had two growing in my Belly, Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of *Reading* a chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards in hers; as like the Father as if it had been spit out of his Mouth, and if he had come out of his Mouth, he had come out of as honest a Man's Mouth as any in forty Miles of the Head of him: For wou'd you think it, at the very same Time when this same *Ruth* was sick, it being the first Time the Girl was ever coach'd, the good Man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

——O, are you come! long look'd for comes at last. Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found Attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Obad. I ask your Honour's Pardon; for I do profess unto your Ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young Honour, Mr. *Abel*, demurr'd me by his Delays.

Mrs. Day. Well, Son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not, guess your Business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my Eye; read her and take her: Ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my Care, forsooth.

Mrs. Day. Will you never leave your Forsooths? Art thou not asham'd to let the Clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding than his Master's Son?

8 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some Business for your more private Ear.

Mr. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable Condition has that Gentleman been in! 'faith I pity him.

Arbel. Are you so apt to pity Men?

Ruth. Yes, Men that are humourfom, as I would Children that are froward; I would not make them cry a purpose.

Arbel. Well, I like his Humour, I dare fware he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all Conscience; 'faith I'll speak to him.

Arbel. Nay, pr'ythee don't, he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an Afs.—How is't after your Journey, Sir?

C. Bl. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir?

C. Bl. No, forsooth, nortalking after riding in a Coach.

Ruth. I shou'd be loth to interrupt your Meditations, Sir: We may have the Fruits hereafter.

C. Bl. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my Teeth.—This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike. [*Aside.*

Arbel. Pr'ythee Peace:—Sir, we wish you all Happiness.

C. Bl. And Quiet, good sweet Ladies—I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good Opinion. If 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one Woman.

Mrs. Day. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you, *Abel* has done it; say no more; take her by the Hand, *Arbel*. I profess, she may venture to take thee for better, for worse: Come, Mrs. the honourable Committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir. [*Exe. all but C. Blunt.*

C. Bl. How, the Committee ready to sit! Plague on their Honours, for so my honour'd Lady, that was one of the Eleven was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a Day after the Fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been Rascals. Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Solicitor: I'll find the arrantest Rogue I can too; For, according to the old Saying, Set a Thief to catch a Thief. *Enter*

Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant.

C. *Car.* Dear *Blunt*, well met; when came you, Man?

C. *Bl.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant. I am landed just now, Man.

C. *Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou hadst been at Sea.

C. *Bl.* It's pretty well guest; I have been in a Storm.

C. *Car.* What Business brought thee?

C. *Bl.* May be the same with yours: I am come to compound with their Honours.

C. *Car.* That's my Business too; why the Committee sits suddenly.

C. *Bl.* Yes, I know it; I heard so in the Storm I told thee of.

C. *Car.* What Storm, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, a Tempest, as high as ever blew from Woman's Breath: I have rode in a Stage-Coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a Committeeman's Wife; his Name is *Day*: And she accordingly will be call'd, Your Honour, and Your Ladyship; with a Tongue that wags as much faster than all other Womens, as in the several Motions of a Watch, the Hand of the Minute moves faster than that of the Hour. There was her Daughter too; but a Bastard without question; for she had no Resemblance to the rest of the notch'd Rascals; and very pretty, and had Wit enough to jeer a Man in Prosperity to Death.——There was another Gentlewoman, and she was handsome, nay very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee how, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good Words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

C. *Car.* Thou wer't not so mad?

C. *Bl.* I had been mad, if I had not—But, when we came to our Journey's End, there met us two such formal and stately Rascals, that yet pretended Religion and open Rebellion ever painted. They were the Hopes and Guide of the honourable Family, *viz.* The eldest Son, and the chiefest Clerk, Rogues—and hereby hangs a Tale.—This Gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil, by

desiring her to say nothing, is a rich Heiress of one that died in the King's Service, and left his Estate under Sequestration. This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest Rascal.

C. Car. What a dull Fellow wert thou, not to make Love, and rescue her?

C. Bl. I'll wooe no Woman.

C. Car. Wou'dst thou have them court thee? A Soldier, and not love a Siege—How now, who art thou?

Enter Teague.

Teg. A poor Irishman, and Christ save me, and save you all; I pr'ythee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

C. Car. Six-pence, I see thou wou'dst not lose any thing for want of asking. Here, I am pretty near, there's a Groat for thy Confidence.

Teg. By my troth it is too little.

C. Car. Troth, like enough: how long hast thou been in *England*?

Teg. Ever since I came hither, i'faith.

C. Car. That's true; what hast thou done since thou cam'st into *England*?

Teg. Serv'd God and *St. Patrick*, and my good sweet King, and my good sweet Master; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what dost thou now?

Teg. Cry for them every Day, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy Master?

Teg. He's dead Mastero, and left poor *Teg*: upon my Soul, he never serv'd poor *Teg* so before.

C. Car. Who was thy Master?

Teg. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble Friend.

Teg. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teg*'s too, i'faith now.

C. Car. What dost thou mean to do?

Teg. I will get a good Master, if any good Master wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my Soul, that I cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly's*; he lives at that House, at the end of another House, by the May-pole-house; and tells every body by one Star, and t'other Star, what good Luck they shall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teg*.

C. Car.

C. Car. Why, Man?

Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars; and he told me there were no Stars for *Irishmen*: I told him he told two or three Lyes upon my Soul; There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too; that there are; and if a good Master cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see if the Stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back i'faith, and beat his Pate, if he will not then tell me some good Luck, and some Stars.

C. Car. Poor Fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest:——Hast thou any Trade?

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an *Irishman* a Trade! an *Irishman* scorns a Trade, that he does; I will run for thee forty Miles; but I scorn to have a Trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple Fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any miserable that can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, Teg, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why I will say thou wilt do very well then.

C. Car. Thy Master was my dear Friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my Soul that I was, and I did howl over him, and I ask'd why he would leave poor Teg; and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet Face, 'till the Rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked 'till I got this Mantle, that I was: I have never any Victuals neither, but a little Snuff.

C. Car. Come thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy Master.

Teg. That I will 'faith, if thou wouldst be good to poor Teg.

C. Car. Now to our Business, for I came but last Night myself; and the Lieutenant and I were just going to seek a Solicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all: what say you, Lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a Heifer of their own.

C. Car. Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why didst not thou begin with the Committee-man's cow?

C. Bl.

C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting Dose to be swallow'd first; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, What is that Covenant? by my Soul I will take it for my new Master, if I cou'd that I wou'd.

C. Car. Thank thee, *Teg*—A Covenant, sayest thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?—

C. Car. We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no Land then.

C. Bl. Then farewell Acres, and may the Dirt choke them.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s Equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a Fellow that can teach one this cheap Diet of Snuff.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, we must lose no more Time; I'll carry you to my poor House, where you shall lodge: for know, I am married to a most illustrious Person, that had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Pr'ythee, how didst thou light upon this good Fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are Stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you shall have my Story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

C. Car. Come, *Teg*; however I have a suit of Clothes for thee; thou shalt lay by thy Blanket for some time: It may be thee and I may be reduc'd together to thy Country Fashion.

Teg. Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee then into my Country too.

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mr. Day. Welcome, sweet Duck; I profess thou hast brought home good Company indeed; Money and Money's worth; if we can but now make sure of this Heiress *Mrs. Arbella*, for our Son *Abel*.

Mrs. Day. If we can? you are ever at your Ifs, you're afraid

afraid of your own Shadow; I can tell you one If more; that is, If I did not bear you up, your Heart wou'd be down in your Breeches at every turn: Well,—if I were gone,——there's another If for you.

Mr. *Day*. I profess thou sayest true, I shou'd not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good Counsel for many a good thing; we had never got *Ruth* nor her Estate into our Fingers else.

Mrs. *Day*. Nay, in that Business too you were at your Ifs; Now you see she goes currently for our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be our Daughter too, or she shall have no Estate.

Mr. *Day*. If we cou'd but do that, Wife!

Mrs. *Day*. Yet again at your Ifs?

Mr. *Day*. I have done, I have done; to your Counsel, good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. *Day*. You may well enough, you find the sweet on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you relie upon it: In truth, they are ready to call me Committee-man: They will perceive the Weight that lies upon me, Husband.

Mr. *Day*. Nay, good Duck, no chiding now, but to your Counsel.

Mrs. *Day*. In the first place (observe how I lay a Design in Politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me a Letter from the King, where he shall offer you great Matters, to serve him and his Interest underhand. Very good: and in it let him remember his kind Love and Service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody: Then promise them, if they'll be true Friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great Offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the Composition of *Arbella's* Estate into your own Power, upon your Design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. *Day*. Excellent.

Mrs. *Day*. Mark the luck on't too, their Names sound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a Providence.

Mr. *Day*. Thou observest right, Duck, thou canst see as far into a Milstone as another.

Mrs. *Day*. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. *Day*. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. *Day*. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the Concatenation of my Discourse: then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable Fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That Language is understood amongst you. I take it, ha!

Mr. *Day*. Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. *Day*. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. *Day*. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. *Day*. You do not, and yet you do; by this means get her Composition put wholly into your Hands, and then no *Abel*, no Land.—But—in the mean time I would have *Abel* do his Part too.

Mr. *Day*. Ay, ay; there's a Want; I found it.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. *Day*. Why, that's true, Duck; he is too backward; if I were in his Place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. *Day*. O you'd do wonders! But now I think on't, there may be some use made of *Ruth*, 'tis a notable witty Harlotry.

Mr. *Day*. Ay, and so she is, Duck; I always thought so.

Mrs. *Day*. You always think so, when I have thought on't first.—Let me see.—it shall be so; we'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place; and then to incline *Arbella*; they are Hand and Glove; and Women can do much with one another.

Mr. *Day*. Thou hast hit upon my own Thoughts—

Mrs. *Day*. Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

Mr. *Day*. I will, Duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your Pleasure, Sir.

Mr. *Day*. Nay, 'tis my Wife's Desire, that——

Mrs. *Day*. Well, if it be your Wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a Business that may not be the worse for you; you know I use but few Words.

Ruth. What does she call a few?— [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day*. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and

to the matter, my Husband and I do design this Mrs. *Arbella* for our Son *Abel*, and the young Fellow is not forward enough, you conceive: Pr'ythee give him a little Instruction how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call Address, to her; then work on *Arbella* on the other side; work, I say, my good Girl; no more, but so: You know my Custom is to use but few Words. Much may be said in a little! you shan't repent it.

Mr. *Day*. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. *Day*. What need you? do you not see it all said already to your Hand? What sayest thou, Girl?

Ruth. I shall do my best——I wou'd not lose the Sport for more than I'll speak of—— [Aside.

Mrs. *Day*. Go call *Abel*, good Girl. [Exit *Ruth*.] By bringing this to pass, Husband, we shall secure ourselves if the King shou'd come; you'll be hanged else.

Mr. *Day*. Oh good Wife, let's secure ourselves by all means: there's a wise Saying, 'tis good to have a Shelter against every Storm. I remember that.

Mr. *Day*. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

Enter *Ruth* with *Abel*.

Mr. *Day*. O Son *Abel*, d'ye hear——

Mrs. *Day*. Pray hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own Tale.——D'ye hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you; a Word's enough to the wise, some Endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your Sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her Directions, as you'll answer the contrary. Ha, Boy, hadst thou but thy Mother's Pate! Well, 'tis but a Folly to talk of what cannot be; be sure you follow your Sister's Directions.

Mr. *Day*. Be sure, Boy.——Well said, Duck, I say. Put it home to her. [Exeunt.

Manent *Ruth* and *Abel*.

Ruth. Now, Brother *Abel*.

Abel. Now, Sister *Ruth*.

Ruth.

Ruth. Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.* Have you a Month's mind to this Gentlewoman, Mistress *Arbella*?

Abel. I have not known her a Week yet.

Ruth. O, cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel*. Well, to begin then, you must alter your Posture, and by your grave and high Demeanour make yourself appear a Hole above *Obadiab*, lest your Mistress should take you for such another Scribble-scrabble as he is; and always hold up your Head as if it were bolster'd up with high Matters, your Hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your Body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Must I go apace, or softly?

Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty Considerations—so—Very well. Now to apply our Prescription: Suppose now that I were your Mistress *Arbella*, and met you by Accident; keep your Posture—so,—and when you come just to me, start like a Horse that has spy'd something on one side of him, and give a little Gird out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you did not see her before by reason of your deep Contemplations: Then you must speak; let's hear.

Abel. 'Save you, Mistress.

Ruth. O fy, Man, you should begin thus: Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so buried, that I did not see you;—and then, as she answers, proceed. I know what she'll say, I'm so us'd to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Ruth. Better Sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you're perfect: Then she will answer, Sir, I suppose you are so busied with State-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No forsooth, I have some profound Contemplations, but no State-Affairs.

Ruth. O fy, Man, you must confess that the weighty
Affairs

Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a Burden you must bear: And then shrug your Shoulders.

Abel. Must I say so? I am afraid my Mother will be angry; for she takes all the State-matters upon herself.

Ruth. Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me? Why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with Parliament-men, and Committee-men; how should she hope for any good by you else in her Composition?

Abel. I apprehend you now: I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well; at this time I'll say no more: Put yourself in your Posture—so:—Now go look your Mistress: I'll warrant you the Town's our own.

Abel. I go. [Exit *Abel.*

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off 'till he discharges on his Mistress. I could burst with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What dost thou laugh at, *Ruth*?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my Brother *Abel*?

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right, he had play'd at hard-head with thee.

Arb. What dost thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to wooe, by command of my Superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his Head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to wooe?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet Self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted: I'll not spoil the Sport by telling thee any thing beforehand. They have sent to *Lilly*; and his Learning being built upon knowing what most People would have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich Heiress; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be?

Ruth. Yes, Committee-men can compel, more than Stars.

Arb. I fear this too late, You are their Daughter, *Ruth.*
Ruth.

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How?

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your Confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect——When my Father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young. 'Tis too long to tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee, catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heiress unto my Father, into his Gripes: I fear they have Designs as bad as this on you: You see I have no Reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your Friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much Clearness: Let us love and assist one another——Would they marry me to this their first-born Puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your Composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill Fortune to fall into such Hands, foolishly inticed by fair Words and large Promises of Assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your Company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the Parlour: The Committee being ready to sit, calls upon my Care and Circumspection to set in order the weighty Matters of State, for their wise and honourable Inspection. [Exit.

Ruth. We come. Come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd; chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the Weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time thou shalt know all Particulars of my strange Story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our Humours; they shall be free still.

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Teague.

Teg. I'Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a Rascal now, that he has; I will go tell him so too: He ask'd me why he could not send one that could speak *English*. Upon my Soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* Knock. The Devil's in them all; they will not talk with me; I will go near to knock this Man's Pate, and that Man *Lilly's* Pate too,—that I will: I will make them prate to me, that I will. [*One cries Books within.*] How now, what Noises are that?—

Enter Bookseller.

Booksel. New Books, new Books: A desperate Plot and Engagement of the bloody Cavaliers: Mr. *Saltmarsh's* Alarum to the Nation, after having been three Days dead: *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? Now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three Days!

Booksel. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the Weekly Post; or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say? Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Booksel. Yes; what then, Sir?

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Booksel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well: I must take that Covenant.

Booksel. You take my Commodities!

Teg. I must take that Covenant, upon my Soul now, that I must.

Booksel. Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you farther.

Teg. Well, upon my Soul now, I will take that Covenant for my Master.

Booksel. Your Master must pay me for't then.

Teg. I'faith now, they will make him pay for't, after I have taken it for him.

Booksel. What a devil does the Fellow mean?

Teg. You will make me stay too long, that you will; look

look you now, I will knock you down upon the Ground, if you will not let me take it.

Booksel. Stand off, Sirrah.

Teg. I'faith I will take it now.

[He throws the Fellow down, and takes away the Paper, and runs out.]

Booksel. What a devil ails this Fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two Pennyworth of lamentable Ware away; but I feel the Rascal's Fingers. I may light upon my wild *Irishman* again; and if I do, I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall be worse than his own Country Bogs. *[Exit.]*

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels? how and how d'ye like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illustrious, from those illustrious Commodities which she deals in, hot Water and Tobacco.

C. Car. Pr'ythee how cam'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other Men prompted me to Matrimony, Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

C. Car. Which you destroy'd with a fat Woman, strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little; but the rest could not be purchas'd without.

C. Car. See where *Teg* comes: Goodness, how he smiles. Why so merry, *Teg*?

Enter Teague smiling.

Teg. I have done one Thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

C. Car. What hast thou done, Man?

Teg. I have taken the Covenant for thee, that I have, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Where hadst it thou?

Teg. Hadst it thou! I threw a Fellow down, that I did, and took it away for thy sweet sake. Here it is now.

C. Car. Was there ever such a Fancy! Why, didst thou think this was the way to take the Covenant?

Teg. Ay, upon my Soul, that it is. Look you there now, have I not taken it? Is not this the Covenant? Tell me that then I pr'ythee.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. I am pleased yet with the poor Fellow's mistaken Kindness: I dare warrant him honest to the best of his Understanding.

C. Car. This Fellow I prophesy will bring me into many Troubles by his Mistakes: Yet his simple Honesty prevails with me; I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, Time calls——How now, who's this?

Enter Obadiah, with four Persons more with Papers.

C. Car. I am a Rogue if I have not seen a Picture in Hangings walk as fast.

C. Bl. 'Slife, Man, this is that good Man of the Committee Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk: how the Rogue's loaded with Papers!——Those are the Winding-sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Estate. 'Twere a good Deed to burn them all.

C. Car. Why, thou art not mad, art!——Well met, Sir; pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

Obad. I do belong to that honourable Committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the Work.

C. Bl. O Plague! What Work, Ras——

C. Car. Pr'ythee be quiet, Man.——Are they to sit presently?

Obad. As soon as I can get ready, my Presence being material. [Exit.

C. Car. What, wert thou mad? Wouldst thou have beaten the Clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the Rascals his Masters?

C. Bl. The Sight of any of the Villains stirs me.

Lieu. Come, Colonels, there's no trifling; let's make haste, and prepare your Business, let's not lose this Sitting; come along, Teg. [Exeunt.

Enter Arbella at one Door, Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.

Arb. What's the meaning of this! I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Arb.

Arb. This is a set Form——They allow it in every thing but their Prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arb. What should I say, Sir?

Abel. What you please, forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter Ruth, as over-hearing them, and peeps.

Abel. No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, Sir, would your Mother be angry if you should?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary,—I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty Affairs lie heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders. *[Shrugs.]*

Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels—This is a notable Wench; look where the Rascal peeps too: If I should beckon to her, she'd take no notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. *[Aside.]*

Abel. Something I can do, and that with some Body; that is, with those that are some Bodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, *[Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her Head.]* Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful Girl!

Abel. I know Parliament-men and Sequestrators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great Acquaintance, Sir.

Abel. Yes, they ask my Opinion sometimes.

Arb. What Weather 'twill be? have you any Skill, Sir?

Abel. When the Weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time——No Mercy, Wench?

Abel. Our profound Contemplations are caused by the Consternation of our Spirits for the Nation's Good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a Deliverance——Hark ye, *Ruth*, take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed.

Ruth. I dare not; my Mother will be angry.

Arb. O hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some Power, if you please to——

Arb. O I am pleased, Sir, that you should have Power!

I must look out my Hoods and Scarves, Sir, 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty Matters of State which lie upon my Shoulders, myself would look them.

Arb. O by no means, Sir; 'tis below your Greatness:—Some Luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Why how now, *Abel!* got so close to Mrs. *Arbella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: Well, Mr. *Abel*, you have been so us'd to Secrecy in Council and weighty Matters, that you have it at your Fingers ends: Nay, look ye, Mistress, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel's* Eyes: Ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good Girl; I find *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, 'till I saw your Honour first enter; but I have over-heard all.

Mrs. Day. And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, Wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond Expectation; he'll not need much teaching: You may turn him loose.

Mrs. Day. Say'st thou so, Girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new Gown, or so: It may be a better Penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy Mother's at last:—But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mistress, you are crafty; you have made your Composition beforehand. Ah, this *Abel's* as bad as a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me; come, make haste; call the Coach. *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say. [*Exe. Mrs. Day and Abel.*]

A Table set out.

Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah ordering Books and Papers.

Obad. Shall I read your Honour's last Order, and give you the Account of what you last debated?

Mr. Day. I first crave your Favours to communicate an important matter to this honourable Board, in which I shall discover unto you my own Sincerity and Zeal to the good Cause. *Com.* Proceed, Sir.

Mr. Day. The Business is contain'd in this Letter, 'tis from no less a Man than the King; and 'tis to me, as
simple

simple as I sit here: Is it your Pleasures that our Clerk should read it.

2 Com. Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. [Reads] *Mr. Day, We have received good Intelligence of your great Worth and Ability, especially in State-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any Preferment, or Honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my intire Friend. Pray remember my Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her with this; whose Wisdom, I bear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wise Consideration, I remain,* *Your Friend, C. K.*

2 Com. C. K.

Mr. Day. Ay, that's Charles, King.

2 Com. I suspect. [*Aside.*] Who brought you this Letter?

Mr. Day. Oh fy upon't, my Wife forgot that Particular. [*Aside.*]—Why a Fellow left it for me, and shrunk away, when he had done: I warrant you, he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold on him. You see, Brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my Reward: and I have now a Business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an Occasion.

2 Com. This Letter was counterfeited certainly. [*Aside.*

Mr. Day. But first be pleas'd to read your last Order.

2 Com. What does he mean? that concerns me. [*Aside.*

Obad. The Order is, that the Composition arising out of *Mr. Lashley's* Estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable *Mr. Nathaniel Catch*, for and in respect of his Sufferings, and good Service.

Mr. Day. It is meet, very meet: we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the Day of Trouble, when the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise Commotions in the Land, and disturb our new-built Zion.

2 Com. Then I'll say nothing, but close with him: we must wink at one another.—I receive your Sense of my Services with a zealous Kindness. Now, *Mr. Day*, I pray you propose your Business.

Mr. Day. I desire this honourable Board to understand, that my Wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the Stage-coach; it happened that one *Mrs. Arbella*, a rich Heiress of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in the

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the same Coach. Her Father being newly dead, and her Estate before being under Sequestration: my Wife, who has a notable Pate of her own, (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my House; where, though time was but short, yet my Son made use of it. They are without, I suppose, together with the Gentlewoman that is to compound: she will needs have a Finger in the Pye.

3 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. *Day*. We may not neglect the public for private Respects. I hope, Brethren, that you will please to cast the Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2. 3. *Com.* You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day*. Call in the Compounders.

Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth; and after them the Colonels, and Teg; they give the Doorkeeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. *Day*. Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this Gentlewoman.

2 *Com.* We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any Occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day*. I thank your Honours, I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. *Day*. Come on, Son *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honours, full of profound Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arbel. 'Slife, he's at his Lesson, Wench.

Ruth. Peace—Which Whelp opens next? O, the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. *Day*. May it please your Honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my Son *Abel* has settled his Affections on this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours Favour to be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *Com.* Say you so, Mrs. *Day*? why the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious Consideration; together with Mr. *Day*'s good Service, upon some Knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. Day. That was the Letter I invented. [*Aside.*

2 Com. And the Composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd to Mr. Day, that is, I suppose, to Mr. Abel, and so consequently to the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, Mistress, for such good Fortune; your Estate's discharg'd: Mr. Day shall have the Discharge.

C. Bl. O damn the Vultures.

C. Car. Peace, Man.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent, I desire to know my public Censure, not to be left in private Hands.

2 Com. Be contented, Gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. Abel; you may, if you please, be Mrs. Day.

Ruth. And then good Night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How, Gentlemen! are you private Marriage Jobbers? d'ye make Markets for one another?

2 Com. How's this, Gentlewoman?

C. Bl. A brave noble Creature!

C. Car. Thou art smitten, Blunt; that other Female too methinks shoots Fire this way.

Mrs. Day. I desire your Honours to pardon her incessant Words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 Com. Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. Day's Sake passes by your Expressions; you may spare your pains, you have the Committee's Resolution, you may be your own Enemy if you will.

Arb. My own Enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee Peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways.

2 Com. Come on, Gentlemen; what's your case?

Ruth. Arbella, there's the downright Cavalier that came up in the Coach with us.—On my Life, there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

[While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out, and deliver 'em.]

C. Car. Our Business is to compound for our Estates; of

of which here are the Particulars, which will agree with your own Survey.

Obad. The Particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, the Rule is two Years Purchase, the first Payment down, the other at six Months end, and the Estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 Com. 'Tis our Rule.

C. Car. Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful Debts.

2 Com. But, Gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the Covenant: you have not taken it yet, have you? *C. Car.* No.

Teg. Upon my Soul but he has now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, that he has.

Ruth. What Sport are we now like to have?

2 Com. What Fellow's that?

C. Car. A poor simple Fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teg.*

Teg. Let them not prate so then.

2 Com. Well, Gentlemen, it remains whether you'll take the Covenant?

C. Car. No, we will not take it: much good may it do them that have Swallows large enough; 'twill work one Day in their Stomachs.

C. Bl. The Day may come, when those that suffer for their Consciences and Honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, you make an Idol of that Honour.

C. Bl. Your Worships then are different, you make that your Idol which brings you Interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave Gentlemen!

Ruth. I stare at 'em 'till my Eyes ake.

2 Com. Gentlemen, you are Men of dangerous Spirits: know we must keep our Rules and Instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our Hands.

C. Car. Providence! such as Thieves rob by.

2 Com. What's that, Sir? Sir, you are too bold.

C. Car. Why in good sooth you may give Losers leave to speak: I hope your Honours, out of your Bowels of Compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing Acres.

Mr. *Day*. It is well you are so merry.

C. *Car*. O, ever whilst you live, clear Souls make light Hearts: Faith, wou'd I might ask one Question?

2 *Com*. Swear not then.

C. *Car*. Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbour's Goods; there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*: My Question is only, which of all you is to have our Estates; or will you make Traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 *Com*. You grow abusive.

C. *Bl*. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable Persons that will be pleased to be our Housekeepers, to keep them in good Reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the Covenant.

2 *Com*. You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.

C. *Car*. We will be as rotten first as their Hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have these two Men; there are not two such again to be had for Love nor Money.

Mr. *Day*. Well, Gentlemen, your Follies light upon your own Heads; we have no more to say.

C. *Car*. Why then hoist Sails for a new World:—
D'ye hear, *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that?

C. *Bl*. 'Tis their witty Daughter I told thee of.

C. *Car*. I'll go speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty Covenantant.

C. *Bl*. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

C. *Car*. Lady, I hope you'll have that good Fortune not to be troubled with the Covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. *Bl*. Brave Lady! I must love her against my Will. —

C. *Car*. For you, pretty One, I hope your Portion will be enlarged by our Misfortunes: remember your Benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your Estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

C. *Car*. Without taking the Covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

C. *Car*. Upon your Lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. *Bl*. Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

C. *Car.* Now have I forgot every thing.

C. *Bl.* Come, let's go.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, void the Room.

C. *Car.* Sure 'tis impossible that Kite should get that pretty Merlin.

C. *Bl.* Come, pr'ythee let's go, these Muck-worms will have Earth enough to stop their Mouths with one Day.

C. *Car.* Pray use our Estates husband like, and so our most honourable Bailiffs, farewell.

Mr. *Day.* You are rude: Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Keep. Come forth, ye there; this is not a Place for such as you.

Teg. Ye are a Rascal, that you are now.

Keep. And please your Honours, this profane *Irishman* swore an Oath at the Door, even now, when I wou'd have put him out. 2 *Com.* Let him pay for't.

Keep. Here you must pay, or lie by the Heels.

Teg. What must I pay, by the Heels? I will not pay by the Heels, that I will not, upon my Soul.

C. *Car.* Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet. [*Ex.*

Teg. Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not; what if I had curs'd thee?

Keep. That had been Six-pence.

Teg. Upon my Soul now I have but one Six-pence, that I have not: Here, though, I will give it thee for a Curse; there, Mr. Committee, now there is Six-pence for the Curse before-hand, Mr. Committee, and Plague take you all. [*Runs out.*

Mrs. *Day.* Has this Honourable Board any other Command?

2 *Com.* Nothing farther, good Mrs. *Day.*—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for; but be grateful and kind to Mr. *Abel.*

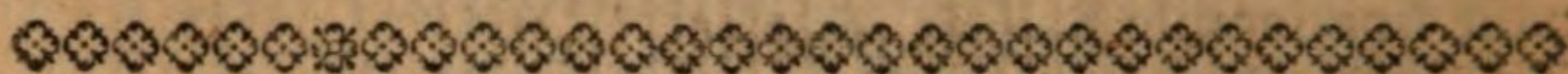
Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

Mrs. *Day.* The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the Good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. *Day.* I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their Order, and they must now be private.

2 *Com.* Nay, pray, Mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] So, Brethren, we have finish'd this Day's Work; and let us always keep the Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking Hand in Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

Mr. Day. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn 'till *Monday* two of the Clock; and so Peace remain with you. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Lieu. **B**Y my Faith, a sad Story; I did apprehend this Covenant wou'd be the Trap.

C. Car. Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants: No Stoppage about their Throats; the Rascals are all Swallow. But nothing angered me but that my old Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance look'd another way, and seem'd not to know me.

C. Bl. How Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance!

C. Car. Yes, *Mrs. Day*, that commanded the Party in the Stage-coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in Time of Yore called *Gillian*.

Enter Teg.

How now, *Teg*; What says the Learned?

Teg. Well then, upon my Soul, the Man in the great Cloke, with the long' Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. Car. Mad, *Teg*!

Teg. Yes i'faith is he; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent to mock him.

C. Car. Why, what didst thou say to him?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counsel.

C. Car. 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dst him. Why, thou shouldst have ask'd him when we might have come for Counsel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any Counsel, or you wou'd take any Counsel, is not that all one then?

C. Car.

C. Car. Was there ever such a Mistake?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee ne'er be troubled at this; we are past Counsel: If we had but a Friend amongst them, that cou'd but slide us by this Covenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated Kitchen-maid?

Teg. Well, how's that? a Kitchen-maid? where is she now?

C. Bl. The Lieutenant advises well.

C. Car. Nay, stay, stay, in the first place I'll send *Teg* to her, to tell her I have a little Business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. Bl. We shall have *Teg* mistake again.

Teg. How is that now? I will not mistake that Kitchen-maid: Whither must I go now, to mistake that Kitchen-maid?

C. Car. But d'ye hear, *Teg*? you must take no notice of that, upon my Life; but on the contrary, at every Word you must say, Your Ladyship, and your Honour; as for example, when you have made a Leg, you must begin thus; My Master presents his Service to your Ladyship, and having some Business with your Honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your Ladyship.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was she your Father's Kitchen-maid? *C. Car.* Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Soul I shall laugh upon her Face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

C. Car. Not for a hundred pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to set your Countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teg. If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or any thing that will put a Mind into my Head of a Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. Car. Not for a thousand pounds, *Teg*; thou mayst undo us all.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my Mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one Side and t'other Side. Well now, where does this Mrs. *Tay* live?

Lieu. Come, *Teg*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the House, that thou mayst not mistake that however.

C. Car. Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant. [*Exeunt Lieutenant and Teg.*] Now, *Blunt*, have I another Design.

C. Blunt. What further Design canst thou have?

C. Car. Why by this means I may chance see these Women again, and get into their Acquaintance.

C. Bl. With both, Man?

C. Car. 'Slife thou art jealous; dost love either of 'em?

C. Bl. Nay, I can't tell; all is not as 'twas.

C. Car. Like a Man that is not well, and yet knows not what ails him.

C. Bl. Thou art something nearer the matter; but I'll cure myself with considering, that no Woman can ever care for me.

C. Car. And why, pr'ythee?

C. Bl. Because I can say nothing to them.

C. Car. The less thou canst say, they'll like thee the better; she'll think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy Tongue: Besides, Man, a Woman can't abide any thing in the House should talk but she and her Parrot. What, is it the Cavalier Girl thou lik'st?

C. Bl. Canst thou love any of the other Breed?

C. Car. Not honestly—yet I confess that ill-begotten pretty Rascal never look'd towards me, but she scatter'd Sparks as fast as kindling Charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest Flame: Come, *Blunt*, when *Teg* comes, we will resolve on something. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Day and Abel.

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. Day. Well, *Mrs. Arbella*, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much Consideration for your own Good; you may have your Estate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.—*Abel*, tell her your mind, ne'er stand, shall I, shall I——*Ruth*, does she incline, or is she wilful?

Ruth. I was just about the Point when your Honour interrupted us.—One Word in your Ladyship's Ear.

Abel. You see, forsooth, that I am some Body, though
you

you make nobody of me ; you see I can prevail ; therefore pray say what I must trust to ; for I must not stand, shall I, shall I ?

Arb. You are hasty, Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important Affairs ; and therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that it lies upon my Spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-posset-drink is very good against the Heaviness of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my Meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, Sir ; and 'tis no matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, who are all you ?

Arb. What's here, an *Irish* Elder come to examine us all ?

Teg. Well now, What is your Names, every one ?

Ruth. *Arbella*, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels upon my Life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the Covenant, the right way.

Arb. Peace, what shou'd it mean ?

Teg. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing ?

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Sauce-box ? what wou'd you have ? What, have you left your Manners without ? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teg. What shou'd I fetch now ?

Mrs. Day. D'you know who you speak to, Sirrah ?

Teg. Well, what are you then ? upon my Soul, in my own Country they can tell who I am.

Abel. You must not be so saucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be saucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous !

Teg. Is there none of you that I must speak to now ?

Arb. Now, Wench, if he shou'd be sent to us. [*Aside.*]

Teg. Well, I wou'd have one *Mrs. Tay* speak unto me.

Mrs. Day. Well, Sirrah, I am she: what's your Business ?

Teg. O so then, are you *Mrs. Tay* ? Well, I will look well first, and I will set my Face in some Worship ; yes

indeed that I will; and I will tell her then what I will speak to her.

Ruth. How the Fellow begins to mould himself?

Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, i'faith: My Master, the good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladyship——upon my Soul now the Laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladyship or Honour.*]

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah; what, were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be. [Aside.

Teg. I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Honour,—I cannot help my Laugh now, I will try again now; I will not think of a Kitchen then:—My Master wou'd know of your Ladyship——

Mrs. Day. Did your Master send you to abuse me, you Rascal? By my Honour, Sirrah——

Teg. Why dost thou mock thyself now, Joy?

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah, do I mock myself? This is some *Irish* Traitor.

Teg. I am no Traitor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* Rebel; you are cozen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am; an impudent *Irish* Rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold seditious Spirit.

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg. You are a foolish brabble bribble Woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of Affairs must punish your Sauciness.

Teg. You shall take a Knock upon your Pate if you are saucy with me, that I shall; you Son of a Round-head, you.

Mrs. Day. Ye rascally Varlet, get you out of my Doors.

Teg. Will not I give you my Message then?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, Rascal.

Teg. I pr'ythee let me tell thee my Message.

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teg. Well then I care not neither; the Devil take your Ladyship, and Honourship, and Kitchenship too; there now.

[Exit.
Mrs.

Mrs. Day. How the Villain has distemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the Rascal go unpunish'd, and you can stand by like a Sheep; run after him then, and stop him; I'll have him laid by the Heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me: Call Help as you go, make haste I say. [Exit *Abel*.

Ruth. 'Slid, *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor Fellow for Sake's Sake; stop *Abel* by any means, that he may 'scape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy. [Exit.

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Ods my Life, the Rascal has heated me.— Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done; a saucy Villain.

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your Honour with one thing first, concerning *Mrs. Arbella*.

Mrs. Day. Is't good News, Wench?

Ruth. Most excellent; if you go out you may spoil all, Such a Discovery I have made, that you will bless the Accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. Day. Quickly then, Girl.

Ruth. When you sent *Abel* after the *Irishman*, *Mrs. Arbella's* Colour came and went in her Face; and at last, not able to stay, slunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* should hurt him; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. Day. I protest he may be hurt indeed; I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth; nor is there any need on't; for she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd get near the *Irishman*: She has done it, upon my Life; and if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs. Day. Art sure of this?

Ruth. If you do not find she has stopt him, let me ever have your Hatred: pray credit me.

Mrs. Day. Come, good Wench, I'll go in and hear it all at large; it shall be the best Tale thou hast told these two Days. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his Part, needs no Help by this time; come, good Wench. [Exit.] *Ruth.*

36 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Ruth. So far I am right; Fortune take care for future Things.

Enter C. Blunt as taken by Bailiffs.

C. Bl. At whose Suit, Rascals?

1 Bail. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, Dogs! must I wait your Leisure?

1 Bail. O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traitors as you that disturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. Bl. Take that, Rascal; if I had any thing at Liberty besides my Foot, I would bestow it on you.

1 Bail. You shall pay dearly for this Kick, before you are let loose, and give good special Bail: Mark that, my surly Companion; we have you fast.

C. Bl. 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I would have made some of your scurvy Souls my special Bail.

1 Bail. O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man! I'll warrant ye this vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

C. Bl. I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How is this? *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole, let go your Prey, or——

[Draws, and Blunt in the Scuffle throws up one of their Heels, and gets a Sword, and helps to drive them off.]

1 Bail. Murder, Murder!

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth Thanks. I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the matter, Man?

C. Bl. Why, an Action or two for free Quarter, now made *Trover* and *Conversion*.

Enter Teg running.

C. Car. Well, come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my Soul run as I do; the Men in red Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry Murder, Murder! I never heard such a Noise in *Ireland*; that's true too.

C. Car. 'Slife, we must shift several ways. Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at Night; I shall take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tay* now?

C. Car. O good Teg, no time for Messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

[*A Noise within.*] Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.

I Bail. This way, this way!

Enter Careless and Teg again.

C. Car. I am quite out of Breath, and the Blood-hounds are in full Cry upon a Burning Scent: Plague on 'em, what a Noise the Kennels make? What Door's this that graciously stands a little open? What an Ass am I to ask? Teg, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this Door, there you shall find me; be careful. Now by your Favour, Landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, Obadiah, to bring the Parties to me first: 'tis your Master's Will that I shou'd, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In Truth, in Truth, I have too great a Burden upon me; yet for the public Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall with sincere Care present unto your Honour, from time to time, such Negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your Honour's Inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do. You have the Present that came last?

Obad. Yes, and please your Honour; the Gentlewoman concerning her Brother's Release, hath also sent in a Piece of Plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a Bargain of the King's land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him; he does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*]

Mrs. Day. Why how now? What rude Companion's this? What wou'd you have? What's your Business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who do you belong to? Who!—

C. Car.

C. Car. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these Interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your Companion; I am a Man; there's no great matter; no Body sent me; nor I belong to no Body: I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed Murder, for ought I know: How is't, *Obadiab*?

C. Car. Ha! what Luck have I to fall into the Territories of my old Kitchen Acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the Strength of *Teg's* Message, tho' I had no Answer. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. How is't, Man?

Obad. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear has bruised some Intellectuals within my Stomach.

Mrs. Day. Go in, and take some *Irish* Slat by way of Prevention, and keep yourself warm. [*Ex. Obad.*] Now, Sir, have you any Business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to: How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. Car. No truly, the Gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. Ay, there's the Point; either she does not, or will not know me: What shou'd I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this Wit is like a common Friend, when one has need on him he won't come near one. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an Invention? for ought I know you have done some Mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. Car. So, that's well: 'twas pretty to fall into the Head-quarter of the Enemy. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis even so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty States-woman; I did but give you time to see if your Memory would be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a Word yet of thy former Employments, that's Sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have Acquaintance with Cavaliers. *C. Car.*

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens Utenfils ; but *in diebus illis*, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant. Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful : What, you think I shou'd not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd Hair, and white Gloves ? Alas ! I know you as well as if you were in your Sabbath day's Cinnamon Wastecoat, with a silver Edging round the Skirt.

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah ?

C. Car. And with your fair Hands bath'd in Lather ; or with your fragrant Breath driving the fleeting Amber-grease off from the waving Kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. Day. O, you are an impudent Cavalier ! I remember you now indeed ; but I'll——

C. Car. Nay, but hark you the now Honourable ; did I not send my Footman, an *Irishman*, with a civil Message to you ; why all this Strangeness then ?

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this ! was't you that sent that Rascal to abuse me, was't so ?

C. Car. How now ! what, Matters grow worse and worse ?

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in Authority : Within there, who's within ?

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your Mouth, if you raise an Alarm. [She cries out, and he stops her Mouth.

Mrs. Day. Stop my Mouth, Sirrah ! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your Mouth.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the Matter, forsooth ?

Mrs. Day. The Matter ! why here's a rude Cavalier has broke into my House ; 'twas he too that sent the *Irish* Rascal to abuse me too within my own Walls : Call your Father, that he may grant order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

C. Car. Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, spare your Motion.——What must become of me ? *Teg* has made some strange Mistake. [Aside.

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do ! Now Invention be equal to my Love. [Aside.] Why, your Ladyship will spoil all : I sent for this Gentleman, and injoin'd him Secrecy, even to you yourself, 'till I had made his Way.

O fy upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come these two Hours.

C. Car. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, Sir? 'twas three Hours before you appointed.

C. Car. Hey-day! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose presently. [Aside.

Ruth. 'Twas upon a Message of his to me, and please your Honour, to make his Desires known to your Ladyship, that he had consider'd on't, and was resolved to take the Covenant, and give you five hundred Pound to make his Peace, and bring his Business about again, that he may be admitted in his first Condition.

C. Car. What's this?—D'ye hear, pretty Gentlewoman?

Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind; I have done your Business.

Mrs. Day. Oh, his Stomach's come down!

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the Five hundred Pound, and— [Whispers.

C. Car. Now I have found it, this pretty Wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her Peril. [Aside.

Mrs. Day. I understand thee—Well, Sir, I can pass by Rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no Intention of it; I leave you and my Daughter to beget a right Understanding. [Exit Mrs. Day.

C. Car. We should beget Sons and Daughters sooner: What does this mean? [Aside.

Ruth. I am sorry, Sir, that your Love for me should make you thus rash.

C. Car. That's more than you know; but you had a mind to be left alone with me; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, Sir? you'd never have run yourself into this Danger else.

C. Car. Nay, now you're out; the Danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper Business here; but we lose time; you and I are left to beget a right Understanding: come, which Way?

Ruth.

Ruth. Whither?

C. Car. To your Chamber or Closet.

Ruth. But I am engag'd you will take the Covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad.

C. Car. That's not against my Principles,

Ruth. Thank you for your fair Opinion, good Signior Principle; there lies your Way, Sir: however, I will own so much Kindness for you, that I repent not the Civility I have done, to free you from the Trouble you were like to fall into; make me a Leg, if you please, and cry Thank you; and so the Gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right Understanding of you.

C. Car. No: I am rivetted. The Business in short is this: We differ seemingly upon two Evils, and mine the least; and therefore to be chosen: you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

C. Car. You wou'd not have me take the Covenant then?

Ruth. No; I did but try you: I forgive your idle Looseness, for that firm Virtue: be constant to your fair Principles, in spite of Fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into Petticoats! Are you not the Committee Day's Daughter?

Ruth. Yes, what then?

C. Car. Then I am thankful: I had no Defence against Thee and Matrimony, but my own Father and Mother, which are a perfect Committee to thy Nature.

Ruth. Why, are you sure I would have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither?

C. Car. Nay, I have made thee a Jointure against my Will; methinks it were but as reasonable that I shou'd do something for my Jointure; but by the way of Matrimony honestly to encrease your Generation, this, to tell you Truth, is against my Conscience.

Ruth. Yet you wou'd beget right Understandings.

C. Car. Yes, I wou'd have 'em all Bastards.

Ruth. When the Quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you and I shall agree: 'till when, Sir——

Enter

Enter Teg.

Teg. Are you here then? upon my shoul, the good Colonel *Blunt* is overtaken again now; and carried to the Devil! that he is i'faith now.

C. Car. How, taken and carried to the Devil!

Teg. He desired to go to the Devil, that he did; I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid of that.

C. Car. I understand it now; what Mischief's this?

Ruth. You seem troubled, Sir.

C. Car. I have but a Life to lose, that I am weary of: come, *Teg.*

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the Business; what d'ye talk of?

C. Car. My Friend, my dearest Friend is caught up by rascally Bailiffs, and carried to the Devil Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a Minute, if you have any Kindness for me. *C. Car.* Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your Friend.

Enter Arbella.

○ *Arbella,* I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bailiffs; there's his Friend too, almost distracted: you know the Mercy of these Times.

Arb. What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

■ *Arb.* Look, where he and *Obadiah* come; sent hither by Providence—O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long Time? can you find of your Heart to keep thus out of my Sight?

Abel. Assuredly, some important Affairs constrain'd my Absence, as *Obadiah* can testify, *bona fide.*

Obad. I can do so verily, myself being a material Party.

C. Car. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my Sight: I have some Occasions that call me to go a little way.

way ; you shall e'en go with me, and good *Obadiab* too : you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. It is not meet I should. I am exceedingly exalted. *Obadiab*, thou shalt have the best Bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. Car. What may this mean ? [*Aside.*

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother from pursuing us ?

Ruth. Let me alone : As I go by the Parlour, where she sits, big with Expectation, I'll give her a Whisper, that we are going to fetch the very Five hundred Pound.

Arb. How can that be ?

Ruth. No Question now. Will you march, Sir ?

C. Car. Whither ?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these Men in Love are !—why, to your Friend. No more Words. [*Exeunt.*



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Colonel Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.

Bail. **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get Bail. *C. Bl.* Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees ? I'll perish in a Dungeon, before I'll consume with throwing Sops to such Curs.

Bail. Choose, choose : come, along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your Pace neither, Rascals ; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest Gentleman.

Bail. Very well, surly Sir, we will carry you where you shall not be troubled what Pace to walk ; you'll find a large Bill : Blood is dear.

C. Bl. Not yours, is it ? a Farthing a Pint were very dear for the best Blood you have.

Enter

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, C. Careless, and Obadiah.

Bail. How now! are these any of your Friends?

C. Bl. Never if you see Women; that's a Rule.

Arb. Nay, you need have no Scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman of mine; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

Abel. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in Prison; he must convey my Estate, as you appoint, for 'tis all in him: we must please him.

Abel. The Consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiah*, 'tis necessary for us to set at Liberty this Gentleman, being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella's* Estate; tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this Gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Obad. I shall——Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Abel Day*, the First born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations; and I myself, by Name *Obadiah*, and Clerk to the said honourable Committee.

Bail. Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I; and I will bail this Gentleman: I believe you dare not except against the Bail: nay, you shall have *Obadiah's* too, one that the State trusts.

Bail. With all our Hearts, Sir.——But there are Charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, *Obadiah*, take this Purse and discharge them, and give the Bailiffs twenty Shillings to drink.

C. Car. This is miraculous!

Bail. A brave Lady!——I'faith, Mistress, we'll drink your Health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here: What say you to that now?

Bail. That's impossible: here's something more in this——Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in another Room, if you please to go thither, and give your Bail, Sir.

Abel.

Abel. Well, shew us the Way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

C. Car. Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not a Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd have you and that Gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

C. Car. Do but swear then, that thou art not the Issue of Mr. *Day*; and tho' I know 'tis a Lye, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fy, fy? you can't abide taking of Oaths: Look, look, how your Friend and mine take aim at one another: Is he smitten?

C. Car. *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject, nay, and is vex'd he is in Love too: Troth, 'tis partly my own Case.

Ruth. Peace; she begins, as Need requires.

Arb. You are free, Sir.

C. Bl. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. Bl. Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, Sir?

C. Bl. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceiv'd me apt to commit such a Rudeness? Pray let me know it.

C. Bl. Upon two Conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well! make your own Laws.

C. Bl. First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: Pray believe it; you have this Acknowledgment from an honest Heart, one that would crack a String for you; that's one Thing. *Arb.* Well! the other.

C. Bl. The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your Promise, not to call me back: and upon these Terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*, come stand ready, that at the Sign given, we may vanish together.

Ruth. If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry, One, two, three, and away.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. Be pleas'd to forbear, good smart Gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am just going; by your Spleens, have a little Patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, Sir.

C. Bl. That's much for a Woman to do.

Arb. Now, Sir, perform your Promise.

C. Bl. Careless, have you done with your Woman?

C. Car. Madam——

C. Bl. Nay, I have thank'd her already; pr'ythee no more of that dull Way of Gratitude: stand ready, Man; yet nearer the Door: so, now my Misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above my Sense or Reason: So farewell, and laugh. Come, *Careless*.

C. Car. Ladies, our Lives are yours; be but so kind as to believe it, till you have something to command.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ruth. Was there ever such Humour?

Arb. As I live his Confession shews nobly.

Ruth. It shews madly, I am sure: an ill-bred Fellow, not to endure a Woman to laugh at him!

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but want of a good Example; I'll make him so.

Arb. But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame, that we did not inquire where they lodg'd, under pretence of sending to them about their own Business.

Ruth. Why, thy whimsical Colonel discharg'd himself off like a Gun; there was no time between the Flashing in the Pan, and the going off, to ask a Question. But hark ye, I have an Invention upon the old Account of the Five hundred Pound, which shall make *Abel* send his Pursuivant, *Obadiab*, to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at that Bait.

Enter Abel and Obadiab.

Ruth. Peace; see where *Abel* and the gentle 'Squire of low degree, *Obadiab*, approach, having newly entered themselves into Bonds.

Arb.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his Mother, if he be evermore troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier, by bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have, according to your Desires, given Freedom to your Kinsman and Trustee; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have Power, in Right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your Authority.

Ruth. O fy upon't, Brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a Business before the Gentlemen went. O me, what a Sieve-like Memory have I! 'twas an important Affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render my Opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their Obstinacy, and wou'd now present Five hundred Pound to your good honourable Mother to stand their Friend, that they may be permitted to take the Covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important Affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their Conversion, together with their Money.

Ruth. Well, there's but one Way; do you send *Obadiab*, in your Father's Name, to desire them both to come to his House about some Business that will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll take it ill; for they enjoin'd us Secresy; and when they come, let us alone. *Obadiab* may enquire them out at some Tavern.

Obad. The Bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil-Tavern.

Abel. Hasten thither, good *Obadiab*, as if you had met my honourable Father, and desire them to come unto his House about an important Affair that is for their good.

Obad. I shall use Expedition. [Exit.

Abel. And we will hasten Home, lest the Gentlemen shou'd be before us, and not know how to address their Offers; and then we will hasten our being united in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Arb.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far. [Exeunt.

Enter the two Colonels and Teg, as at the Tavern.

C. Car. Did ever Man get away so craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible Business! afraid to tell a Woman what she desir'd to hear. I pray heartily that the Boys do not come to the knowledge of thy famous Retreat; we shall be followed by those small Birds, as you have seen an Owl pursu'd.

C. Bl. I shall break some of their Wings then.

C. Car. To leave a handsom Woman, a Woman that came to be bound Body for Body for thee! one that does that which no Woman will hardly do again.

C. Bl. What's that?

C. Car. Love thee, and thy blunt Humour; a mere Chance, Man, a Thing besides all the venerate Stars.

C. Bl. You practise your Wit to no purpose; I am not to be persuaded to lie still like a Jack a-lent, to be cast at; I had rather be a Whisp hung up for a Woman to scold at, than a fix'd Lover for 'em to point at: Your Squib began to hiss.

Enter Obadiah.

C. Car. Peace, Man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his Message to us, trow?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

C. Bl. How's this?

Obad. I come unto you in the Name of the Honourable Mr. Day, who desires to speak with you both about some important Affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. Bl. What Train is this?

C. Car. Peace, let us not be rash.—*Teg.*

Teg. Well then.

C. Car. Were it not possible that you could entertain this Fellow in the next Room, till he were pretty drunk?

Teg. I warrant you that now; I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake.

C. Car. Be sure, *Teg*—Some Business, Sir, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your Patience till we dispatch it: In the mean time. Sir, do us the Favour as to call for a Glass of Sack; in the
next

next Room *Teg* shall wait upon you, and drink your Master's Health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I use to drink Healths.

C. Car. None but your Master's, Sir, and that by way of Remembrance.

Obad. We that have the Affairs of State under our Tuition cannot long delay; my Presence may be required for the carrying on the Work.

C. Car. Nay, Sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an Hour; we wou'd wait upon you ourselves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that Consideration I shall attend a little.

C. Car. Go, wait upon him,——now, *Teg*, or never.

Teg. I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my Soul.

[*Ex. Teg and Obad.*

C. Bl. What a Devil shou'd this Message mean?

C. Car. 'Tis too plain this Cream of Committee-Rascals, who has better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard of his Son *Abel's* being hamper'd, in the Cause of the Wicked, and in Revenge wou'd entice us to Perdition.

C. Bl. If *Teg* could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

C. Car. If the close-hearted Rogue will not be open-mouth'd, we will leave him pawn'd for all our Scores, and stuff his Pockets with blank Commissions.

C. Bl. Only fill up one with his Master's Name.

C. Car. And another with his Wife's Name for Adjutant-General. A Rascal, to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

C. Bl. Well, we must resolve what to do.

C. Car. I have a Fancy come into my Head, that may produce an admirable Scene.

C. Bl. Come, let's hear.

C. Car. 'Tis upon Supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk; we'll send him home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that good-natured Condition, to the ill-natur'd Rascal his Master.

C. Bl. It will be excellent: how I pray for *Teg* to be victorious.

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any Music?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee no, we are out of Tune.

C. Car. Pish, we never will be out of Humour. Do'st hear, play *Long live the King*.———This Tune has rais'd my Spirits: Here, sing always for the King; I wou'd have every Man in his Way do something for him; I wou'd have Fiddlers sing for him, Parsons pray for him, Men fight for him, Women scold for him, and Children cry for him; and according to this Rule, *Teg* is drinking for him: But see,

Enter Teg, and Obadiah drunk.

See and rejoice where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

C. Bl. And the vanquish'd *Obadiah* with nothing fix'd about him but his Eyes.

Teg. Well now, upon my Soul, Mr. *Obad.* Commit. sings well now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* Song after me?

Obad. I will sing *Irish* for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King as well as you. Hark you now. [*He sings an Irish Song, and Obadiah tries.*]

Obad. That is too hard Stuff: I cannot do these and these material Matters.

Teg. Here now, we will take some Snuff for the King——so, there, lay it upon your Hand; put one of your Noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my Soul, Mr. *Obad.* Commit. will make a brave *Irishman*.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good Mr. *Teg*, give me some more Sack, and sing *English*, for my Money.

Teg. I will tell you that this *Irish* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance: Can you play an *Irish* Tune? can you play this now?

Mus. No, Sir; but I can play you an excellent *Irish* Jig. [*They dance,*]

C. Car. This is beyond Thought! So this Motion, like a tumbled Barrel, has set the Liquor a working again. Now for a Chair.

C. Bl. Drawer! who waits there?

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Call a Chair presently, and order it into this Room; here's a Friend of ours overtaken.

C. Car. *Teg*, thou has done Miracles; thou art a good Omen, and hast vanquish'd the Cause, in this Overthrow of this counterfeit Rascal, its true Epitome: and now, *Teg*, according to the Words of Condemnation, we'll send him to the Place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my shoul he's dead now; shall I howl, as we do in *Ireland*?

C. Car. How's that, *Teg*?

Teg. Yo, yo.

[*Howls.*]

C. Car. No more, good *Teg*, lest you give an Alarm to the Enemy. Welcome, honest Fellow; by your Looks you seem so.

Enter Chairman with a Chair.

1 *Chair*. How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor Soldier *Ned*?

C. Car. Honest *Ned*; what, turn'd Chairman?

1 *Chair*. Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel: shall I have the Honour to carry you?

C. Car. No, *Ned*; is thy Fellow honest?

1 *Chair*. Or I'd be hang'd before I'd carry an Inch with him.

C. Car. 'Tis well——look you, *Ned*, that Fellow is Mr. *Day* the Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful Industry we have made drunk: just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, and immediately transport him to his Master *Day*'s House; and in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown for thy pains.

1 *Chair*. If I fail, say *Ned*'s a Coward: Come, shall we put your short-wing'd Worship into your Mew? come along.

[*They put him in, and Ex.*]

C. Car. Farewel, *Ned*. We'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home, and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way to see our enchanting Females once more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. *Day*. Dispatch quickly, I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the Lip and the Cup.

Mr. *Day*. Nay, Duck, let thee alone for Counfel. Ah, if thou hadst been a Man!

Mrs. *Day*. Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, and a Helper too.

Mr. *Day*. I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy Face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. *Day*. Come, come, you are wandring from the matter; dispach the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with our *Abel*. Women are uncertain.

Mr. *Day*. How if she shou'd be coy?

Mrs. *Day*. You are at your *Is*s again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land; Plain-dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn as I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. *Day*. Ay, I warrant you, Duck; here, here they be. Oh, she has a brave Estate!

Mrs. *Day*. What News you have!

Mr. *Day*. Look you, Wife.

[*Day pulls out his Writings, and lays out his Keys.*]

Mrs. *Day*. Pish, teach your Granam to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honour, your good Neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome Life; he has made your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your Honours.

Mr. *Day*. Alas! alas! a good Man will leave us. Come, good Duck, let us hasten: where is *Obadiab* to usher you?

Mrs. *Day*. Why, *Obadiab*!—A Varlet to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my Wrath. Come, Husband along; I'll take *Abel* in his Place. [*Exe.*]

Enter Ruth and Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carrion discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The She *Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiab*; look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live it is the *Day*'s Bunch of Keys, which he always keeps so closely:—well——if thou hast any Mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt*.

Enter

Enter Abel.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, Wench, he's come back for the Keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear them in confident Words, and no less confident Countenances.

Abel. An important Affair hath called my honourable Father and Mother forth, and in the Absence of *Obadiab* I am inforced to attend their Honours; and therefore I conceiv'd it right and meet to acquaint you with it: lest in my Absence you might have apprehended, that some Mischance had befallen my Person: therefore I desire you to receive Consolation: and so I bid you heartily farewell.
[Exit.

Arb. Given from his Mouth this Tenth of *April*.—He put me in a cruel Fright.

Ruth. If I miss, hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a Friend of mine, and of my Father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us; fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our Colonels.

Arb. Nay, the Mischief that I have done, and the Condition we are in, make me as ready as thou art: come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand Centinel here; that's the Closet-Window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any News of the Enemy. [Exit.

Arb. I warrant thee—May but this departing Brother have so much String of Life left him, as may tie this expecting *Day* to his Bedside, till we have committed this honest Robbery—Hark! what's that—this Apprehension can make a Noise when there's none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em: nay the whole Covey, and his Seal at Arms bearing a Dog's Leg. [Above.

Arb. Come, make haste then.

Ruth. As I live, here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, to the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a Remembrance to his discreet Wife. Nay, what dost thou think these are?

Arb. I can't tell; nay, pr'ythee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the precise Baboon! they are Letters from two Wenches.

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch.

Ruth. Here be abundance more: come, run up, and help me carry 'em. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come. [Exit.

Enter Chairmen with Obadiah in the Chair, who tumbles out, and sings as at the Tavern——then enter Arbella and Ruth from robbing the Closet.

Arb. What's this? We are undone.

Obad. Mr. Teg, will you dance, Mr. Teg?

Ruth. Put a good Face on't, or give me the Van. O, 'tis Obadiah fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'ye hear, honest Friends, was this zealous Gentleman your Freight?

1 Chair. Yes, Mistrefs; two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken.

Arb. It was our Colonels, that thought *Day* sent him to trepan them, as sure as can be.

Ruth. Canst carry us near the Place?

1 Chair. Yes, Mistrefs——Sure there's no danger in Women.

Arb. What dost mean?

Ruth. Come, honest Fellow, stop over-against the Place where you left the Gentlemen; we have some Business with them; we'll pay you, and they'll thank you: so good Night, Mr. *Day*.

1 Chair. I warrant you, Mistrefs. Come along, *Tom*.

[Exe. all but Obad.

Obad. Some Small-beer, good Mr. Teg.

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.

Mr. Day. He made a good End, and departed as unto Sleep.

Mrs. Day. I'll assure you his Wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marry this——half Year.

Mr. Day. He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck, shou'dst be sorry to lose me?

Mrs. Day. Lose you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better Thing——Ah, Lord, what's that?

[Obadiah sings.

Mr. Day. How now! what's this? how!——Obadiah——and in a drunken Distemper, assuredly!

Mrs. Day,

Mrs. Day. O fy upon't! who wou'd have believ'd that we shou'd have liv'd to have seen *Obadiab* overcome with the Creature?—Where have you been, Sirrah?

Obad. D—d—drinking the Ki—Ki—King's Health.

Mr. Day. O terrible! some Disgrace put upon us, and Shame brought within our Walls; I'll go lock up my Neighbour's Will, and come down and shew him a Re-proof.—How—how—I cannot feel my Keys,—nor—
[*He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up.*] hear 'em gingle: Didst thou see my Keys, Duck?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no Ducks. I see your Keys! see a Fool's head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth-coming: You are so flappish, you throw 'em up and down at your Tail: Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the Door!

Mr. Day. I go, I go, Duck. [Exit.

Mrs. Day. Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen Creature, who has left his Uprightness; carry him to Bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[*He goes to lift him up.*

Obad. Stand away, I say, and give me some Sack, that I may drink a Health to the King, and *Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain.* [*Obadiab sings.*] Where's Mr. Teg?

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the Door's left open, and all my Writings and Papers stolen: undone, undone!—*Ruth, Ruth!*

Mrs. Day. Why *Ruth*, I say! Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, forsooth? here has been no Thieves: I have not been a Minute out of the House.

Mrs. Day. Where's *Ruth*, and Mrs. *Arbella*?

Serv. I have not see them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the Writings of both their Estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, Coxcomb, we had come back sooner else: you slow Drone, we must be undone for your Dulness.

Obad. Be not in Wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll wrath you, ye Rascal.

Mr. Day. Nay Patience, good Duck, and let's lay out for these Women; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Twas you that left your Keys upon the Table to tempt them: ye need cry, Good Duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken Rascal, ye Booby: when he is sober he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[Exeunt Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.]

Abel. I rejoice yet in the midst of my Sufferings, that my Mistress saw not my Rebukes. Come, *Obadiab*, I pray raise yourself upon your Feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant? that's the Question.

Abel. Yea.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King? that's t'other Question.

Abel. Nay, make not thyself a Scorn.

Obad. Scorn in thy Face; void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Obad. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my stedfast going, that I am not drunk. Look you now—so, softly, softly; gently, good *Obadiab*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink: So gently, and uprightly, *Obadiab*.

[He moves his Legs, but stands still.]

Abel. You do not move.

Obad. Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

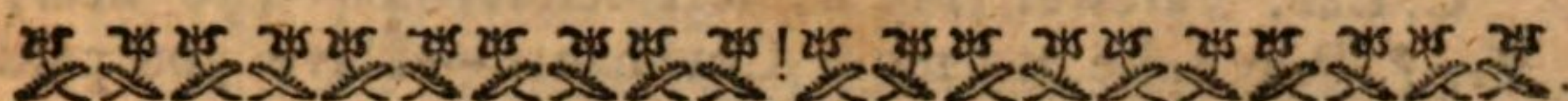
Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. What, stay all day? there's for you, Sir; you are a sweet Youth to leave in Trust; along, you drunken Rascal [*to Obadiab*]; I'll set you both forward.

Obad. The Philistines are upon us, and Day is broke loose from Darkness, high keeping has made her fierce.

[She beats 'em off.]

Mrs. Day. Out, you drunken Rascal: I'll make you move, you Beast. *[Exeunt.]*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Booksel. COME along, Sir; I'll teach you to take Covenants.

Teg. Will you teach me then? did I not take it then? Why will you teach me now?

Bookf. You shall pay dearly for the Blows you struck me, my wild *Irishman*; by *St. Patrick*, you shall.

Teg. What have you now to do with *St. Patrick*? he will scorn your Covenant.

Bookf. I'll put you, Sir, where you shall have worse Liquor than your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber! By my Goship's Hand now you are a Rascal if you do not love Bonny-Clabber, and I will break your Pate if you will not let me go to my Master.

Bookf. O you are an impudent Rascal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How now!—hold my Friend; whither do you carry my Servant?

Bookf. I have arrested him, Sir, for striking me, and taking away my Books.

C. Car. What has he taken away?

Bookf. Nay, the Value of the Thing is not much? 'twas the Covenant, Sir.

Teg. Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Master took it from me; and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. Car. Here, honest Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's worth; here, Bailiffs, here's for you to drink.

Bookf. Well, Sir, you seem an honest Gentleman: for your Sake, and in hopes of your Custom, I release him.

Bail. Thank ye, noble Sir. [*Exe. Booksel. and Bail.*]

C. Car. Farewel, my noble Friends—so—d'ye hear, *Teg*? Pray take no more Covenants.—Have you paid the Money I sent you with?

Teg. Yes; but I will carry no more, look you there now.

C. Car. Why, *Teg*?

Teg. Gad sa' my Soul now, I shall run away with it.

C. Car. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teg. That I am too upon my Soul now; but the Devil is not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone when I was going; but he made me go to this little long Place; and t'other little long Place; and upon my Soul was carrying me to *Ireland*: for he made me go by a dirty Place like a Lough now; and therefore I know now it was the Way to *Ireland*: Then I would stand still, and then he wou'd make me go on; and then I wou'd go to one Side, and he wou'd make me go to t'other Side; and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my Soul the Devil could not catch me; and then I did pay the Money: But I will carry no more Money now, that I will not.

C. Car. But thou sha't, *Teg*, when I have more to send; thou art Proof now against Temptations.

Teg. Well then, if you send me with Money again, and if I do not come to thee upon the Time, the Devil will make me be gone then with the Money: Here's a Paper for thee, 'tis a quit Way indeed.

C. Car. That's well said, *Teg*. — [Reads,

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Soldiers.

Obad. See, Sir, Providence hath directed us; there is one of them that clothed me with Shame, and the most malignant among the Wicked.

Mr. Day. Soldiers, seize him: I charge him with Treason; here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

C. Car. What's the matter, Rascals?

Mr. Day. You shall know that to your Cost hereafter: away with him.

C. Car. *Teg*, tell 'em I shall not come home to Night: I am engag'd.

Teg.

Teg. I pr'ythee ben't engag'd.

C. Car. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. Day. That will appear, Sir;—away with him.

Teg. What will you do with my Master now?

Mr. Day. Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

Teg. That I will, for all you now.

C. Car. Teg, come hither.

[*Whispers.*

Teg. Must not I go with you then?

C. Car. No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. Day. Away with him: we will be aveng'd on the Scorner; and I'll go home and tell my Duck this Part of my good Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chairmen with Sedan, Women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right.—Now, honest Fellow, step over and tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women desire to speak with them,

Enter C. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

1 Chair. See, Mistress, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's my Colonel, *Arbella*; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What shou'd I do?

Ruth. Put forth some good Words, as they us'd to shake Oats, when they go to catch a skittish Jade. Advance.

Arb. Sir. C. Bl. Lady——'tis she.

Arb. I wish, Sir, that my Friend and I had some Conveniency of speaking with you; we now want the Assistance of some noble Friend.

C. Bl. Then I am happy, Bring me but to do something for you; I wou'd have my Actions talk, not I! My Friend will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too——Pardon my last Confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had staid——

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. Bl. Good over-charged Gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace?——Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: If we might withdraw any whither out of Sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the Business.

Lieu.

Lieu. My House, Ladies, is at that Door, where both the Colonels lodge: Pray command it. Colonel *Careless* will immediately be here.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, my good Master will not come; that Commit. Rogue *Day* has got him with Men in red Coats, and he is gone to Prison here below this Street; he wou'd not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come tell thee now.

Ruth. O my Heart—Tears, by your Leave awhile—
[*Wipes her Eyes.*] D'ye hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the Trinkets, only the Bait, that I'll use. [Exit.

C. Bl. *Careless* in Prison! Pardon me, Madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident; this honest Friend of mine will use you with all Respects 'till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do, Sir?

C. Bl. I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something: you shall have a sudden Account of all Things. You say you dare believe; pray be as good as your Word; and whatever Accident befalls me, know I love you dearly.

Lieu. Madam, pray let my House be Honour'd with you; be confident of all Respect and Faith. [Exeunt.

Enter Ruth with a Soldier.

Ruth. Come, give me the Bundle; so, now the Habit; 'tis well, there's for your Pains; be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sold. If I fail, may I die in a Ditch, and there lie, and out-stink it.

Ruth. Now for my wild Colonel. I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out: I have no Patience to expect. Within there——ho——

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. Have not you a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody, one Colonel *Careless*?

Keep. Yes, Mistress; and committed by your Father, Mr. *Day*. *Ruth.* May I speak with him, Sir?

Keep. Very freely, Mistress; there's no Order to forbid any to come to him. To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant'st Gentleman.——I'll call him forth. [Exit.

Ruth. O' my Conscience every Thing must be in Love with him ; now for my last Hopes ; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes myself.

Enter Keeper and Careless.

C. Car. Mr. *Day's* Daughter speak with me ?

Keep. Ay, Sir, there she is. [Exit.

Ruth. O Sir, does the Name of Mr. *Day's* Daughter trouble you ? you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

C. Car. Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you : But what Luck this is, that *Day's* Daughter shou'd ever be with her, to spoil all !

C. Car. Not a whit, one way ; I have a pretty Room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what ?

C. Car. For you and I to give Counter-security for our Kindness to one another.

Ruth. Methinks a Prison shou'd tame you.

C. Car. Why, d'ye think a Prison takes away Blood and Sight ? as long as I am so qualify'd, I am Touch-wood, and whenever you bring Fire, I shall fall a burning,

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. Car. And you shall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a Coal, black as dishonest Love.

C. Car. Is this your Business ? Did you come to disturb my Contemplations with a Sermon ? Is this all ?

Ruth. One Thing more : I love you, it's true ; but I love you honestly, if you know how to love me virtuously. I'll free you from Prison, and run all Fortunes with you.

C. Car. Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of Ways ; if I cou'd not, Freedom were no Bait, were it from Death. I shou'd despise your Offer, to bargain for a Lye.—But—

Ruth. But what ?

C. Car. The Name of that Rascal that got thee ; yet I lye too, he got ne'er a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother

Mother was as unlucky to bear thee: But how shall we save that? take off but these Incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy Smock; but to have such a Flaw in my Title.

Ruth. Can I help Nature?

C. Car. Or I Honour? Why, hark you now, do but swear me into a Pretence, do but betray me with an Oath that thou wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*, my Father's Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

C. Car. Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I swear?

C. Car. Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear then by all that's good, I am not their Daughter.

C. Car. Poor kind perjur'd Pretty One, I am beholden to thee; wou'dst damn thyself for me?

Ruth. You are mistaken: I have try'd you fully; you are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to virtuous Principles: My Name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, and Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*: 'tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Estate, into his Power, and made me pass for his own Daughter, my Father dying when I was but two Years old. This I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an ancient Servant of my Father's. But two Hours since *Arbella* and I found an Opportunity of stealing away all the Writings that belonged to my Estate, and her Composition: In our Flight we met your Friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had Intelligence of your Misfortune, to try to get your Liberty; which if I can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

C. Car. Thou more than——

Ruth. No, no, no Raptures at this Time: here's your Disguise purchas'd from a true-hearted Red-coat; let this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a Ladder of Ropes. As soon as you receive it, come down, and at the Bottom of the Window you shall find yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. Car.

C. Car. I'll leap into thy Arms.—

Ruth. So you may break your Neck; observe all I have told you: So farewell.—

C. Car. Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, let us not part with dry Lips.—One Kiss.

Ruth. Not a Bit of me, 'till I am all yours.

O. Car. Your Hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor Compounder.

Ruth. Pish, there's a dirty Glove upon't.—

C. Car. Give me but any naked Part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail creeps, and leave a Sign where my Lips slid along.—

Ruth. Good Snail, get out of your Hole first, think of your Business. So fare.—

C. Car. Nay, pr'ythee be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid I am a Man; but I am as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam* Father Day, if I cou'd not cry, to leave thee a brace of Minutes.

Ruth. Away; we grow foolish—farewel—yet be careful—nay, go in.

C. Car. Do you go first.

Ruth. Nay, fy, go in.

C. Car. We'll fairly then divide the Victory, and draw off together.—So—I will have the last Look.

[*Excunt severally, looking at one another.*]

Enter C. Blunt, and Soldier.

C. Bl. No more Words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. I may live to thank thee better.

Sol. I scorn any Encouragement to love my King, or those that serve him. I took Pay under these People, with a Design to do him Service; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. Bl. Here then, carry him this Ladder of Ropes: So, now give me the Coat; bid him dispatch when he sees the Coast clear; he shall be waited for at the Bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too, if he desires it.

Sol. I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your Place. [*Exit.*]

C. Bl. I warrant ye.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every thing then? By my Shoul now, yonder is the Man with the hard Name; that
Man

Man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* Rascal; he is coming along there behind now upon my Shoul that he is.

C. Bl. The Rascal comes for some Mischief. *Teg*, now or never play the Man.

Teg. How shou'd I be a Man then?

C. Bl. Thy Master is never to be got out, if this Rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teg*, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, and it shall be call'd the Second Edition of *Obadiab*, put forth with *Irish* Notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee——

Teg. I will carry him upon my Back, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will, for my sweet Master now, that I will.

C. Bl. Dispatch, good *Teg*; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Story's*, there shall be the general Rendezvous: Now, or never, *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you I will get Drink into his Pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: He shall not come after you now. [*Exeunt.*

C. Careless as in Prison.

C. Car. The Time's almost come: how flow it flutters? My Desires are better winged: How I long to counterfeit a Faintness when I come to the Bottom, and sink into the Arms of this dear witty Fair!—Ha, who's this?

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, fasten it to your Window, and descend; you shall be waited for.

C. Car. The careful Creature has sent it—but d'ye hear, Sir, cou'd you not spare that Implement by your Side? it might serve to keep off small Curs.

Sol. You'll have no need on't, but there it is; make haste, the Coast is clear. [*Exit.*

C. Car. O this pretty She Captain General over my Soul and Body; the Thought of her musters every Faculty

I have: She has sent the Ropes, and stays for me; no Dancer of the Ropes ever slid down with that Swiftness (or Desire of Haste) that I will make to thee. [*Exit.*]

Enter Blunt in his Soldier's Coat.

C. *Bl.* All's quiet, and the Coast clear; so far it goes well; that is the Window; in this Nook I'll stand, 'till I see him coming down. [*Steps in.*]

C. *Careless above in a Soldier's Habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes, and speaks.*

C. *Car.* I cannot see my North Star that I must sail by; 'tis clouded: perhaps she stands close in some Corner; I'll not trifle Time: all's clear, Fortune, forbear thy Tricks, but for this small Occasion.

Enter Blunt.

C. *Bl.* What's this! a Soldier in the Place of *Careless*? I am betray'd, but I'll end this Rascal's Duty.

C. *Car.* How, a Soldier! ———betray'd; this Rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. *Bl.* Dog.

C. *Car.* How, *Blunt*?

C. *Bl.* *Careless*!

C. *Car.* You guess shrewdly; plague, what Contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another?

C. *Bl.* How the Devil got you a Soldier's Habit?

C. *Car.* The same Friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you. This kind Gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is; I was just ready to be suspicious.

Enter Ruth with a Ladder of Ropes.

Ruth. Who's there?

C. *Car.* Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my Heart is at my Mouth.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiss it. What have you in your Lap?

Ruth. The Ladder of Ropes: How a God's Name got you hither?

C. *Car.* Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

C. *Bl.* Then the Mistake is plainer; 'twas I that sent the Soldier with the Ropes.

Ruth.

Ruth. What an Escape was this! come, let's lose no Time; here's no Place to explain Matters in.

C. Car. I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me: come along. [*Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. Day. Are you sure of this, neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. Chat. I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a Nose to my Face.

Mrs. Day. Is my——

Mr. Day. Ay, is my——

Mrs. Day. You may give one leave, methinks, to ask out one Question. Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. Chat. She was not, when I saw *Mrs. Arbella* last. I have not been so often at your Honour's House, but that I know *Mrs. Arbella*, the rich Heiress, that *Mr. Abel* was to have had, good Gentleman, if he has his Due: They never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my Neighbour *Story*, before she married the Lieutenant; and stepping in to see *Mrs. Story* that now is, my Neighbour *Wish-well* that was: I saw, as I told you, this very *Mrs. Arbella*; and I warrant *Mrs. Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. Day. Let me advise then, Husband.

Mr. Day. Do, good Duck; I'll warrant 'em.——

Mrs. Day. You'll warrant when I have done the Business.

Mr. Day. I mean so, Duck.

Mrs. Day. Well! pray spare your Meaning too: First then, we'll go ourselves in Person to this *Story's* House, and in the mean time send *Abel* for Soldiers; and when he has brought the Soldiers, let them stay at the Door, and come up himself; and then if fair Means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. Day. Excellent well advised, sweet Duck: Ah! let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and observe thy Mother's Directions. Remember the Place. We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their Tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. Come along, Neighbour, and shew us the best Way. Mrs. Chat, the State shall know what good Service you have done.

Mrs. Chat. I thank your Honour. [Exeunt.

Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.

Lieu. Pray, Madam, weep no more! spare your Tears till you know they have miscarried.—Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected Joys!

Enter Ruth, C. Careless, and C. Blunt.

Arb. Oh, my dear Friend! my dear, dear Ruth!

C. Car. Pray, none of these phlegmatic Hugs; there, take your Colonel; my Captain and I can hug afresh every Minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good Soldier?

C. Car. I have done nothing but hug thee in Fancy, ever since you Ruth turn'd Annice.

Arb. You are welcome, Sir: I cannot deny I shar'd in all your Danger.

Lieu. If she had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. Bl. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

Arb. Now can't I say I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too.

Ruth. Keep it in, and choke yourself, or get the Rising of the Lights. Arb. What shall I say?

Ruth. Say something, or he'll vanish.

C. Bl. D'ye not believe I love you? or can't you love me? Not a Word—Cou'd you—but—

Arb. No more; I'll save you the Labour of Courtship, which shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest Natures: It is enough; I know you love me.

C. Bl. Or may I perish whilst I am swearing it.

Enter Prentice.

Lieu. How now, Jack?

Boy. O Master, undone! Here's Mr. Day the Committee-man, and his fierce Wife come into the Shop: Mrs. Chat brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. Arbella and their Daughter Ruth is here: Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

Lieu.

Lieu. Go down, Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. [*Exit Boy.*] This pure Jade, my neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what shall I do? I warrant the Rascal has Soldiers at his Heels: I think I could help the Colonels out at a Back-door.

C. Bl. I'd die rather by my *Arbella*; now you shall see I love you.

C. Car. Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.

Ruth. Come, be chearful; I'll defend you all against the Assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-general *Day*, his new drawn-up Wife. Give me my Ammunition, the Papers, Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more Graves but one.

C. Bl. 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

Ruth. Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant [*Exit Lieu.*] Stand you all drawn up as my Reserve—so—I for the forlorn Hope.

C. Car. Oh, that we had *Teg* here, to quarrel with the Female triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window. Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the she *Day* Stamp, among the Tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come, Wench: charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a Volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first Charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

C. Car. Wou'd 'twere his Neck broke.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Ah ha! my fine Runaways, have I found you? What, you think my Husband's Honour lives without Intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. Day. My Duck tells you how 'tis—We——

Mrs. Day. Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in Intelligence: else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation quiet; but if you, *Mrs. Arbella*, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return, with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth. *Anne*, if you please.

Mrs. Day.

Mrs. *Day*. Who gave you that Name, pray?

Ruth. My Godfathers and Godmothers in Baptism; on, forsooth, I can answer a Leaf farther.

Mr. *Day*. Duck, good Duck, a Word; I do not like this Name, *Annice*.

Mrs. *Day*. You are ever in a Fright, with a shrivell'd Heart of your own.—Well, Gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of your Wardships: I hope Mr. *Abel* is well.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

C. *Car*. That is, with *Myrmidons*: Come, good *Anne*, no more Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his Red-coats, who perhaps are now marching under the Conduct of that expert Captain in weighty Matters; know the Articles of our Treaty are only these: this *Arbella* will keep her Estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman; and I *Anne* Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, and not *Ruth*, as has been thought, have taken my own Estate, together with this Gentleman, for better for worse: we were modest, though Thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my Husband can prove; it may cost you your Necks, if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else,

Mrs. *Day*. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one Word in private with my Father *Day*?

Mrs. *Day*. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, Sir! how long is't since you have practis'd Physic? [Takes him aside,

Mr. *Day*. Physic! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean Physic; look ye, here's a small Prescription of yours; d'ye know this Hand-writing?

Mr. *Day*. I am undone.

Ruth.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same Subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing Dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your Wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more Conscience than you have.

Mr. Day. Peace, good *Mrs. Anne*: I am undone if you betray me.

Enter Abel, goes to his Father.

Abel. The Soldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. Day. Are the Soldiers come, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your Opinion, Duck; but since they have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends.

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your *Is*s again? d'you think they shall make a Fool of me, though they make an *As*s of you? Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit; call up the Soldiers, *Abel*.

Ruth. Why, your fierce Honour shall know the Business that makes the wise *Mr. Day* inclinable to Friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Sweetheart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your Credit and Reputation upon my Council and Labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe all to thy Wisdom. Good Gentlemen, persuade my Duck, that we may be all Friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the Husband of thy Bosom; 'twas but a small Start of Frailty: say it were a Wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have Sport. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. A Wench? was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the Soldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car.

C. Car. Stay good *Abel*; march not off so hastily.

Arb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover you are in Bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a Step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, Mrs. *Day*, be not so furious, hold your Peace; you may divulge your Husband's Shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of Authority, nay and have him try'd for his Life: read this. Remember too I know of your Bribery and Cheating, and something else: you guess: Be Friends, and forgive one another. Now if you can contrive handsomly to cozen those that cozen all the World, and get these Gentlemen to come by their Estates easily, and without taking the Covenant, the old Sum of Five hundred Pound, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my Heart.

Ruth. Brother *Abel*, the Bird is flown; but you shall be released from your Bonds.

Abel. I bear my Afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg leading Obadiah in a Halter, and a Musician.

Teg. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. *Tay*? Well I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will,

C. Car. No, good *Teg*, there's no need of thy Message now; but why dost thou lead *Obadiah* thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you here, Mrs. *Tay*, here's your Man *Obadiah*, do you see that now? He would not let me make him drunk no more, that he would not; so, I did take him in this String, and I did tell him, if he did make Noises, I wou'd put this Knife into him, that I wou'd upon my Soul.

C. Bl. Honest *Teg*, thy Master is beholden to thee in some measure for his Liberty.

C. Car. Teg. I shall requite thy Honesty.

Teg. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now; who wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

Obad. I do beseech you, Gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

C. Car.

C. Car. No: poor *Teg*, 'tis enough; we are all Friends; come, let him go.

Teg. Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King, or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Soul.

C. Bl. Now, Mr. *Day*, to your Business; get it done as soon as you will, the Five hundred Pound shall be ready.

C. Car. So, well done, Friends; Thanks, honest *Teg*; thou shalt flourish in a new Livery for this. Now, Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. *Day*,

If you will have good Luck in every Thing,
Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

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